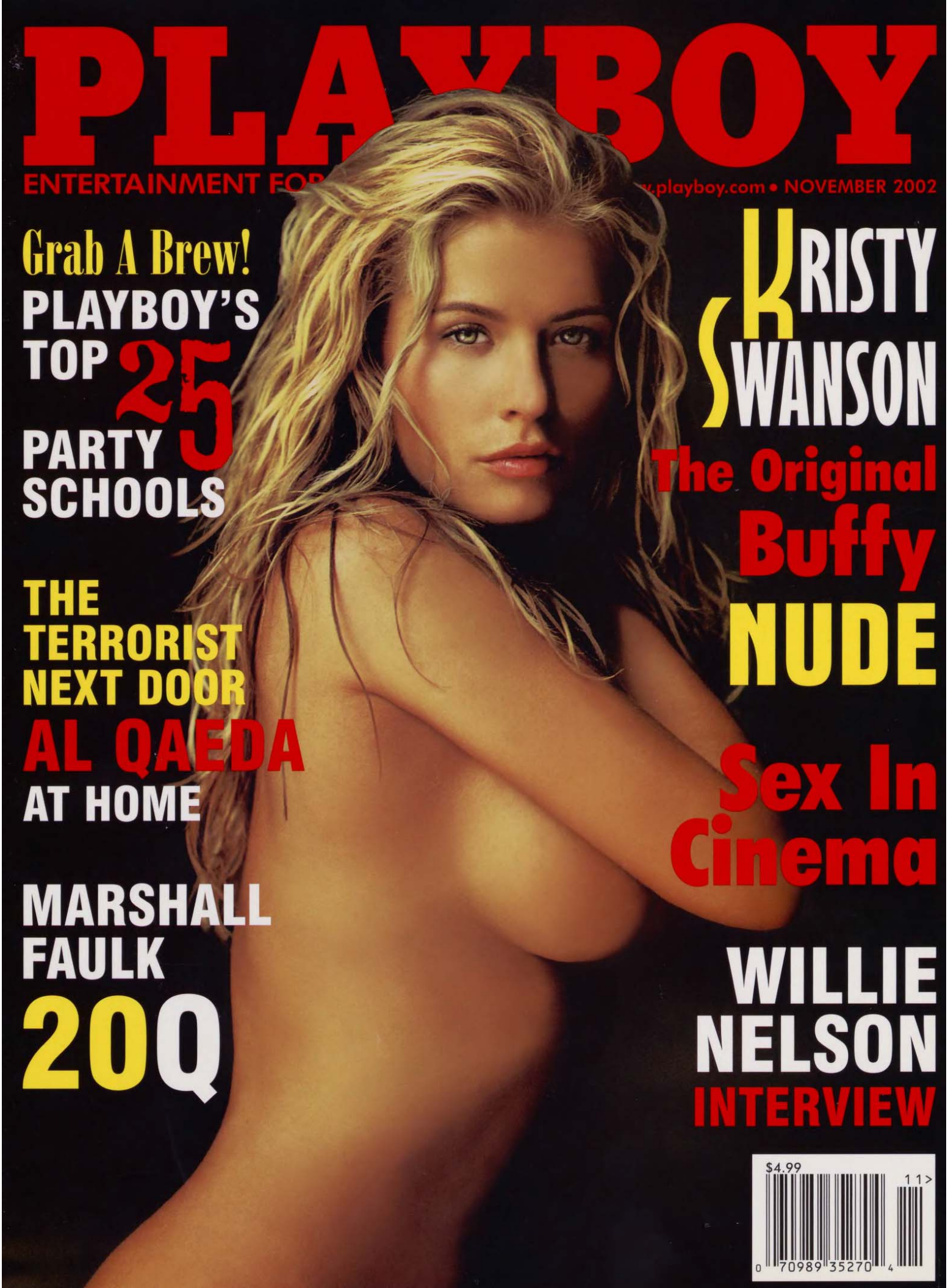
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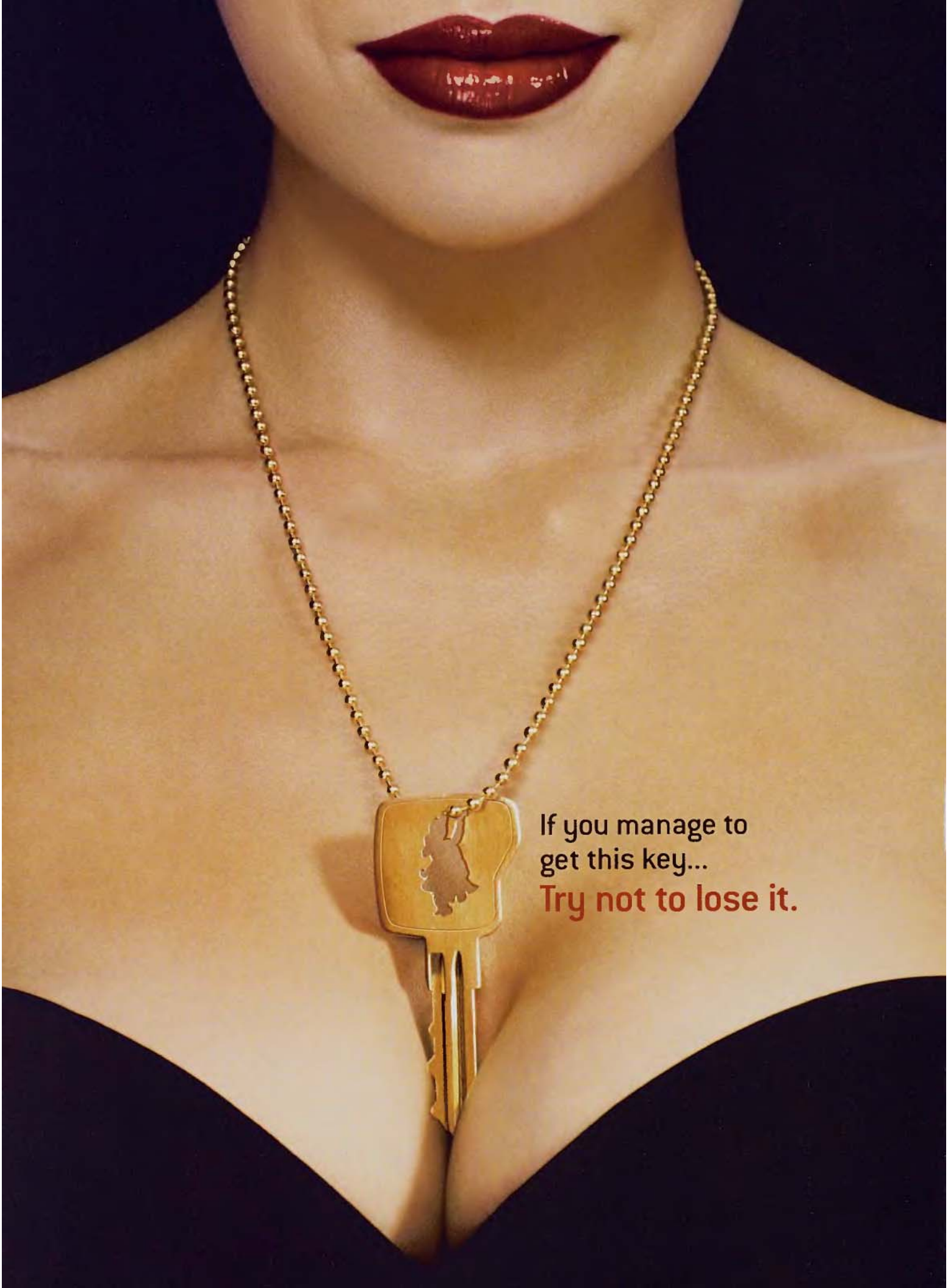
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Playbill

YOU KNOW YOU'VE been at a good party when you stagger home in the morning and every dog in the neighborhood comes by to lick your fingers. And you know you go to a good party school when it's been named as such in the pages of PLAYBOY. The honor, like a wet tongue on your hand, is a rare treat. The best-party-school tag is a campus legend—we even have a faq devoted to it on Playboy.com. Despite what you've heard, the 2002 roundup, *Playboy's Top 25 Party Schools*, is only the second list we've ever done. The lowdown on the throwdowns was compiled by Associate Editor **Alison Prato.**

Willie Nelson is another hard-partying institution. He's more than a country singer, he's a man revered by generations of listeners. This month, the American giant is the subject of a *Playboy Interview* by Contributing Editor **David Sheff** that is, in turn, hilarious (check out his Viagra joke) and defiant.

Cover girl **Kristy Swanson** knows a thing or two about legends—bloodsucking legends. Her classic performance in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* made her a cult star and gave birth to the hit TV franchise. Then she went for the comic jugular in *Big Daddy* and *Dude, Where's My Car?* Now she appears nude for the first time in a magazine in an otherworldly set of photos by **Phillip Dixon.** Our fangs are dripping.

Dues for Allah. While our military focuses on far-off places like Iraq and Pakistan, the enemy draws nearer. According to **Rohan Gunaratna,** the leading expert on Islamic terrorists, Al Qaeda has infiltrated the U.S. on several levels. In *Al Qaeda at Home, Our Home* (art by **John Craig**), a disturbing Q&A with added information from Gunaratna's best-selling book *Inside Al Qaeda* (Columbia University), he maintains that 20 percent of Muslim charities in the U.S. have been corrupted. But it's not all gloomy. Gunaratna has faith in the U.S.' ability to crack Al Qaeda—and he has faith in PLAYBOY. "Seeing your HQ," he says, "was like visiting the Pentagon for the first time."

Las Vegas, gambling mecca of the world, has its share of conspirators and grifters. We defy you to find a more entertaining bunch than the MIT Blackjack Club, a shadowy group of card-counting students who won millions from casinos. *Bringing Down the House* by **Ben Mezrich** is excerpted from a book of the same name, to be published soon by Simon and Schuster. **Leroy Neiman** did the artwork. Think you have better odds heading to Vegas than sticking with your bets on Wall Street? Then sit up, pay attention and read *Lou Dobbs: Is the Market Hopeless?*, also by **David Sheff** (with art by **Roberto Parada**).

His teammates call him Canton. He just signed a new seven-year, $44 million contract with the St. Louis Rams. He's won a Super Bowl and lost one. But you don't need us to tell you that **Marshall Faulk** is the best running back in the game today. He's also an entertaining interview—just look at this month's *20 Questions* with **Mark Ribowsky.** Not only does he vote for Pamela Anderson over J. Lo, he'd prefer sex with Halle Berry to a 200-yard game. Put him in the booth! *Cribs on Wheels* by Contributing Editor **Ken Gross** examines the latest motor trends among jocks Gary Payton, Emmitt Smith, Pavel Bure and Pudge Rodriguez. If body modification is more your style, turn to *Swallowing*, a short story by **Steve Amick.** It features a well-meaning guy, a party girl and a devastatingly loose piercing that leaves him lung-tied. This year's *Sex in Cinema*, with text by **Jamie Malanowski,** features the aforementioned Ms. Berry and her breasts (along with those of Angelina Jolie), the occasional bit of irrumation and a new older woman–younger guy thing known as tadpoling. These days, it's froggie's little brother who goes a'courting. *Ribbit!*

PRATO

DIXON

SHEFF

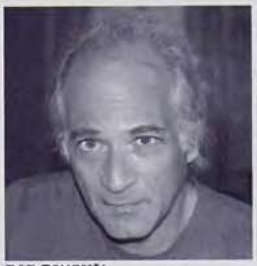
GUNARATNA

CRAIG

MEZRICH

NEIMAN

PARADA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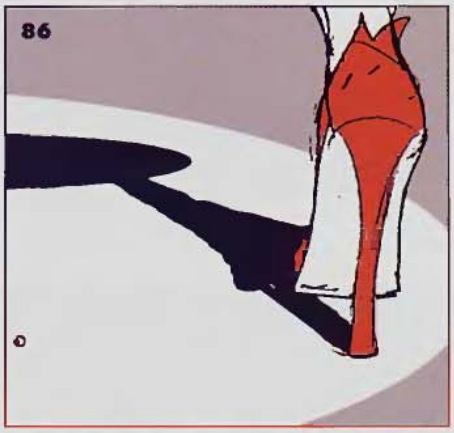
What an entertainer! When he's not reminiscing about his eventful life, he's telling jokes. But the legendary singer who wrote On the Road Again and Crazy has plenty of serious stuff on his mind, too. Start with patriotism, poverty and pot.
BY DAVID SHEFF



cover story

Beautiful actress Kristy Swanson is to die for. And that has nothing to do with her playing Buffy the Vampire Slayer in the movie that started it all. We loved her in Big Daddy and Dude, Where's My Car? So we asked Kristy to shoot a very intimate sequel with photographer Phillip Dixon: Dude, Where's My Clothing? Our Bunny, who loves to neck, is tressed out.

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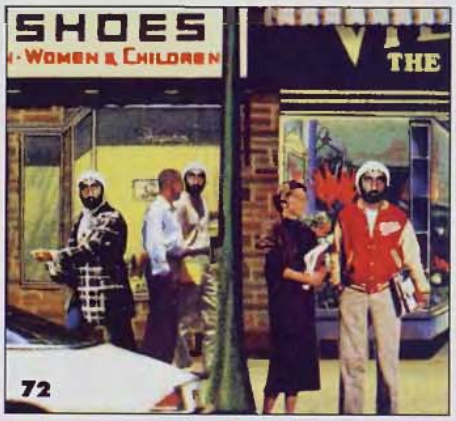

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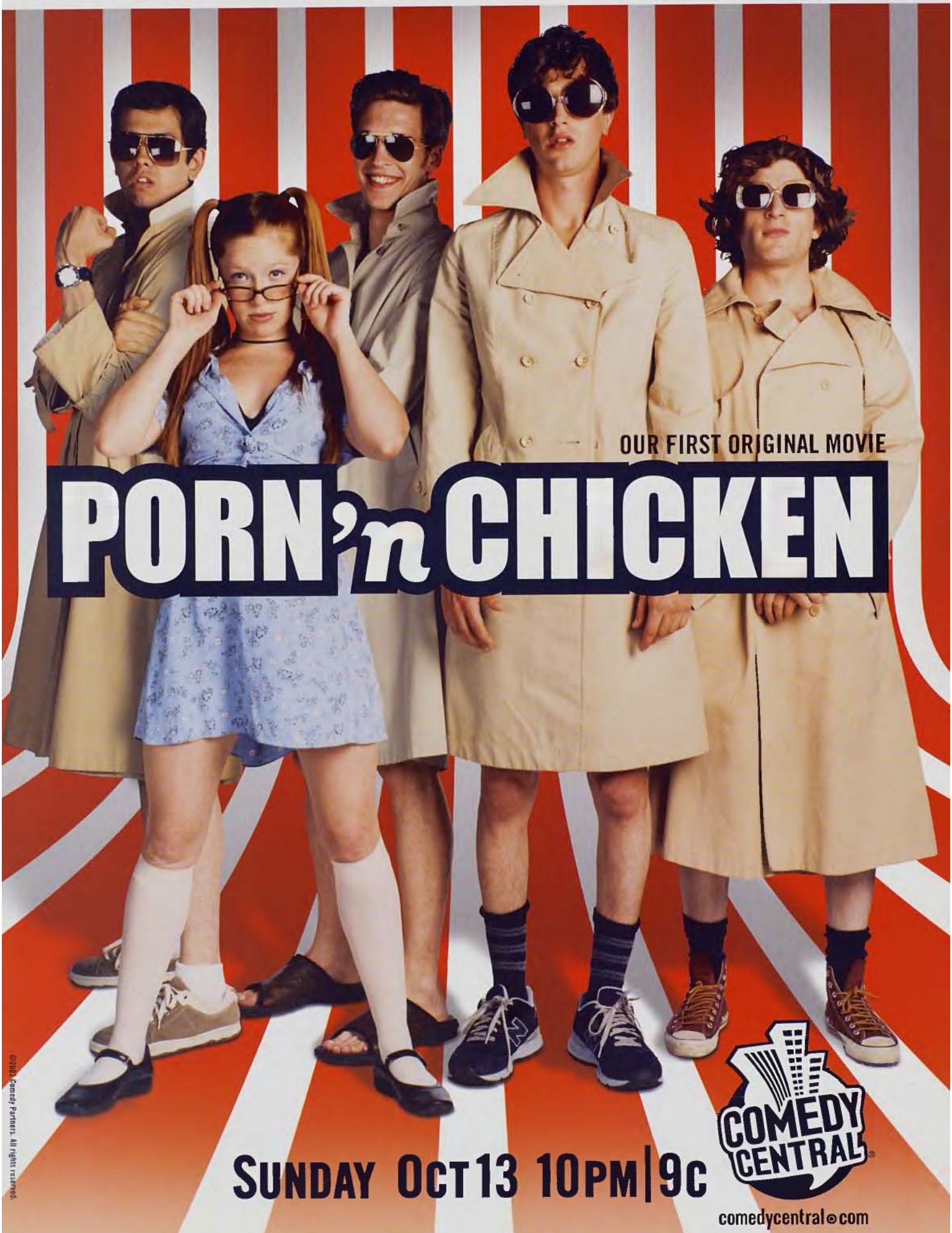

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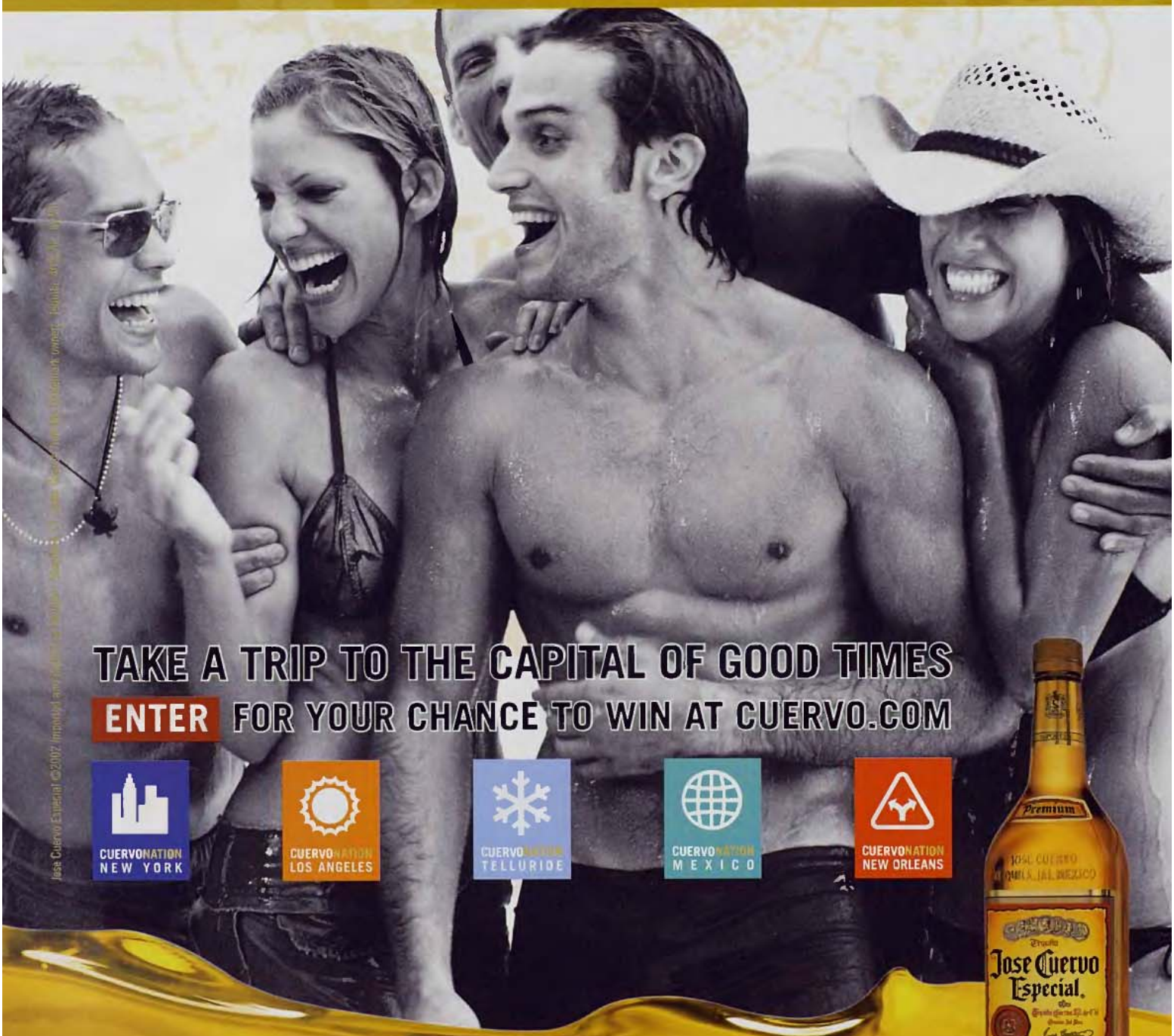

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

A BOWL FULL OF JAZZ

Jamie Foxx and his companion (left) couldn't stay seated when Cuba's celebrated Maraca took center stage at the annual Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl. Hef and emcee Bill Cosby (below) shared a backstage laugh.

THE MANSION IS FOR THE BIRDS

Backstreet Boy A.J. McLean, Julie Weiss Murad (below) and Paris Hilton (right) were birds of a feather at the Gabriel Foundation fund-raiser, Parrots in Paradise, at the Playboy Mansion.

BIDDING ON PLAYBOY MEMORABILIA

PLAYBOY fans bid more than $1 million at a Butterfields auction of paintings, photographs and cartoons from the magazine's archives. The Rabbit rules.

DIXIELAND IN HOLMBY HILLS

The Preservation Hall Jazz Band was a big hit at this year's Jazz Festival, so Hef kept the party going by inviting the group from the Big Easy to play at his annual Fourth of July bash at the Mansion.

BARBI AND HEF TOGETHER AGAIN

Hef and former gal pal Barbi Benton were on hand for a Los Angeles Museum of Television and Radio tribute to both *Playboy's Penthouse* and *Playboy After Dark*, the variety shows that were hosted by Hef during the Sixties. (Hef and Barbi met on *PAD*.) There is talk of reviving the show on VH1.

FUN on the FOURTH

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Hef's Independence Day celebration included fun in the sun, jazz and a fireworks finale. (1) Three of Hef's patriotic pretties: Stacy, Bridget and Holly. (2) January Playmate Nicole Narain and Bill Maher. (3) Carrie Stevens and Verne Troyer. (4) Steve Valentine and his wife, Shari. (5) Fred Durst with Colin Farrell and Colin's sister Claudine. (6) It's puppy love with Lena Li, Tiffany and Izabella. (7) Dana Ashbrook, Shauna Sand and Jonathan Silverman. (8) Jimmy Caan plays ball. (9) Jake Hoffman (Dustin Hoffman's son) and Brett Connors (son of Jimmy Connors and Playmate Patti McGuire). (10) Flashing for freedom: Carrie Taylor, Nancy Ramos, Dillon Thomas and Rachel Ayars. (11) Matthew Perry on the trampoline. (12) Jeanette Jonsson and Perry playing volleyball. (13) Thora Birch. (14) The Preservation Hall Jazz Band. (15) A fan dancer from New Orleans. (16) Playboy model Dita Von Teese and Hef mean fireworks.

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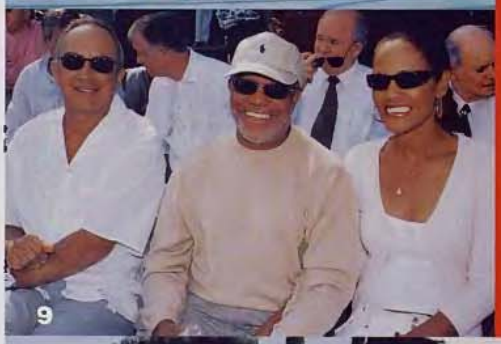
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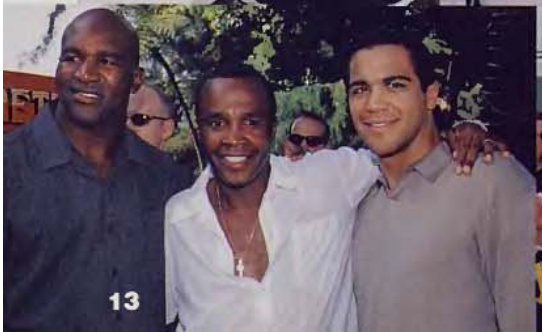
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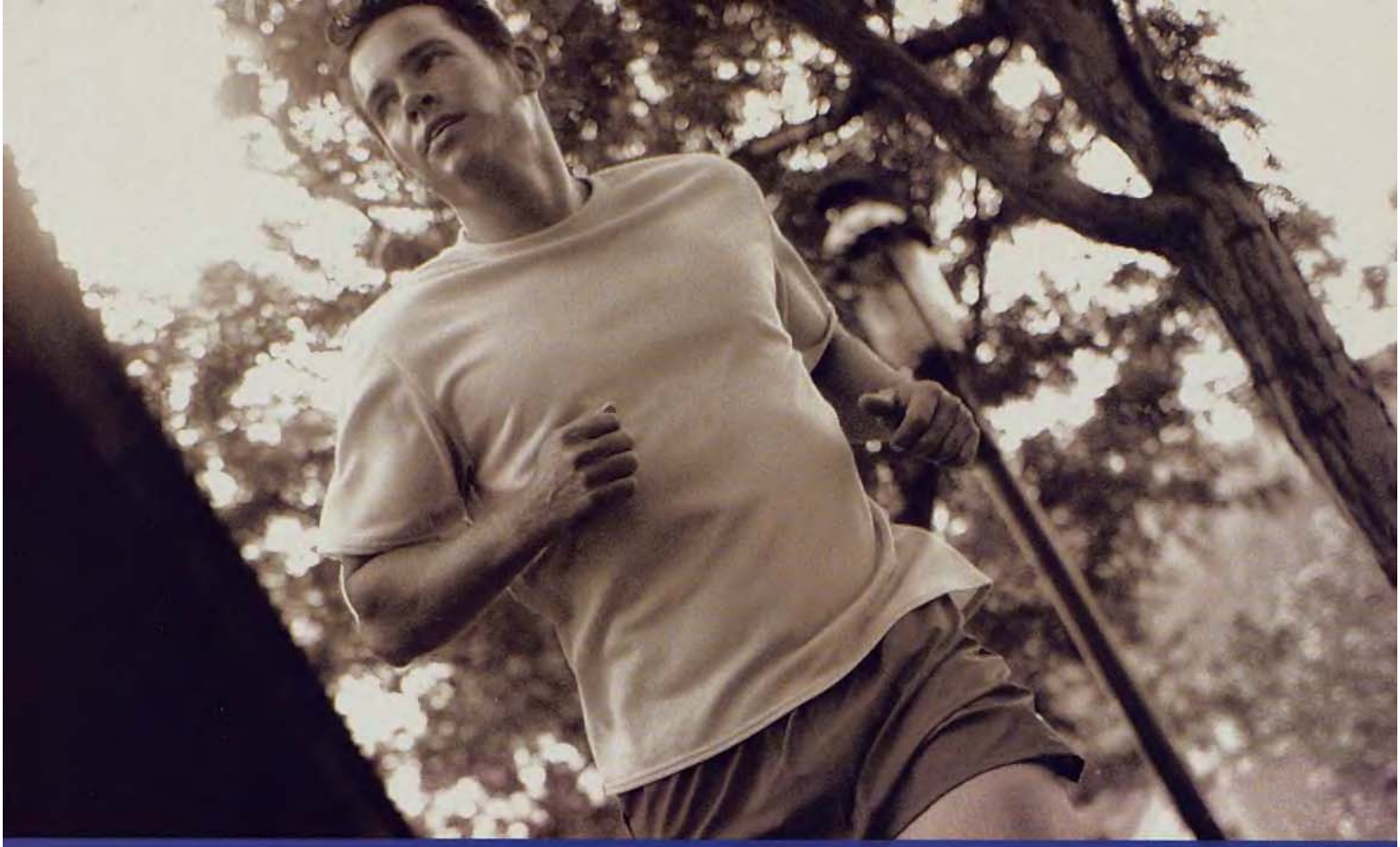
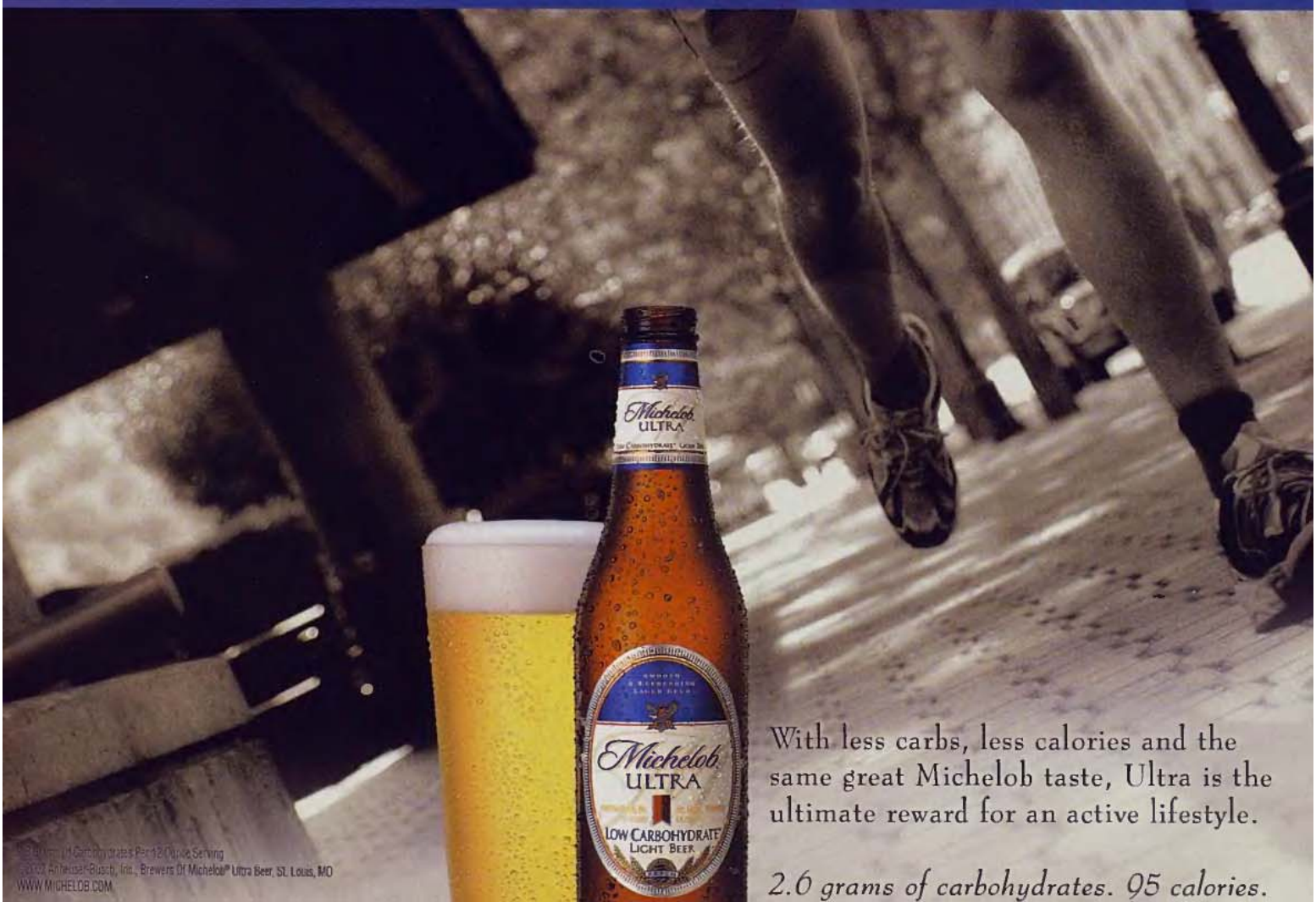
Hef hosted a Fight Night on ESPN2 that was broadcast around the world. (1) Hef and the Playmate ring girls with Johnny Gill, who sang the National Anthem, and Sugar Ray Leonard, who promoted the event. (2) Undefeated lightweight Alex Trujillo versus Juan Valenzuela. (3) Jessica Rakoczy scored a knockout. (4) Bruce Jenner with Jimmy Connors. (5) Sugar Ray, NFL star Eddie George and others in town for the ESPY Awards. (6) Holly in her man's robe. (7) Bantamweights Karen Harutyunyan and Jose Nieves. (8) Miriam Gonzalez, PLAYBOY cover girl Mia St. John and Deanna Brooks. (9) Robert Shapiro and Berry Gordy at ringside. (10) Soccer stars Eric Wynalda, Clint Mathis and Cobi Jones. (11) Sugar Ray and Ving Rhames. (12) Jessica Paisley, Hef and Brande Roderick. (13) Evander Holyfield, Sugar Ray and "Baby" Joe Mesi. (14) Izabella and Tiffany with Olympic skater Apolo Ohno. (15) Cyber Girls Jennifer Korbin, Amy Miller, Carrie Taylor and Carolee Bass.



Lose the carbs. Not the taste.



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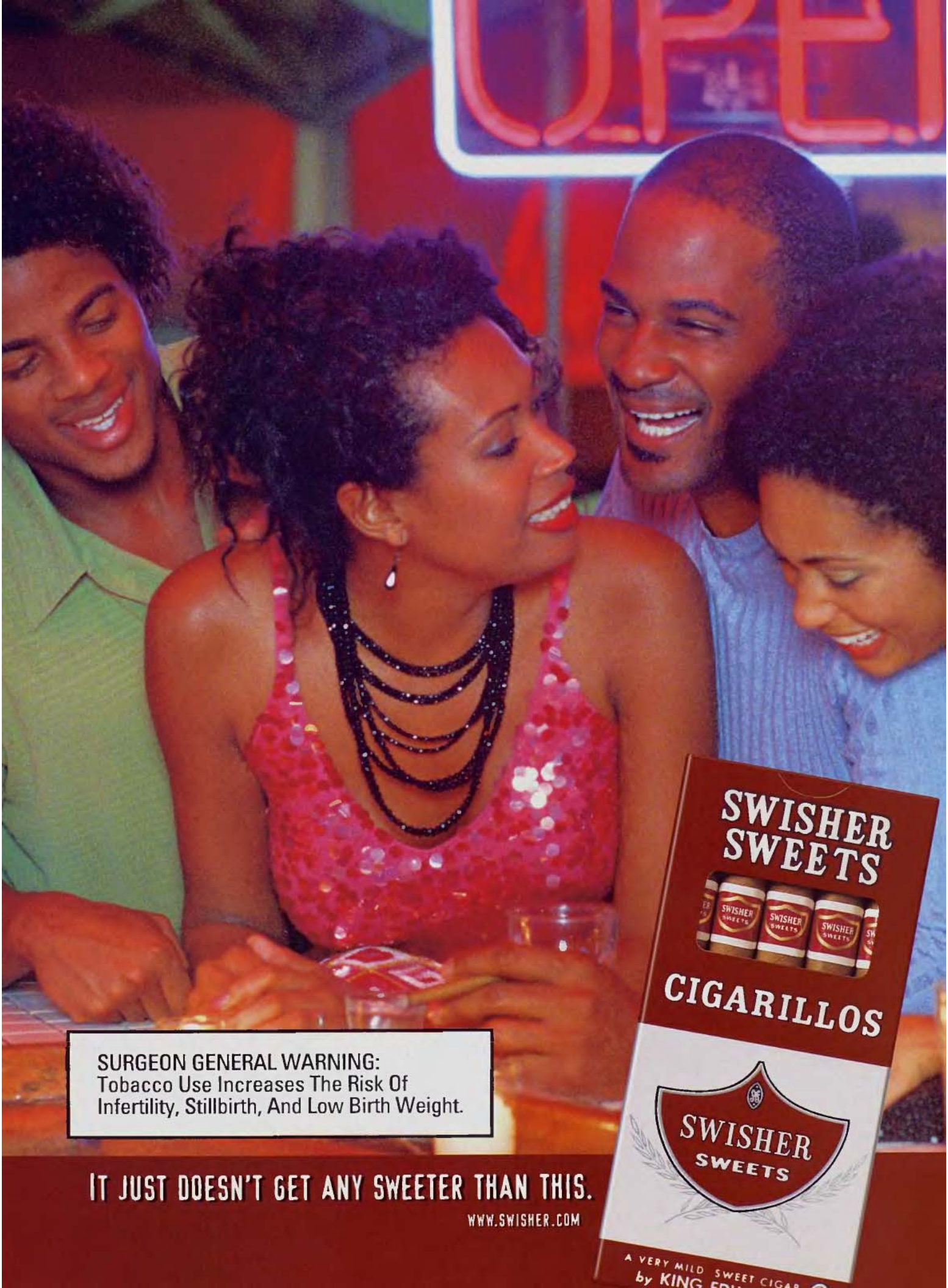

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HIDDEN ASSETS

Enron's officers may have shaken the public's faith in corporate America, but the *Women of Enron* pictorial (August) restores my faith in PLAYBOY. It's nice to see more emphasis on the girl next door.

Kyle Curry
Lincoln, Nebraska

Janine Howard made my heart skip a beat. She deserves her own pictorial.

Chuck Hengesbach
Waterford, Michigan

Your *Women of Enron* pictorial is fabulous. It almost makes me wish my company were involved in a scandal so that I could pose for PLAYBOY.

Victoria Benitez
Chicago, Illinois

Janine's stock is up.

At the age of 39, Janine Howard has a body most 18-year-olds would kill for. What an inspiration.

Steve Smith
Oakville, Ontario

Please continue to do your part in our recovery from corporate scandal and investment failures by making Enron cover girl Christine Nielsen a Playmate. My stock is already rising.

M. Altman
Centreville, Virginia

In the 35 years I've read PLAYBOY, I've never questioned your cover girl selection, until now. Christine Nielsen is beautiful, but Janine Howard is a fox.

Dave Densmore
Hereford, Arizona

Janine Howard is the most beautiful and desirable of the Enron ladies. Please bring her back for a pictorial. I promise that I will buy enough issues to wallpaper my den.

Frank Mann
Winchester, Virginia

Whether she's in a cockpit or on the ground, Janine will always be on top of the world. From one pilot to another, I'd love to be her wingman.

Buck Foley
Rome, Georgia

After seeing how smoking hot the women of Enron are, I'm eagerly looking forward to the Women of WorldCom issue.

Jason Helland
Morris, Illinois

EARLY MAN

Asa Baber once championed fatherhood, confronted feminism and criticized antimale laws. Nowadays, however, he writes *Men* columns like "Me Caveman, You Caveman" (August), in which he asserts that men are innately crude and aggressive. Baber's conclusion is

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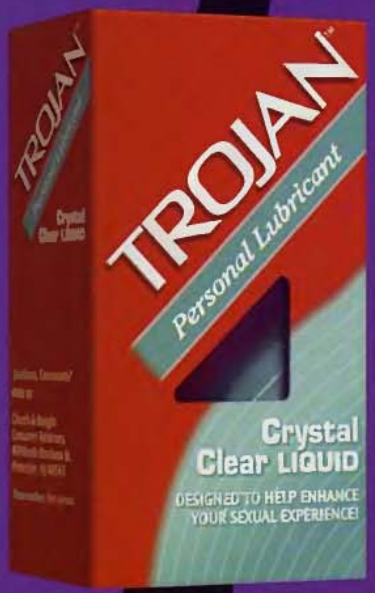
WHOA! SLIPPERIER WHEN WET

NEW



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mythopoeic—free the inner Neanderthal. In this age when men's issues are routinely ignored and the feminist agenda is virtually settled policy, voices of dissent and common sense are priceless. Come on back, Asa.

Russell Copney
Bronx, New York

I couldn't agree more with Baber on our genetic inheritance. I've been a clinical social worker for more than 30 years, and his is the best explanation. Asa's reporting, thoughts and humor are right on the mark.

Bill LaPointe
Laguna Beach, California

IT TAKES TWO

Thank you, PLAYBOY, for photographing the sexiest twins this side of the universe together (*Tenison Twins*, August). It's an instant collector's edition. I love seeing women of color in the magazine, and the Tenison twins have certainly doubled my pleasure.

Darris Davenport
Aurora, Colorado

Twofer.

I don't know how much pleading on bended knee was required to persuade Rosie Tenison to join twin sister and 1990 PMOY Reneé to pose, but it was well worth the effort.

Bruce Cuthbertson
Alexandria, Virginia

The Tenison twins, Christina Santiago and my childhood idol Harrison Ford together in one issue. What more can a guy ask for?

Robert Laurich
Sussex, Wisconsin

Only nine pictures on six pages of the tantalizing Tenison twins is a cruel trick to play on all of us who appreciate Reneé and Rosie's smoldering sexuality.

Anthony Taylor
Camarillo, California

FOXY LADY

Playmate Christina Santiago (*Latin Class*, August) is an incredible woman—and I thought the best thing Chicago had to offer was pizza.

Victor Forman
Tucson, Arizona

Move over, J. Lo. Sexy Christina is in the house.

John Drummond
Chicago, Illinois

Christina is hotter than habanero peppers. She has my vote for the next Playmate of the Year.

Joe Curto
Phoenix, Arizona

Your selection of this sexy Latin beauty was perfect. As a ballroom dancer, I would love to teach Christina how to swing dance if she would teach me how to dance to salsa.

Stew McConnell
Rantoul, Illinois

Thank you for making Christina your August Centerfold. Hands down, she won my vote from the Fox show *Girl Next Door: The Search for a Playboy Centerfold*.

Jody Martin
Greensboro, North Carolina

LIKE A ROCK

Thanks for the photo of John Rocker and Playmates Deanna Brooks and Jessica Lee (*Playmate News*, August). Sportswriters always paint a negative picture of Rocker no matter what he does, so it's great to see him in a positive light for a change. He can sprint into my bedroom anytime, the same way he charges from the bullpen to the pitcher's mound.

Darleen Colomy
Concord, California

LEAVE IT TO CLEAVER

I teach cooking to high school students. Your *Mantrack* item "How to Use a Cleaver" (August) was an excellent teaching tool. Too bad I can't make PLAYBOY required text.

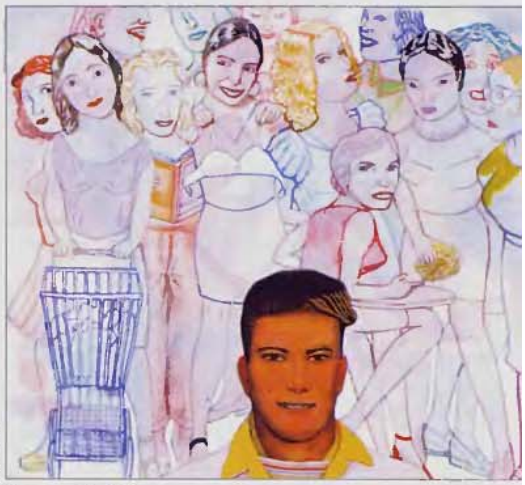
Alaina McCullough
Canton, Georgia

We always try to stay a cut above.

PERFECT PICKUP

Corey Levitan's *Secrets of a Round-the-Clock Pickup Artist* (August) is enlightening as well as hilarious. I'm a 24-year-old desperately trying to find the balls to approach women. This article arrived just in time.

Ryan Harris
Indianapolis, Indiana



PAT ANDREA

The perfect line.

Meeting women at random and sorting them out under the covers is exactly the wrong way to build sound relationships. Although I can't begin to understand Levitan's beliefs, I can forgive him. I can't, however, forgive PLAYBOY for validating them.

Dale Nelson
Arcata, California

Sounds like an interesting pickup strategy to us. Good luck with it.

Pickup Artist is a riot. I'm a 29-year-old single guy who understands very well the complexities of dating. Reading about Levitan's adventures brought a big smile to my face.

Chris Wilson
Holland, Michigan

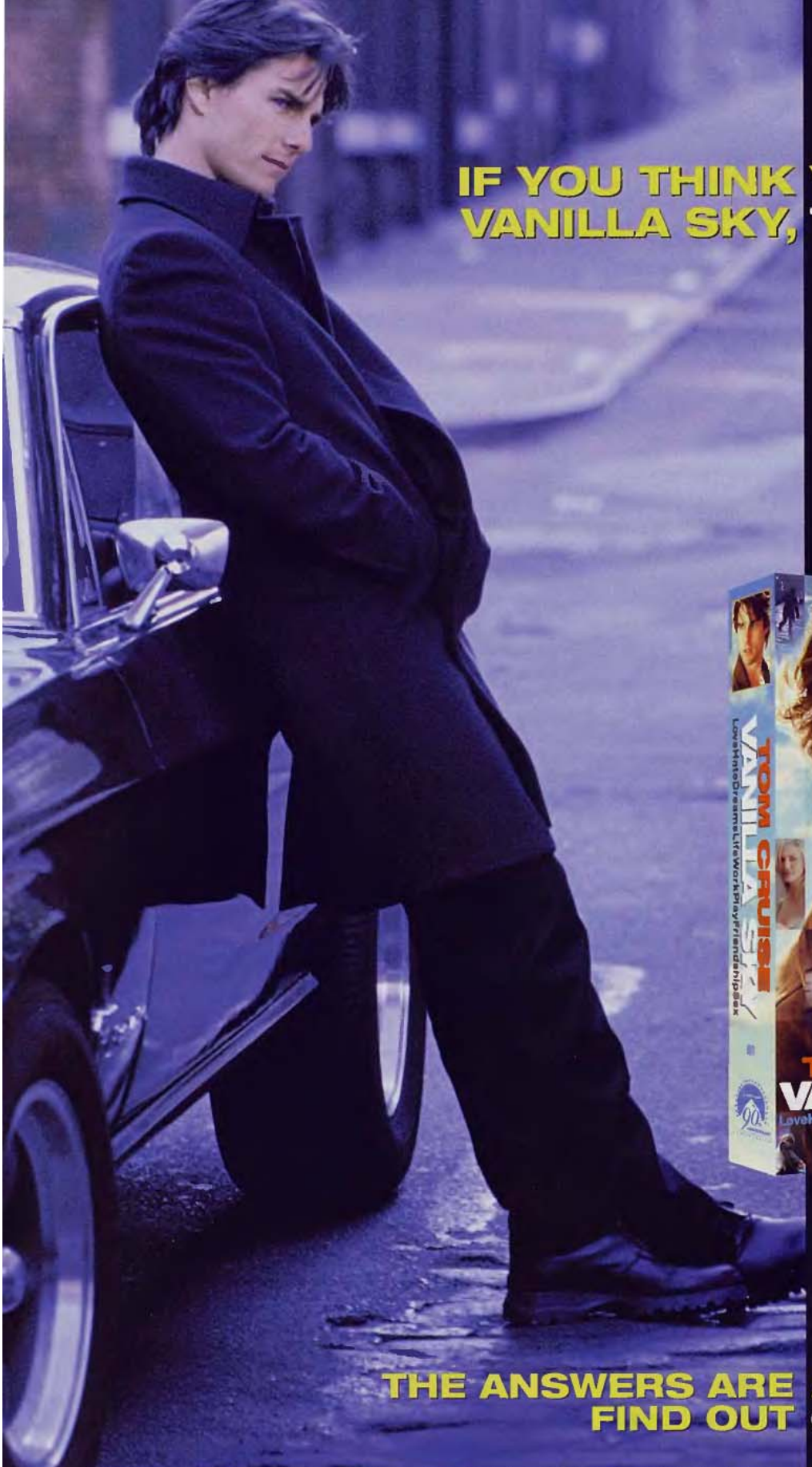
Your August issue cover line PICKING UP GIRLS caught my eye. I've never read anything as on the mark or amusing as your *Pickup Artist* article. Wow, Levitan is good. My favorite: the yes-they-are-Bugle-Boys sign in traffic. I've now become more aware of the guys lurking in my world—especially in the least likely places. The truth is that all a guy really needs is a little charm, confidence and a great sense of humor. That will lure almost any chick.

Angie Grodell
Anaheim, California

GRANDFATHER KNOWS BEST

I'm a 31-year-old woman who loves PLAYBOY thanks to my grandfather, who has always been a huge fan of your magazine. If it weren't for his open-minded liberal thinking, I would not have grown up with you.

Heidi Shank
Capitola, California



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PLAYBOY after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

ALTERNATIVE MOCK

Montreal's Just for Laughs is one of the oldest and most respected comedy festivals in the world. But that hasn't stopped the Nasty Show, an alternative festival-within-the-festival, from hurling insults and curses at unsuspecting Quebecois comedy fans every year since 1987. This year Bobby Slayton hosted the Nasty Show, and performers included Robert Schimmel, Joey Kola, Dave Attell and Ron White. Forget vanilla humor. The Nasty Show is about smut. "All men want in life are four things," said Kola. "We want to eat, sleep, shit and fuck. If it doesn't fit into one of those four categories, we really don't care. We don't care if the carpet matches the drapes. We don't care what kind of potpourri you just put in the bathroom. We don't care what your new slippers look like—unless you wear them while you're blowing me." Schimmel addressed how men shop for sex toys: "Guys will buy anything a woman wouldn't think of. 'How much for this?' 'I'm sorry, sir, that's the fire extinguisher.'" At the Nasty Show, scatology is a science. "You know what wakes me up early in the morning?" asked Attell. "A tongue in the ass. There is no snooze alarm on a tongue in the ass. Bam—you're up." Indeed. And the best thing is, you don't have to worry about morning breath.

SOME LINES THAT WON'T WORK ON A HOT BARTENDER

We're friends with a cool bartender, Joanna, at a happening club in Chicago. We asked her to keep track of the dumb lines guys used on her, but shouldn't have, during one month. Take it from us—no one can pull these off:

"Hey, you make a great drink. How are you at breakfast?"

"Who do I have to do to get a drink around here?"

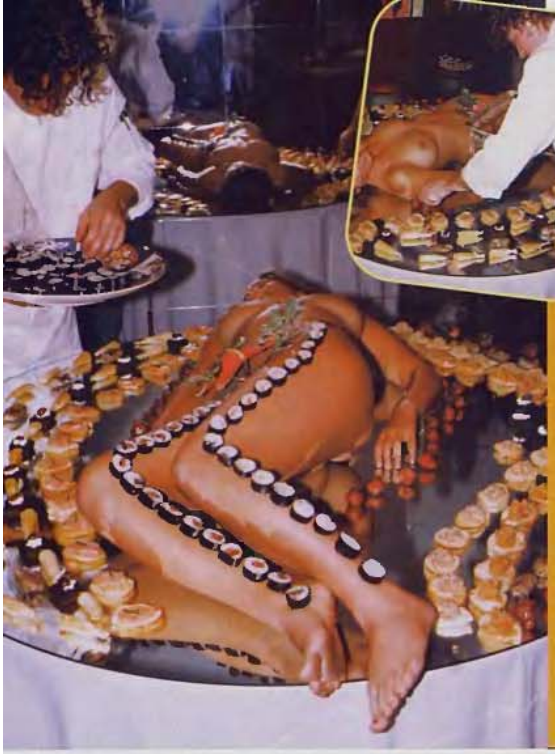
"I'll have a Jack and Coke, a Bud Light and your phone number."

SIVA OUR TIMBER!

Pick up *Kinky and Blissful* (Trafalgar Square), a new collection of photos by Norbert Guthier, and prepare to bite your teeth and clench your lip. Guthier's primal scenes evoke the jungle. His models project lust. His camera captures the sheen of skin and the eroticism of shadows. What we're saying is that there's an intoxicating bit of sex here. Not to mention the occasional glimpse of a four-armed woman. You know—the type who can clean your clock and fold your laundry at the same time.

IT'S A GASBAG, BABY!

It's not the nude models. It's not the sick office parties. The best part about working at PLAYBOY is playing with the battery-operated toys. Take Plantraco's remote-controlled flying saucer. After a few blind passes of it in and out of our new COO's office, we were hooked. And it was the first time we didn't feel bad for falling in love with an inflatable toy.



MORE EATING OUT

"I love food, and I love women, so I decided to combine the two," says Manhattan-based chef Chris Leahy. He and his business partner, Andrew Hagene, are the men behind Raw Catering, which specializes in finger foods served on delicious women in St. Louis and New York. For $40 to $60 per guest, you can watch a model as she is covered with the evening's menu, then eat it from the palm of her hand—or anywhere else you'd like (the two pieces on her nipples are always the first to go). So far, guests have been well behoved—no one wants to be told, "That's not sashimi, that's my sister!"

"It must suck working in a bar. I mean, you must have guys hitting on you all the time. You must hear a lot of rude stuff. Your boyfriend must hate it. Say, do you have a boyfriend?"

"I've come here for years now and you've probably served me a thousand drinks. Why haven't we gone out yet?"

"What do I get for a bigger tip?"

"Can I buy you a shot? No? Then how about dinner?"

"Any specials tonight—besides you?"

"I want you to come home with me tonight so you can cook me a ham."

"I'll have a buttery nipple and sex on the beach. And to drink, I'll have a beer."

"Do I get a free shot if it's my birthday? How about a table dance?"

"Who will model all that lingerie now that you're working here?"

"I want something sweet. Say, how about you?"

You've been warned. Now for one that Joanna says works: "Say, 'Thanks for the drinks,' tip big and walk away." She won't forget your face all night.

QUADROPHILIA

Technology has vanquished yet another moment of social unease: declaring one's lust only to find that it's unrequited. During the final weeks of the school year at Wesleyan University, students can sign up, gratis, for the web-based WeScam, "an automated system that allows you to figure out if people you're interested in hooking up with are interested in hooking up with you without making a fool of yourself by getting drunk or stoned enough to pour your heart out to them or stick your tongue down their throats." Sponsored by Alpha Delta Phi, WeScam provides a list of classmates so students can check off the names of those they like. (Seniors can choose anyone; others can choose only seniors. Rank does have its privileges.) As Senior Week approaches, you get e-mail listing your matches. If interest in that special someone is unmatched, she'll never

WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #14

Because he is semifamous: "I wanted the thrill of seducing a sought-after man. He's known for his sporting activities and as a conference speaker and renowned for his looks. I wanted to see if he was as good as his body and personality promised. I also wanted to be able to tell my friends what I'd done and who I'd had. We met at a dinner and I didn't have much of a problem luring him back to his room. I had him for two nights and he called me once when he was in town. I took a morning off work to have 'breakfast' at his hotel. Ever since, when I've seen him speaking in front of huge crowds and heard other women discuss his sexiness, I feel great pleasure knowing I've had him. I love knowing I have the power to seduce a man most women would give an arm for."—B.R., Houston, Texas

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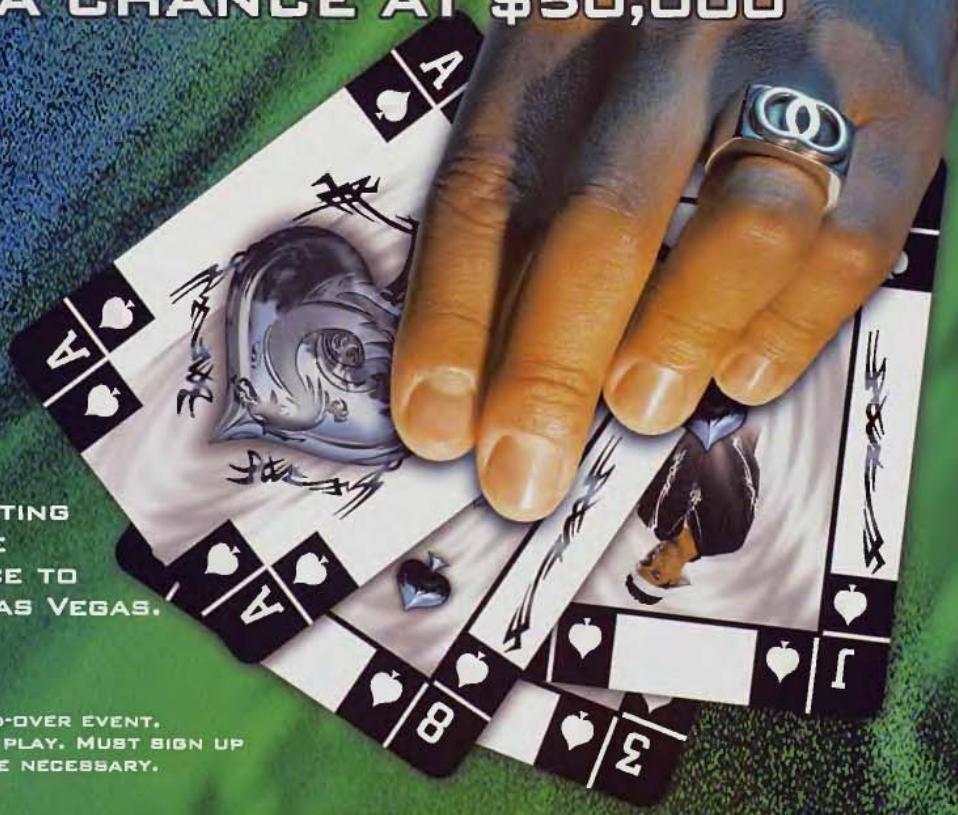

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know. But if it's mutual—bingo! And, yes, there is a threesome option. This year 644 students made selections, and three fifths got a match (or, in one lucky senior's case, 17 matches). One senior reports that she checked off 15 names and ended up with five matches. But, she tells us, "Most of the people I hooked up with that week weren't from my list." Happily, spontaneity lives on.

SMALL THINGS IN GOOD PACKAGES

Durex, makers of fine prophylactics, may be trying to take niche marketing further than it will stretch. Having successfully promoted its extra-large Easy-On condoms (54 millimeters wide versus the standard 52), the company now proposes to sell a line of smaller (49 millimeter) rubbers for customers who "prefer a tighter condom" or who are "younger." Durex, with a fashion-conscious vibe, has named them Close Fit. It's a euphemism that fools nobody but is at least better than such alternatives as Petite, Elfin, Mini-Meat and Vienna Sausage.

PORK TENDERLOIN

The Dutch have long concerned themselves with the rights of pot smokers, sex workers and homosexuals. Now they've moved on to other pressing causes, namely the sexual pleasure of pigs. An agricultural company in the Netherlands is marketing a vibrator for pigs that will help sows enjoy artificial insemination. Which, in turn, will increase the rate of the procedure. A spokeswoman said, "People use vibrators, and we thought, How can we bring this to pigs?" Our answer: Slowly, gently and with a lot of cuddling.

"I would love just once to be called sexy. Just because it would make me something other than cute." —Jennifer Love Hewitt

COMEDY CLUBS

With two new books, *Jokes Men Won't Laugh At* and *Jokes Women Won't Laugh At* (Berkley), Tom Hobbes has lobbed two laugh bombs into the front lines of the gender war. Hobbes is a centrist—at any given time he knows at least half his audience will be laughing. Ladies first: "Two guys are leaving work when one of them says, 'The first thing I'm going to do when I get home is rip off my wife's panties.' 'You're that horny?' 'No, the elastic is killing me.'" And one for the guys: "Two golfers are on the first tee and the first guy has spent at least five minutes lining up his shot. 'Sorry to take so long, but my wife is up there watching from the clubhouse, so this shot has to be perfect,' he explains. 'Oh, for Christ's sake,' the second one says. 'You're never going to hit her from here!'"

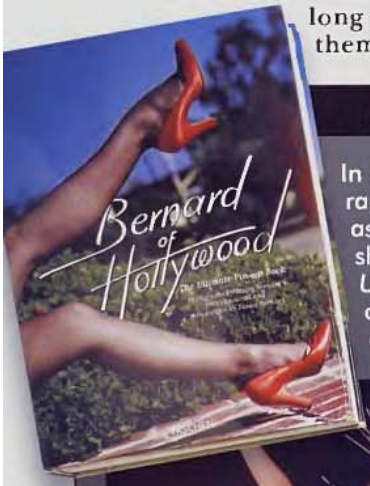
THE TIP SHEET

Scraping the tapioca: A euphemism for having sex among Trobrian Islanders off the coast of New Guinea. We guess you do it with your pudding pop.

That's G as in gigantic: According to

MOM NEVER LOOKED LIKE THIS!

In the language of Golden Age Hollywood, Bruno Bernard was called the "Rembrandt of photography." For more than four decades this Reubens of the Rollei produced iconic images of such stars as Clark Gable, John Wayne and Elizabeth Taylor. He was also a starlet's best friend, capable of showcasing the charms of actresses in fabulous settings. *Bernard of Hollywood: The Ultimate Pin-Up Book* (Taschen) is full of glam action. Photos for the book were edited by his daughter, December 1966 Playmate Susan Bernard, who also wrote the introduction. To see Bernard's legacy in full flower you can go to playboy.com and search for pictures of Susan herself.



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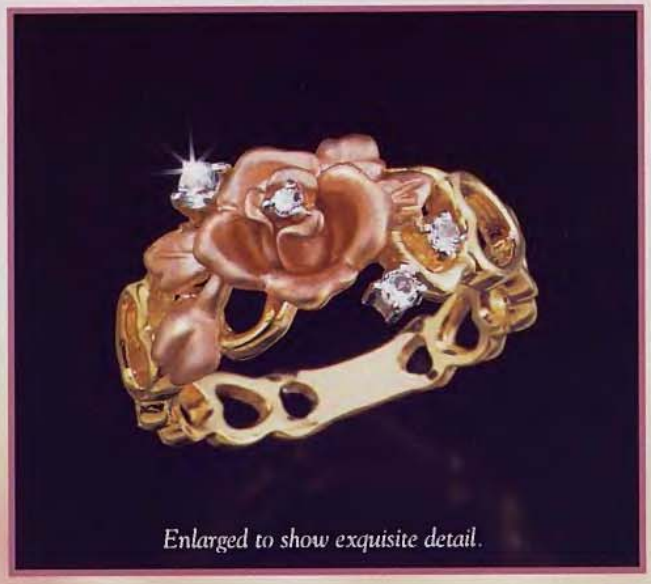

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QUOTE

"Courteney may be pretty, but if she's not on top of it, she smells like a truck driver—and I like it."—DAVID ARQUETTE, DESCRIBING WIFE COURTENEY COX' NATURAL FLAVOR

DEAD PRESIDENTS

According to an insurance industry estimate, ratio of Fortune 500 companies that take out "dead peasant" life insurance policies on their employees (without the employees' knowledge), payable to the company when the employees die: 1 in 4. Number of such policies Wal-Mart has taken out on its employees: 350,000.

FAST BUCKS

Among the going rates for sponsor logo–placement on Nascar race cars according to Nascar estimates, cost to place an ad on the hood: $7 million to $17 million. The cost just to be on the narrow side pillar between the front and rear windows: $75,000 to $200,000.

CHILD ABUSE

According to Social Security records, the number of babies in 2001 named Prince: 161. Number of babies named Princess: 262. Number of boys named River: 317. Number of girls named Unique: 266.

A TAX UPON THEIR HEADS

Average taxes paid per capita in the U.S. in 2001: $1968. The average taxes paid in Connecticut, the state that has the highest per-capita tax: $3020. Taxes paid in South Dakota, which has the lowest per-capita average: $1293.

TRIUMPH OF THE LEFT

Approximate percentage of left-handed people in the U.S.: 10. The percentage of left-handers among the winners of the Annual American Crossword Tournament: 33.

FACT OF THE MONTH

The Fountain, a urinal turned into an early 20th century masterpiece by French artist Marcel Duchamp, was recently sold at a New York auction for $1 million.

MONEY HONEY

Percentage of Americans who say their sex lives improve when their financial situation does: 58.

PUMP AND DUMP

Percentage of Americans who say that they have been dumped more times than they've dumped others: 25. Percentage who've been the dumper more than the dumpee: 40.

FANTASY TV

According to CBS.MarketWatch.com, estimated cost of newspaper columnist Carrie Bradshaw's Upper East Side apartment on *Sex and the City*: $450,000. Estimated value of the Riverside Drive apartment shared by Will and Grace on *Will and Grace*: $800,000. Estimated monthly rent for semiemployed actor Joey's Greenwich Village unit on *Friends*: $4000.

DOWN WITH SQUIDWARD

Among children's TV programs, the rank of Nickelodeon's *SpongeBob SquarePants*: 1. Percentage of *SpongeBob* viewers who are adults: 40.

BIG HIGH COUNTRY

Amount of money spent by Montana last year to dispose of hazardous chemicals found in raids on meth labs: $631,000.

GO TEAM

In a *USA Today* poll, percentage of 22,000 respondents who said they consider cheerleading a sport: 54.

GOLDEN STATE

Number of venture capital funds in the U.S.: 3568. Number of funds in Texas: 161. Number in Massachusetts: 451. In New York: 474. In California: 1166. —ROBERT S. WIEDER

researchers at Italy's University of Aquila, women who have large G spots should experience results similar to males when using Viagra. The researchers neglected to mention why a woman with an oversize G spot would need Viagra.

A deer-shit paperweight, a monkey carved from a peach pit in a foxhole during World War II, a belt buckle with a glass eye in it, a bracelet made of goat toenails, a JFK garden gnome and a Connecticut woman's colonoscopy photos: According to Marc Hartzman's book, *Found on EBay*, just some of the noteworthy items offered for sale on the Internet's flea market.

The Hosanna Hotel: Warning—not the place you want to make reservations for when visiting Trinidad. It's the "Christian hotel of the Caribbean" and prohibits guests from using tobacco or alcohol and requires couples to produce proof of marriage.

A lawn mower: What 82-year-old Mikhail Kalashnikov, inventor of the AK-47 assault rifle, now says he wishes he had invented.

Buyer beware: A twist on "Fast. Good. Cheap. Pick any two." From an Internet discussion group, advice on women: "Smart. Sexy. Sane. Pick any two."

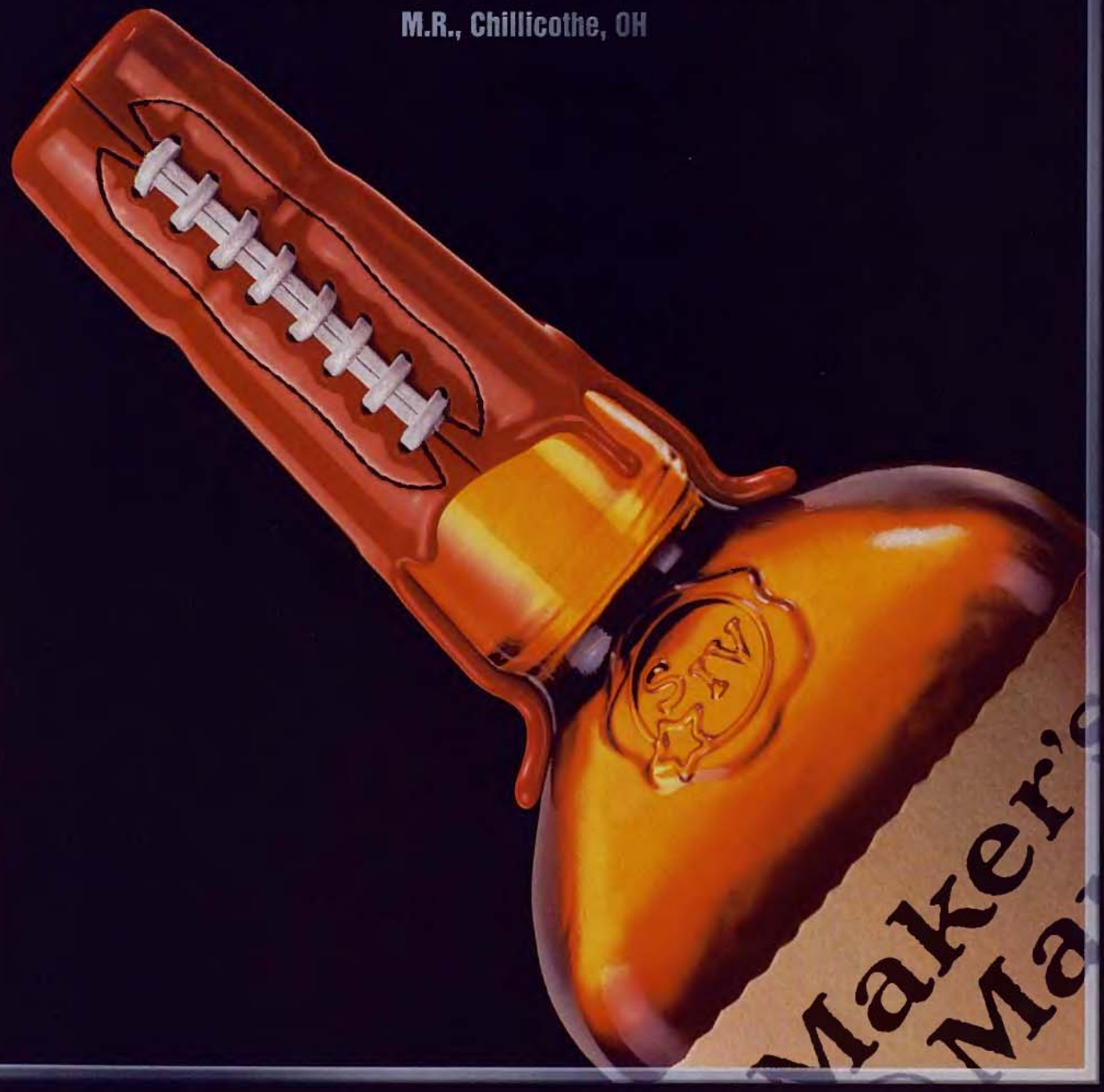
All the news that's shit to print: Go to pornolize.com, then type in your favorite website and admire the hilariously

CLOWN PRINTS

Blame it on Zoloft. The crying clown occupies an unsettling ploce in the psyches of omateur artists. In Clown Paintings (Power House), actress Diane Keaton and curator Robert Berman unveil hidden treasures of clown art purchased at flea markets. Some of the clowns are sad, some are happy and others are just plain circus jerks.

"IT'S JUST NOT FOOTBALL WITHOUT SOMETHING TO PASS AROUND."

M.R., Chillicothe, OH



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Thanks for the story, M.R. If anyone else out there has a Maker's story they'd like to share, please visit www.makersmark.com.

BALL POINT

This pen is not mightier than your sword, but it vibrates. And that, we're told by our overworked female executive friends, is a good thing. OK, we're lying. We don't know any high-powered minxes who diddle at their desks. But if we did, we'd buy them the new Vibra Pen from Toys in Babeland.

profane results. It's idiotic fun.

White Lines (Thunder's Mouth): A new book compiled by Stephen Hyde and Geno Zanetti, it's a collection of famous excerpts featuring cocaine. It's choppy, intense and stings just a bit.

FLETCH FLAYED

Surf star Christian Fletcher has conquered the sea, but not the pee. The tattooed and pierced wild man who introduced aerial flips to surfing has trouble keeping a tidy bowl. "I had a piercing straight through the helmet down there, but it wasn't practical, so I took it out," Fletcher told us. "But now when I pee it's like a broken fire hydrant hose with the pee coming out through all the holes. It's tough when I'm drunk and trying to plug up all the holes so I don't pee all over the place. The first time my girlfriend saw me pee, she was like, 'What the hell are you doing?'"

BITCH, DON'T WHINE

Why Men Love Bitches (Adams) by Sherry Argov is an antiwhining manifesto that encourages women who feel like doormats to develop a sense of independence. Argov is so against nagging, she even helps out the other side—men—by publishing pointers on shifting the blame and flummoxing naggers during arguments. For example:

"First, tell her the timing isn't right for a discussion. In fact, it's never a good time to talk."

"Before hearing a word, tell her she took everything wrong and is being 'too sensitive.'"

"Get a rotation going: Monday and Wednesday tell her that she's overreacting. On Tuesday and Thursday she's blowing it out of proportion. And on weekends, she's imagining things."

"Change the subject. Say, 'You're starting your period, aren't you?'"

"If this doesn't work, pick a fight. Be combative and repeatedly point out that she was the one who started the argument."

"If she has six good points and you have one small mediocre point, place all the emphasis on your one small mediocre point."

"Don't veer. Keep asking about your one small point, then demand a quick response. If she hesitates, use this as evidence that you are right."

"If it's obvious that she is right, find fault with her that has nothing to do with what you are talking about."

"Be sure to create your own imaginary panel of experts (composed of people she has never met). Say, 'Even Joe and Jim agree with me and think that you are being completely unreasonable.'"

"When she tries to explain the same thing in a different way, roll your eyes."

"Appoint yourself her in-house therapist. Say, 'You do this to yourself. Why do you do this to yourself?'"

"Keep count of how many times she repeats herself and be sure to remind her."

"Remember, it's always her fault. That's your story and you are sticking to it."

"I'm one of those stronge beosts who really like a corset." —Cote Blanchett

BABE OF THE MONTH

GABRIELLE UNION's first big-screen gig was the teen hit *She's All That*. Since then, Gabrielle has been all that and more. Best known as Isis, the captain of the East Compton cheerleading squad in *Bring It On*, she currently plays a blind teenager in *Welcome to Collinwood*, starring George Clooney, and appears in the psychological thriller *Abandon*. Between her roles in *10 Things I Hate About You*, *Love and Basketball* and *The Brothers*, Gabrielle found time to marry NFL running back Chris Howard. Next year, she will be even more in your face—not that you'll mind—appearing in her first leading role, in the romantic comedy *Deliver Us From Eva*, in the Jet Li/DMX action flick *Cradle 2 the Grave* and as the female lead in next summer's *Bad Boys 2*. We are feeling reformed already.

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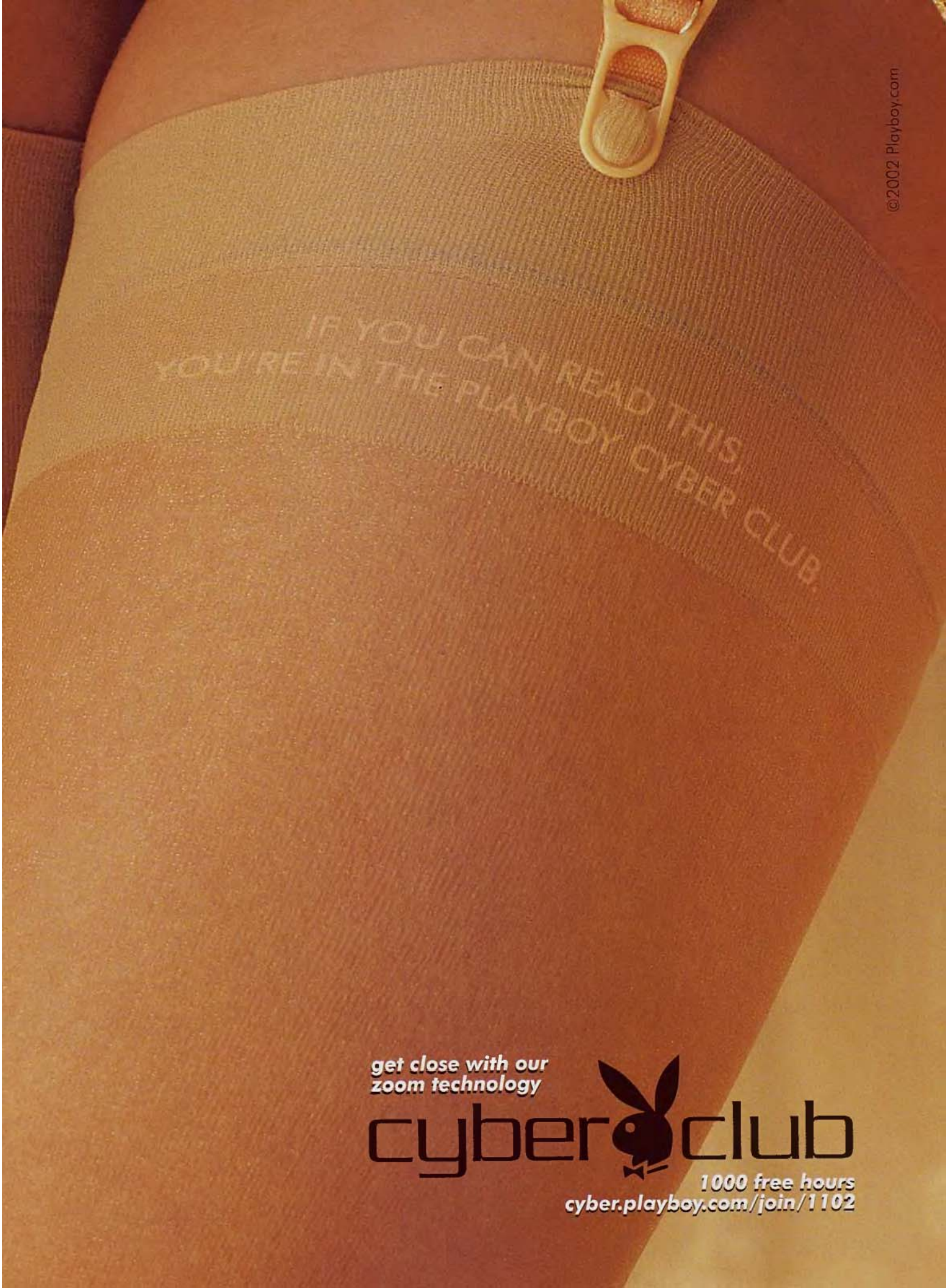
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QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE haven't ever been radio darlings, so it's fitting that they skewer the music biz on ***Songs for the Deaf*** (Interscope). Drive-time DJs take as hard a beating as the drums, which are brilliantly played by Dave Grohl. If you buy only one rock release this year, make it this one.
—ALISON PRATO

GEORGE SCHILL

Mainstream rappers generate plenty of hot air, but real hip-hop continues to come from the street. ***The Downfall of Ibliys*** (Day by Day) marks MF Grimm as a major talent. The beats are solid, but Grimm's wise lyrics are touched with genius. With ***Trinity*** (Priority), Slum Village delivers a taut expression of inner-city rage. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

Spoon delivers swaggering rock to the libido with a pounding piano, thumping bass drum and nicotine rasp. On ***Kill the Moonlight*** (Merge), Britt Daniel sings about smoking dope and breaking into mobile homes. It's brilliant and recalls the stripped down, lean style of the early Stones.
—JASON BUHRMESTER

When guitarist Rick Holmstrom heard the blues samples Moby and Fatboy Slim added to their music, he tried the same thing in reverse—adding electronic beats and samples to his blues and R&B. You'd think the result might sound contrived, but ***Hydraulic Groove*** (Tone-Cool) is unaffected and made for pleasure. Holmstrom creates entirely modern blues. —ANAHEED ALANI

What once was noise is now the stuff of car commercials, as the powerful two-disc ***Anthology of Noise and Electronic Music*** (Sub Rosa) shows. Proto-turntablist Milan Knizak started gouging vinyl records

fast tracks

I LIKE THE NIGHTLIFE DEPARTMENT: Disco gets its due on November 15. That's when the Experience Music Project, **Paul Allen's** Seattle museum, will open its exhibit to "straighten out history." **REELING AND ROCKING:** *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* celebrates its 30th birthday in 2003 with a new made-for-TV production in which the original cast will make cameos. . . . **Jennifer Lopez** and **Marc Anthony** plan to make a biopic based on the life of musician **Hector Lavoe**. . . . ABC-TV has another **Paul McCartney** special this fall. **NEWSBREAKS:** Even though the **Queen** musical received bad reviews in London, it's selling out every night and has been extended until January. After that, it will open here. . . . Don't expect a new **Fleetwood Mac** CD until next year. **Mick Fleetwood** says the band will start a tour in April 2003. . . . In August 1982 Polygram released the world's first mass-produced CD. Happy 20th to the disc. Last year around 25 billion CDs were made. . . . Look for a new **Pearl Jam** CD this month, and then a world tour next year. . . . Can you picture this? **Nicolas Cage** hopes to play **Pete Townshend** in the movie **Roger Daltrey** is making about **Keith Moon. Mike Myers** wants to play Keith. —BARBARA NELLIS

back in the Sixties. ***Broken Music*** (Ampersand), a 1979 reissue, sounds like something RZA would do in 2002. —L.F.

On ***Murray Street*** (Geffen), Sonic Youth combines the epic grandeur of *Daydream Nation*, the song-oriented pop of *Sister* and *Goo* and the experimentalism of *Goodbye 20th Century*. Jim O'Rourke—now an official band member—helps refocus SY, making this its tightest CD in years. —A.A.

Aimee Mann is part poet and part muse, an exemplary musician whose pensive songwriting makes most female artists look like *American Idol* rejects. ***Lost in Space*** (Superego) is sugar-free sustenance—no gimmicks. —A.P.

Don't hate the Vines because they're another retro-guitar-pop import that Europe has anointed the next big thing—or because they're a former Nirvana cover band. Love them because ***Highly Evolved*** (Capitol) boasts volcanic guitars, ferocious vocals and a one-minute song that's gargantuan. —A.P.

Bright Eyes' Conor Oberst distills teen angst into folky rock songs. ***Lifted*** (Saddlecreek) finds Oberst moving past adolescent rage and into Dylanesque verse. It's engaging. —J.B.

Ladytron are the best neo-synth-pop band. They're not kitschy or ironic on ***Light and Magic*** (Emperor Norton). Their songs capture the gritty, robotic cool of analogue synth and minimalist proto-techno. The Bulgarian babe on vocals doesn't hurt, either. —TIM MOHR

Röyksopp and Flunk create brilliant, laid-back electronica from Norway. On ***Melody AM*** (Astralwerks), Röyksopp molds computer whirs into catchy, melodic tunes. On ***For Sleepyheads Only*** (Beatservice), Flunk makes beautiful, somnambulant trip-hop that's enlivened by breathy vocals reminiscent of Björk.—T.M.

On ***Easy*** (Rykodisc), Kelly Willis' soft voice expresses sadness and longing. On ***Filth and Fire*** (Signature Sounds), Mary Gauthier's hard voice expresses weariness and bad luck. Both women have a lot of heart. —L.F.

The Rising (Columbia), Bruce Springsteen's new CD, was worth the wait. The Boss is in a dark mood, but he's made a strong collection of gritty songs. —J.B.

ROCK METER

	Alani	Buhrmester	Froehlich	Mohr	Prato
MF Grimm *The Downfall of Ibliys*	7	7	8	4	7
Rick Holmstrom *Hydraulic Groove*	8	5	6	2	7
Ladytron *Light and Magic*	6	6	6	8	4
Queens of Stone Age *Songs for the Deaf*	8	7	7	6	9
Spoon *Kill the Moonlight*	5	10	5	5	6

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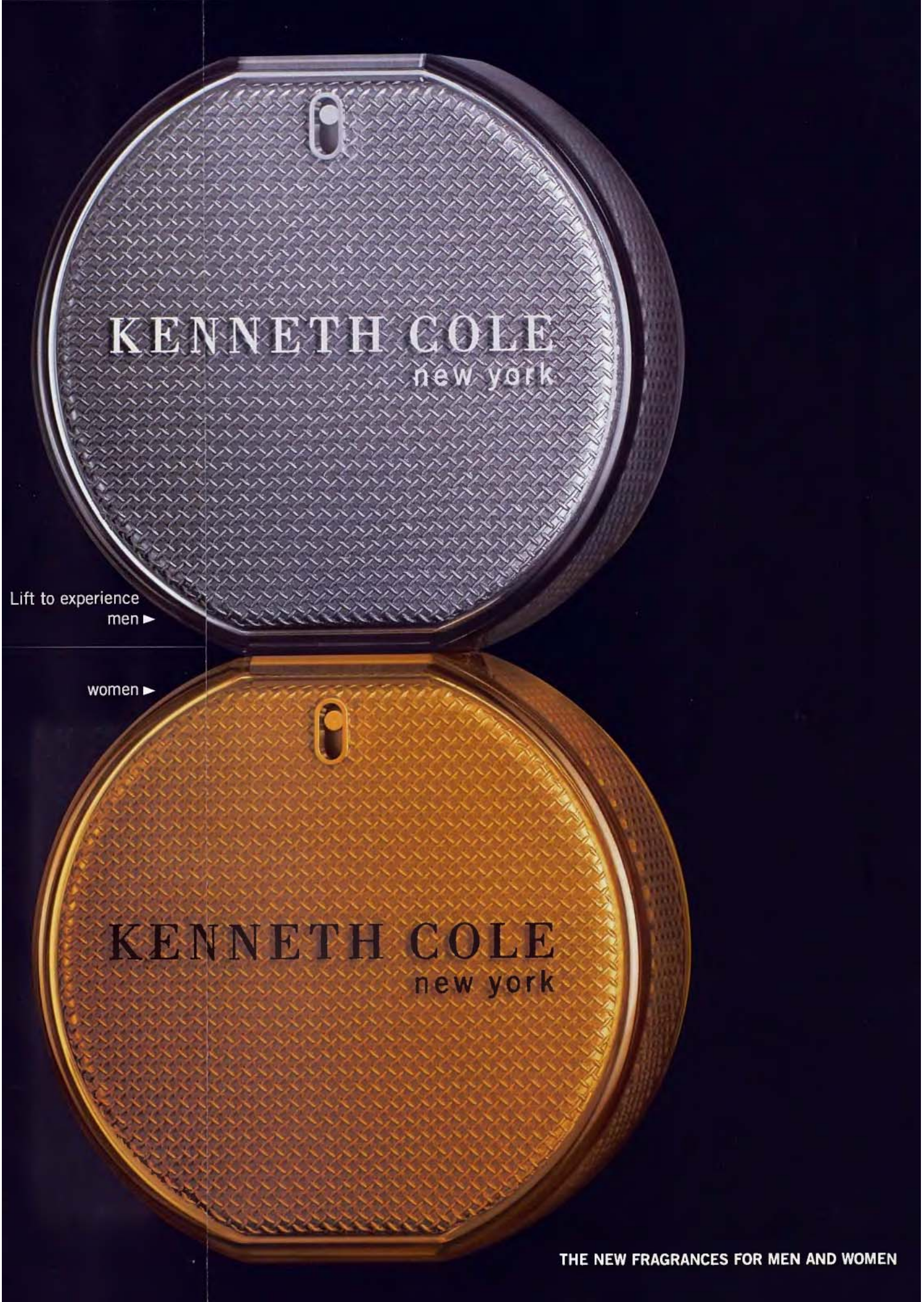
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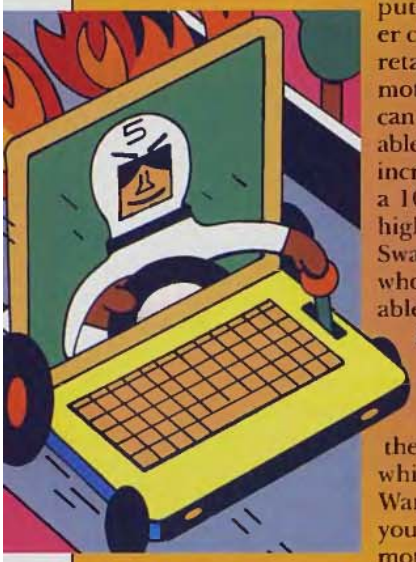
THE NEW FRAGRANCES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

HACK YOUR CAR

Tweaking your engine to fast-and-furious performance once required you to spend your weekends under the hood fiddling with fuel injectors and camshafts. The new way to rev up the RPMs is to forgo the mechanic and hire a hacker. Inside most new cars is a diagnostic computer chip programmed by the manufacturer to control the engine. To juice a vehicle's performance, computer freaks replace the factory-installed computer chip in the dashboard with a chip purchased from retailers such as Superchips and Powerchip (whose motto is "Viagra for your car"). Replacement chips can cost anywhere from $200 to $500 and are available for most cars produced in the past 25 years. The increase in power varies by model, but typically yields a 10 percent boost in horsepower. The result is a higher performance, less environmentally sound car. Swapping out mod chips isn't just for hot-rod heads who want to break speed records. Modules are available for such autos as the Ford Excursion and the Honda Accord. Light-truck drivers are using hacked chips to give their engines a boost for hauling boats, trailers and other devices. Speed demons looking for a personal touch can send in their cars' computers to companies like Superchips, which reprogram them for optimal performance. Want to poke around in your car's computer code yourself? With a laptop and software from Electromotive, you can plug into the diagnostic port under the dash and manually adjust roughly 150 engine functions (such as fuel curves and ignition timing) without getting a spot of grease on your shirt. Be forewarned: While changing the fuel injector and turbocharger in your chip can get you additional speed, push it too far and you'll overheat the engine. Of course, all of these modifications will void your warranty. —LAZLOW



STEVE TURN

BE ALL YOU CAN BE—ON YOUR PC

Is life in the armed forces for you? One way to find out is to play more video games. A new program initiated by the U.S. Army encourages potential recruits to play America's Army, a new computer game designed to provide civilians with a realistic perspective of life in the forces. According to Major Chris Chambers, deputy director for the OEMA (an organization within the Army created to examine recruitment), the game is a "communication tool designed to show players what the army is—a high-tech, exciting organization with lots to do." The free CD-ROM (which is available at americasarmy.com) contains a 3-D action shooter where players engage in battle and a role-playing scenario where players accomplish goals such as saving money for college. The game can be played solo or online in a number of multiplayer team-based missions. As to the portrayal of violence on the battlefield, Chambers confirms, "We're not sugarcoating it," but there are repercussions for irresponsible gunplay. —MARC SALTZMAN

GAME OF THE MONTH

Carte blanche government clearance to "neutralize anyone who opposes mission goals" is tempting, but surviving **Tom Clancy's Splinter Cell** takes smarts, not firepower. Players use thermal-vision goggles to find warm fingerprints on security keypads and a fiber-optic camera to track guards. The intricate story line and gameplay make this the best Xbox game to date (by Ubi Soft Entertainment, for Xbox; PC at a later date). We're also playing **Red Faction 2.** Its 15 weapons and destructible environments make for an explosive battle to take down a Mars dictator (by THQ, for PlayStation 2). **The Sims Online** is all about socializing. Turn your pad into a hip hangout and throw a kick-ass bash. New controls let you talk to other players and party at their place (by EA, for PC). —JASON BUHRMESTER

Wild Thing

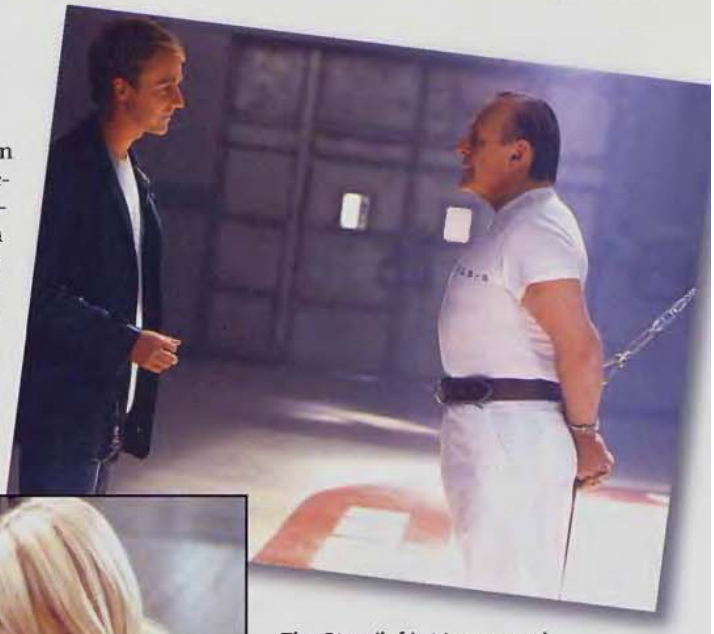
Now you can celebrote the deoth of the ugly gray computer even if you are still stuck in a cubicle. Harman Multimedia makes stylish speaker systems designed for Macs, PCs and portable MP3 and DVD players. Its latest is the sci fi–inspired JBL Creature (pictured here), a three-piece system that includes two satellites and a subwoofer. It uses JBL speakers to boost the bass response and midrange tones of video games, movies and other multimedia. An LED on the bottom of the satellite speakers gives them a space-age glow on your desktop that matches the metallic silver, white or metallic blue color of your system. Both speakers and the subwoofer are magnetically shielded to protect your monitor from image distortion caused by speaker magnets. The JBL Creature can also recall the volume setting from the last time your computer was shut down, which saves time spent fiddling with the volume (and which could save your ears). —J.B.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.

movies

PREVIEWS

Tops this month should be ***Red Dragon,*** the creepy prequel to *Silence of the Lambs,* starring Anthony Hopkins and Edward Norton. It is a remake of the 1986 Michael Mann–directed *Manhunter* (see below). The studio reportedly spent zillions on computer effects to shave decades off Hopkins' face and body. . . . ***Jackass: The Movie:*** Thrill seekers should flock to this big-screen version of MTV's stunt show. It promises extremes and gross-outs beyond what TV allows—like a Vasectomy Olympics. . . . Loftier doings brighten ***Frida,*** depicting the life of Mexico's brilliant bisexual painter Frida Kahlo, played by Salma Hayek (there's a hot scene of her masturbating while watching a stripper disrobe). Edward Norton plays Frida's husband, muralist Diego Rivera. . . . ***The Ring*** is an Americanized version of a Japanese smash that's like *The Blair Witch Project.* A journalist tracks the various recipients of a bizarre videotape and finds they all died within a week of watching it. Naomi Watts from *Mulholland Dr.* stars. . . . Speaking of nasty doings, ***Auto Focus*** is all about how TV's blandly handsome Bob (*Hogan's Heroes*) Crane spent his off-hours trawling strip joints and videotaping himself screwing hundreds of women, staging orgies and having sex with a creepy bisexual played by Willem Dafoe. Greg Kinnear portrays Crane. . . . ***Knockaround Guys*** is the much-delayed film starring Vin Diesel, who shot it long before he was earning upwards of $10 million a movie. . . . In ***Gerry,*** Matt Damon and Casey Affleck play hikers lost in the desert. They improvised all 103 minutes, payback to Gus Van Sant, who got Damon going with *Good Will Hunting.*



The Ring (left), Norton and Hopkins in *Red Dragon* (above).

REVIEWS

BY LEONARD MALTIN

I really wanted to like ***Welcome to Collinwood,*** a quirky, low-key comedy directed by Anthony and Joe Russo. Steven Soderbergh and George Clooney produced the movie (and Clooney took a small part) because they liked a student film by the Russos and decided to back them in their Hollywood debut. The brothers obviously have talent, but this remake of the classic Italian caper ***Big Deal on Madonna Street*** doesn't quite work. Set in a grimy Cleveland neighborhood where time has stood still for the past 50 years, its gallery of losers and dreamers who try to pull off a big-time heist is brought to life by William H. Macy, Michael Jeter, Sam Rockwell, Isaiah Washington, Gabrielle Union, Andrew Davoli, Luis Guzmán and Patricia Clarkson. Everyone gets an A for effort, but the results are slight at best. Tellingly, the biggest laugh comes from a sight gag that replicates the 1958 movie.

François Ozon's ***Eight Women*** is another disappointment, considering the all-star

DÉJÀ VU ALL OVER AGAIN

There's nothing new about the idea of remakes. Cecil B. DeMille remade his *The Squaw Man* twice and is the only man who made the Red Sea part two times, in the 1923 and 1956 versions of *The Ten Commandments.*

Now we're getting remakes of films you don't have to be ancient to remember seeing the first time around. I suppose the enormous success of *Hannibal* last year made the notion of redoing the original Hannibal Lecter novel, *Red Dragon,* irresistible. Never mind that it was done as recently as 1986 by a first-rate filmmaker (Michael Mann) and a great actor (Brian Cox) under the title *Manhunter.*

The Truth About Chorlie is Jonathan Demme's remake of the sublime 1963 romantic thriller *Charade,* written by Peter Stone and directed by Stanley Donen. The original starred Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn, with a star-building supporting role for Walter Matthau. The new version stars Mark Wahlberg, Thandie Newton and Tim Robbins, and since I like all three actors, I'll reserve judgment until I see what's on the screen. Meanwhile, I encourage you to check out the Criterion Collection DVD of *Charade,* which has a commentary track by Donen and Stone.

Madonna is *Swept Away.*

Finally, there's ***Swept Away,*** a remake of Lina Wertmüller's sexually charged 1974 film that made an international star of Giancarlo Giannini. This time, Madonna plays the rich bitch who is shipwrecked with a communist sailor—played by Adriano Giannini, Giancarlo's son. Madonna has yet to deliver an impressive screen performance, but since she's being directed by her husband, Guy Ritchie, perhaps we'll see an improvement.

To bring things full circle, *Swept Away* borrows its story line from Sir James Barrie's play *The Admirable Crichton.* It was filmed in 1918 and remade one year later as *Male and Female*—by Cecil B. DeMille.—L.M.

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female ensemble. This film is a lighthearted whodunit, designed and photographed as if it were a lush Fifties Hollywood melodrama. The lone male in the story is murdered, and one of the women is responsible. Is it wealthy widow Catherine Deneuve, canny mistress Fanny Ardant, meddlesome mother-in-law Danielle Darrieux, snippy sister-in-law Isabelle Huppert or suspicious housemaid Emmanuelle Béart? It's hard to tell, and after a while, it's hard to care, but it's great fun watching these beautiful women going through their paces—and breaking into song! I only wish director Ozon had contrived a better vehicle for them.

The hurly-burly *Rules of Attraction*.

It's difficult to look forward to another film about the Holocaust, but Tim Blake Nelson's ***The Grey Zone*** has a good story to tell and a fresh point of view. It's based on the memoirs of a doctor who conducted experiments on his fellow Jews in order to save himself and his family. What will a person do to stay alive? How far will he go? Those are the questions that resonate in this film, based on Nelson's stage play of the same name. Steve Buscemi, Harvey Keitel, Mira Sorvino, Natasha Lyonne, Daniel Benzali, Allan Corduner and David Arquette (whose solid dramatic performance may surprise many viewers) make the most of this potent material.

I lost interest in, and my appetite for, ***The Rules of Attraction*** in one of its first scenes, where a young man who is anally raping a semiconscious coed throws up on her. James Van Der Beek stars as Sean Bateman in this so-called prequel to *American Psycho*, written and directed by Roger Avary from Bret Easton Ellis' novel. How such an attractive cast was persuaded to enact this repellent story is a mystery to me.

SCENE STEALER

PATRICIA CLARKSON. CURRENTLY ON-SCREEN IN: *Welcome to Collinwood*, and Emmy nominated for her guest-starring role on *Six Feet Under*. **MOST HIGHLY PRAISED:** For her extraordinary performance as German actress Greta Krauss in *High Art* (1998). **CAN SHE WATCH HERSELF?** "I have enormous trouble doing that. I love doing the work, I love shooting the movie, preparing the character, but once it's done, I end up being very critical of myself. Eventually, you have to watch yourself so you can get better." **WHAT WAS IT LIKE DOING SCENES WITH JACK NICHOLSON IN *THE PLEDGE*?** "It's kind of what you would expect, because he's so relaxed, so in the moment and so alive." **YOU'RE ADVENTUROUS IN YOUR CHOICES—YOU PLAY A WIDE RANGE OF CHARACTERS IN ALL KINDS OF FILMS.** "That's what I like. You know, you can only map out so much, and that's the beauty of film; it all happens right there, and that's the excitement I love, never knowing what's going to happen that day." **WHAT COMES WITH BEING ON A HIGH-PROFILE TV SHOW LIKE *SIX FEET UNDER*?** "I couldn't really go anywhere. I was stopped on the street by a man who wanted to talk about Aunt Sarah. It's incredibly flattering." **HAVING GROWN UP IN NEW ORLEANS, DID YOU HAVE TO WORK HARD TO LOSE YOUR ACCENT?** "I went to Yale Drama School, and they pound it out of you! I have to be careful, because sometimes it will come back, and when I'm doing a Southern character, as I am in David Gordon Green's new movie, *All the Real Girls*, I just let it all hang out." —L.M.

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin

The Banger Sisters Goldie Hawn and Susan Sarandon are great fun to watch as former groupies who meet again after 20 years, after their lives have taken divergent paths. The story won't stand up to scrutiny, but this entertaining fluff is a perfect vehicle for its stars. Geoffrey Rush costars. ¥¥½

Blood Work Clint Eastwood is in good form as a retired FBI profiler who takes on a case because of a personal connection. Entertaining until the all-too-obvious finale. ¥¥½

City by the Sea Robert De Niro plays an NYC homicide detective whose estranged son is the chief suspect of a murder in the seaside community where the detective grew up. Based on a true story, the film grows dreary and derivative all too soon. ¥¥

Das Experiment This import is a bold, compelling piece of fiction, perfectly suited to the *Survivor–Big Brother* era, about 20 men who participate in a behavioral experiment in which they pretend to be in prison for two weeks, some as inmates and some as guards. Things go terribly wrong. ¥¥¥

Punch-Drunk Love Adam Sandler and Emily Watson star in Paul Thomas Anderson's twisted take on a romantic comedy. Anderson is a unique talent, but this film is strange just for the sake of being strange. ¥¥

Road to Perdition Tom Hanks and Paul Newman star in this superb Depression-era drama about sin and redemption, fathers and sons. Easily the best film of 2002 so far. ¥¥¥¥

Signs Mel Gibson stars in the latest from M. Night Shyamalan, but this portentous tale of alien visitors and loss of faith works only on the most superficial level—as a scare movie. ¥¥

Simone Al Pacino is always worth watching, but this concoction about a down-and-out director who brings a computerized actress to life is just a one-joke idea. ¥¥

Tadpole Sigourney Weaver inspires lust in her stepson, but it's her best friend, Bebe Neuwirth, who brings it to fruition. A short, sweet comedy. ¥¥¥

Welcome to Collinwood William H. Macy, Luis Guzmán, Michael Jeter and Patricia Clarkson head the ensemble in this quirky, low-key comedy about a group of small-timers who try to pull off a big heist. Co-producer George Clooney also has a small part. ¥¥

XXX Vin Diesel flexes his movie-star muscles in this audacious, often silly, but entertaining action-spy saga. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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GUEST SHOT

Andrew Davis (*The Fugitive*), whose thriller *Holes* is due out in December, enjoys American classics from the Sixties, as well as Seventies European art-house films. "I love *Dr. Strangelove* and *Tom Jones*," says Davis. "I started as a cameraman, so I'm a fan of Haskell Wexler's *Medium Cool*, which is about a cameraman at the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago. And I enjoy early European films such as Bertolucci's *The Spider's Stratagem*, Lelouch's *Happy New Year* and *The Emigrants* with Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow."
—LAURENCE LERMAN

IMPERFECT FUTURE TENSE

If cinema had its prescient way, we'd all be mindless cogs in a corporate machine ruled by apes. Hey, wait a minute. . . . In any case, next month's release of *Minority Report* reminds us that the future ain't what it used to be.

Things to Come (1936): In 2035 survivors of a decades-long war, dressed in space-age tunics with flared shoulders, rise up to protest the first attempt to send a man to the moon. H.G. Wells was a little off on his moon-shot date, but those costumes are hip.

The Handmaid's Tale (1990): Feminine infertility is the rule in "the recent future," so husbands are permitted to impregnate voluptuous young surrogate mothers while their wives offer encouragement at the bedside. If that's the future, what are we waiting for?

Nineteen Eighty-Four (1984): Freethinking and free love have been outlawed, and the Thought Police will reeducate you if you attempt either. Thankfully, George Orwell's oppressive vision hasn't come to pass . . . yet.

Logan's Run (1976): In 2274 we not only don't trust anyone over 30, but we also kill them on their 30th birthday to balance the population, so sayeth the computers. What ever happened to respecting your elders?

A Boy and His Dog (1975): After a nuclear apocalypse, the surviving women must hide from horny men. Vic (Don Johnson) trades food with his telepathic dog, Blood, who in turn sniffs out the chicks. Good boy! Now fetch.

Brazil (1985): Terry Gilliam's intensely visual satire of a sexless, totalitarian future has outlived its original scathing reviews to become a favorite. But we knew even then it was smart, stylish and ahead of its time.

Metropolis (1927): In Fritz Lang's silent classic, overlords oppress slave laborers until Freder, one of the ruling class, falls for Maria, a tomato from the pits. She ends up being replaced by an android and Freder doesn't know the difference. Now, there's an idea.

Jetsons: The Movie (1990): Corporate chieftain Cosmo Spacely sends expendable employee George Jetson to an asteroid, where he will either enhance production of sprockets or die at the paws of fuzzy rebels. Serious stuff. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Produced in a frenzy, yet so perfect that it remains the gold standard among rock-and-roll movies, ***A Hard Day's Night*** returns to DVD (Miramax, $30) in a two-disc set that's sure to rank among the highlights of the holiday season. Director Richard Lester's quasi documentary depicting the Beatles in their frantic first days on U.S. shores has been cleaned up and remastered for this release. And the classic soundtrack is presented for the first time in Dolby Digital 5.1. The set features a new documentary (*Things They Said Today*) that includes dozens of interviews with people who worked on the film, from Lester and cinematographer Gilbert Taylor to actors whose bit parts in the film remain high points in their careers. Behind-the-scenes footage and photos include shots of Paul McCartney's lost solo scene with British actress Isla Blair. Disc producer Martin Lewis even corralled hairdresser Betty Glasow, who tended to the Fab Four's famous mop tops. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE

Cumming Soon ($20, from Trash Palace, trashpalace.com) presents 30 theatrical trailers that advertise classic XXX movies of the Seventies in one orgiastic 74-minute DVD. No teasing previews here. There are explicit money shots in all of them, though we lost count after 69. The collection captures porn in all its grind-house glory, with campy narration, lurid go-go music, lovely all-natural breasts and more pubic hair than anyone's seen in eons. The only things missing are the plots, if there ever were any. *Eruption, Deep Throat, Pastries, Cherry Truckers*—they're all here, along with John Holmes, Linda Lovelace, Harry Reems and others. —B.M.

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***Spider-Man*** (Tobey Maguire as the original webcaster and Kirsten Dunst as his sweetheart; unavoidable fun), ***The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring*** (special edition adds half an hour to the theatrical take; we'll bite).
THRILLER	***Panic Room*** (a jeopardized Jodie Foster has one in her new home, fortunately; a nail-biting *Home Alone* for grown-ups), ***Frailty*** (God directs dad to enlist his young sons in ax murders; directorial debut of actor Bill Paxton is a chiller).
WEIRD CRIME	***Scotland, PA*** (*Macbeth* set in a greasy spoon; Christopher Walken, as Lieutenant McDuff, outs the damned spot), ***The Salton Sea*** (tattooed Val Kilmer tracks his wife's killer; twisty drama elevated by Vincent D'Onofrio's zany turn).
IMPORT	***Monsoon Wedding*** (it rains, it pours; ensemble comedy by *Salaam Bombay* director Mira Nair is exotically clichéd), ***The Son's Room*** (parents grieve for a dead son in this Cannes Palme d'Or winner; an Italian *In the Bedroom*).
COMEDY	***Big Trouble*** (mobsters, thugs and suburbanites collide; inspired bits lift director Barry Sonnenfeld's ensemble farce), ***Hollywood Ending*** (Woody Allen is a director blinded—literally—by anxiety in his latest; middling Wood-man).

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By MARK FRAUENFELDER

SUE A SPAMMER

By day, Ben Livingston is research director at *Infoworld*, a popular business technology magazine. By night, he sues telemarketers, junk faxers and spammers. Best of all, he wins, and he doesn't have to use a lawyer. Livingston has collected thousands of dollars by filing suit against all manner of soliciting sleazeballs in small-claims court. Usually, the spammers settle before going to trial, thanks to Livingston's well-worded letters. The ones who ignore his lawsuits end up ruining their credit records. On his site, **smallclaim.info,** Livingston explains how he does it. He also provides a list of the different junk solicitation laws in each state (California and Washington have especially strong antispam laws). It's not simple to file a suit in small-claims court. You have to fill out forms and serve the papers to the defendant, both of which cost time and money. But if people can learn from Ben Livingston, e-mail inboxes will be a better place.

THE ART OF EBOY

Many artists who use computers don't acknowledge that their images are digitally produced. But not the guys at eBoy. This small group of artists from the U.S. and Germany are proud of their pixilated heritage. EBoy's illustrations look like computer games from the Eighties, only edgier and sexier. They recently published a book of their work, a 500-page tome that is loaded with color renditions of babes, monsters, robots, cars and freaky cityscapes, along with photographs of the eBoys themselves. You can order the book and check out sample pages by visiting **eboy.com/pages/book.**

BE A RADIO STATION

I have a cassette adapter that lets me play music from my iPod and portable CD player through my car's stereo system. But it's a hassle to use, with the extension cord dangling out of the cassette slot, and the thing is useless in cars that have CD players instead of cassette players. I gave up using the adapter after paying $30 for a little device called the irock 300w. This gadget wirelessly broadcasts music from any audio player to a car radio or home stereo. I put my iPod in the car's cupholder and plug the irock into it. Then I tune the radio to a specific frequency, and the music on my iPod comes through the car's speakers. I also use the irock and iPod around the house, transmitting music to boom boxes and stereos from up to 30 feet. You can order one online at **myirock.com.**

PHOTOGRAPHY HINTS FROM THE FONZ

I'm a lousy photographer. My wife says, "Uh-oh" whenever I pull out a camera and start shooting. I decided it was time to improve my photography skills and found a site called **takegreatpictures.com.** This nonprofit site (sponsored by the companies that are interested in having you take as many pictures as possible, such as Kodak, Canon and Nikon) has articles and tutorials about getting the best shots possible. I visited the section called "Celebrities Who Shoot" and was impressed with the work of actor and director Henry Winkler. I got in touch with him and asked if he could share some tips. "Don't be intimidated by technology," he told me. "I know nothing about f-stop or shutter speed; I just shoot what my eye likes, what's emotionally compelling." After Winkler gets his film developed, he uses a small cardboard framing device on the prints he likes, to help him decide how to crop the photos. Be sure to check out the work of other celebrity photographers on the site, including Tyra Banks and Rudy Giuliani.

BLISSFUL BIRTHDAY GIFT

I learned early on that my wife considers a gift such as a Walkman or video camera to be as appealing as getting a case of tractor axle grease. She wants to be pampered on her birthday. She'll take a massage or a manicure over an MP3 player any day. So for her birthday this year, I went to **spafinder.com** and bought a gift certificate, redeemable at almost 1000 spas around the country. After she opened the envelope, she ran over to the computer and logged on to make sure her favorite spa was on the list. Then she came over and kissed me.

QUICK HITS

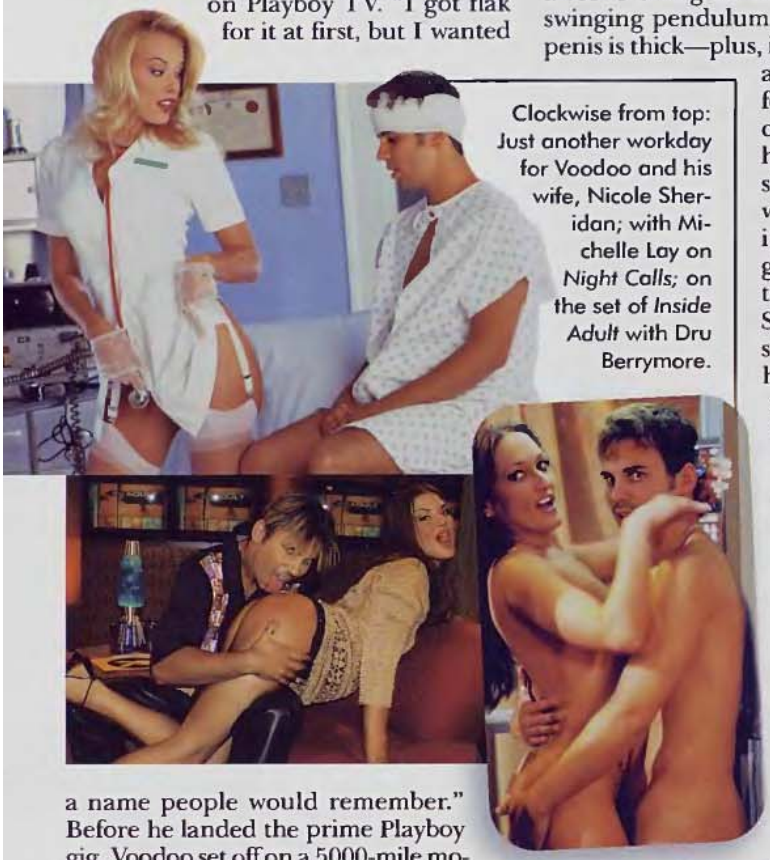
Whatever happened to Eddie Munster? Learn the fate of favorite child stars at **members.tripod.com/~former_child_star/index-kids.html.** . . . Has someone stolen your identity? Find out how to protect yourself at **consumer.gov/idtheft.** . . . Learn about life on the other side of the fast-food counter by reading the diary of disgruntled ex–Burger King employees at **geocities.com/capitolhill/lobby/2645/.** . . . Control an interactive skeleton (it's more fun than it sounds) at **vectorlounge.com/04_amsterdam/jam/wireframe.html.** . . . More weirdness is available from the folks at Cartoon Network: Carl's Freaking Strip Poker at **adultswim.com/games/.**

You can contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at livingonline@playboy.com.

playboy tv

THE WILD WORLD OF VOODOO

"I named myself after my favorite Jimi Hendrix song, *Voodoo Chile*," says adult-film star Voodoo, who hosts *Inside Adult* on Playboy TV. "I got flak for it at first, but I wanted a name people would remember." Before he landed the prime Playboy gig, Voodoo set off on a 5000-mile motorcycle trek from Canada to Florida to California with a friend. They were in search of the American dream. "Getting into the adult-entertainment industry was never part of our plan," says the 24-year-old. "But when we ran out of money in Los Angeles, we decided to work instead of selling the motorcycles and flying home. We met some people in the adult-movie industry and discovered it was extremely lucrative. Within days we were on a set getting blow jobs for $100 a pop. I probably did 100 movies that first month, four or five scenes a day." Soon after, Voodoo fell in love with and married bondage model and porn actress Nicole Sheridan. "We had sex the day we met," says Voodoo. "We clicked on an emotional level and sealed it with a physical encounter. She is the love of my life." Voodoo and his wife often work together on films. "Nicole and I shot a scene doing an anal pile driver on a swinging pendulum bed," he says. "My penis is thick—plus, it's nine inches long, and Nicole is known for being able to accommodate it. We get hired for extreme situations." On the website Nicolesheridan.com, Voodoo gives advice in a section called Voodoo's Sex Lounge. He also has ideas for his work on *Inside Adult* (Wednesdays at 12:30 A.M. ET/11:30 P.M. PT on Playboy TV). "I want to expand the program to show what really happens behind the scenes on adult-film sets." If you have a kinky question for Voodoo, send him a note at insideadult@playboy.com and he may answer it on the air. Our favorite part of the show? When Voodoo demystifies adult-movie lingo. Here is Voodoo's Pornology 101:



Clockwise from top: Just another workday for Voodoo and his wife, Nicole Sheridan; with Michelle Lay on *Night Calls*; on the set of *Inside Adult* with Dru Berrymore.

Airtight: "When a girl is doing three guys at the same time and all the holes are filled—ass, pussy and mouth."

ATM: "Ass to Mouth. After you've fucked a girl in the ass, you pull your dick out and stick it in her mouth."

Bukkake: "A Japanese form of degradation. A woman lies down and a group of 20 or more men jerk off all over her. Some people have strong reactions to this, but it's just come. It's not like they're spitting acid on her, although semen can sting if it gets in your eyes. Women are paid a lot of money for this act."

Cowgirl: "When a girl is sitting on top, facing you. Girls have to use their leg muscles to pump themselves up and down. Guys are on their backs but sometimes don't get enough blood circulation to their penises. There's a tendency to lose wood."

Double X: "An adult movie with no anal and no come shots."

DP: "Double penetration. One level under airtight."

Edge: "A hard-on. The guy will say, 'Hold on, I need to get my edge back.'"

Gonzo: "Amateur-style sex movies. No plots, no stories."

Happy ending: "When you come."

Pile driver: "When the woman is backward and the guy is on top. You have to bend your knees to make it work."

VOODOO'S PORN SET SURVIVAL KIT

(1) Condoms

(2) Lubrication without nonoxynol 9, because "it stings pussies and numbs your dick."

(3) Baby wipes

(4) The script

VOODOO'S FAVORITE PORN TITLES

(1) *Stop! My Ass Is on Fire*

(2) *John Friendly's Big and Small*

(3) *Anal Avenue*

(4) *Big Boob Buffet*

(5) *Cellar Dweller*

(6) *Dirty Little Cocksuckers*

(7) *Eager Beavers*

(8) *Fast Times at Deep Crack High*

(9) *Lord of the Rims*

(10) *Butt Sluts*

CALENDAR GIRLS

Playboy is continuing its annual celebration of the world's most desirable women with the *2003 Video Playmate Calendar*. After revealing all in the magazine, a dozen Centerfolds, including Shonna Moakler, Heather Spytek (right) and Nicole Narain, talk about their photo shoots. "I had known everybody at PLAYBOY for almost five years, and we were always laughing on the set," says Nicole. "Since becoming a Playmate, I've been recognized quite often on the street. There are only a few hundred Playmates in the world, and I'm lucky." The calendar is available October 15 on DVD and VHS at Playboystore.com.

playboy.com

SHOOT TO THRILL

Inside our cavernous Chicago photo studio, a lithe model named Kori is stepping out of her pink panties while Tommy Lee snaps photos. The Motley Crue drummer turned solo artist has seen some of the most gorgeous women in the world naked—including Pamela Anderson and his current squeeze, Mayte Garcia—but when Kori's clothes come off, he breaks into an enormous grin. "Is PLAYBOY looking for any staff photographers?" he asks. Lee has a history of run-ins with tabloid shutterbugs, but when playboy.com asked him to get on the other side of the lens, he said, "Hell, yeah!" faster than a paparazzo jumps out of the bushes. Lee, who was in Chicago on his recent tour, is the third rock star to sign on as a celebrity guest photographer for playboy.com, joining Marilyn Manson—who photographed his girlfriend and Playboy model Dita Von Teese—and Bret Michaels of Poison. Lee wasted no time getting comfortable on the set. "That's hot," he said, as Kori disrobed. "This is fucking off the hook." After his shoot, Lee pulled away in his stretch limo and yelled, "That didn't suck!"

After Poison's Chicago show, Michaels teamed up with Jackie, a blonde who went backstage to meet the band, for an impromptu dressing-room pictorial. As Jackie shed her clothes for the camera, Bret coached her like a pro. "You have the total attitude, Jackie," he said. "Toss your hair in front of your face. Yeah, that is a fuckin' bitchin' shot. I've taken a few naked photos in my day. Rock and roll fuckin' rules." See more of Kori and Jackie at playboy.com, and look for more celebrity photographers in the future.

CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

Brittany Evans
Birth date: August 29, 1975. Previous employer: Outback Steakhouse. Don't tell Dad: "I used to sneak into his room and look at PLAYBOY." Most embarrassing moment: "When I met Hef at the Mansion, I fell down the grand stairway, landing in a heap with one shoe on and one at the top of the stairs." Last great vacation: a Disney cruise. My definition of a sexy woman: "Someone who's confident and laughs a lot."

LOSING IT

We asked some of our favorite celebrities: What was it like the first time?

JACK BLACK: "I was a senior in high school. I'd had an experience with a girl before that, but you can't really call it losing my virginity because it was only dry-humping. Our genitals were rubbing up against each other with just a thin piece of fabric between us. It felt fantastic, but I shot my load in my pants. Very embarrassing. She was sweet about it."

NELLY (left): "The girl was 15 and I was 12. I lied and told her I was older. I was a little hot ass. It was at my grandparents' house. I don't remember it lasting too long, though."

TOMMY LEE: "I was 13 years old. It was with the girl next door. My sister walked in and saw me fucking the girl on the floor in the garage, where I used to have a little drum room. She freaked. And because it was her best friend, she told my parents. Fuck, it was all bad, dude."

SARAH SILVERMAN: "I thought I lost it when I was 18. He put on a condom and was pushing against me. I thought that was sex, so I was perplexed when he gave up and said, 'It's not like the movies, Sarah.' He left and I sat in my sister's apartment, thrilled that I'd had sex. The following year, I went home with a guy I was nuts about. He asked if I was a virgin. I scoffed, 'No!' We had sex, throughout which I thought, Oh, this is sex. I've never done this before."

ALYSON HANNIGAN: "I don't regret my first time. It wasn't fireworks, but I was glad it was with the guy it was with. I didn't know what the hell I was doing, but it was all right. It hurt. It's a lot easier for guys. They just stick it in."

KIANA TOM: "It happened on my 16th birthday. We drank Dom Pérignon out of Styrofoam cups. It lasted about 45 seconds, foreplay included. That's all I remember. I'm so glad it's over."

DAVID SPADE: "I was 17, and it was at a party in high school. It went well. She was awake through most of it."

Read more first-time stories at playboy.com/sex/feature/dirtydozen.

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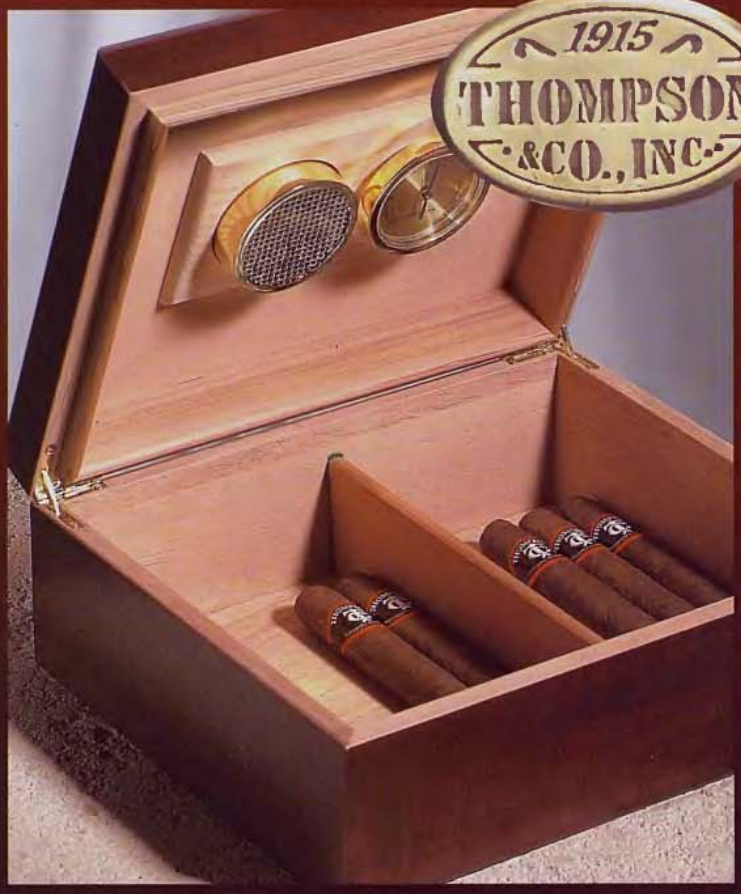

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HOMELAND SECURITY GUARANTEED!

By ASA BABER

MATTHEW STRAUSS

AS YOU KNOW, our intelligence agencies and military forces do not have a firm grip on the multiple threats that terrorism presents to our American way of life. The institutions designed to protect us from our enemies (both foreign and domestic) are in failure mode, and something has to be done about it. If you stick with me, however, you will learn that our problems have just been solved, because Ace the Base is on the case.

On September 11, 2001, enemy missiles (in the form of airplanes loaded with jet fuel) bombed our mainland and killed thousands of people. That genuine tragedy made us feel vulnerable and afraid—justly so. Worse, our government maintains to this day that we are not safe from similar attacks. Indeed, we are told, the next assault on our soil could be soon—and more deadly.

What can be done to create a new organization that can stop the terrorists who keep trying to infiltrate our borders and kill us? That is the question most Americans are asking today, and here is some good news.

No longer will your fate be placed in the incompetent hands of America's gumshoes, spooks, ground pounders, flyboys, swabbies, jarheads, knuckle draggers and bureaucrats. I have just been appointed by the president of the U.S. as director of the Office of Homeland Security. Yes, Mr. and Ms. America, it's a whole new ball game now.

"Go get 'em, Ace," the president said to me. "The mopes who've been advising me about terrorism have screwed the pooch, so I figure a jerk like you is as good as anybody to head that Office of Homeland Security deal I've been pimping recently."

As the newly appointed director, my first goal was to provide myself with suitable working conditions. At my request, the president asked Hugh Hefner to move out of the Playboy Mansion in Holmby Hills (leaving behind all requisite perks, of course). And I am proud to report that Hef saluted sharply and complied immediately.

I now occupy the Mansion and plan to stay here for the duration of the terrorist threat, accompanied by the first all-female Secret Service detail in history. No doubt about it, I will do my best work here—especially in the Grotto, a spot I already cherish.

I was picked up by the president's radar when I won Dick Cheney's essay contest last year. The assigned topic was "What I Would Do on My Summer Vacation if Saddam Hussein Kidnapped Me and Made Me Blow Him." My response, written in iambic pentameter, charmed the judges (Howard Stern and Hillary Rodham Clinton) and marked the moment that my name became a symbol of counterterrorist chic.

Let me outline a few of the ideas I plan to implement for complete homeland security. If Congress approves my budget, I promise you that the Office of Homeland Security will be 100 percent effective.

Program One: *The Counterterrorism Education Campaign*. Since the CIA and FBI and NSA and DIA and NRO and other, unmentionable agencies, along with the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines and Coast Guard, have failed us big time, the Office of Homeland Security must pick up the slack pronto.

We are not safe within our borders; Uncle Sam has told us there are terrorist cells established here, just waiting to strike. Any day now, it is said, terrorists could receive secret signals from their masters and start to blister or irradiate or infect or obliterate America from within. They could strike anywhere, at any time.

Uncle Sam has asked us to keep an eye out for such terrorist cells, but how can we do that? We have been given no education or training in the matter. Look around at your neighbors, your friends, even your family, and ask yourself if you could spot a terrorist in your midst.

Once again you've come to the right place. Under my guidance, there is a way. On October 8, 2002, I will take total control of America and insist that we all learn the exotic techniques of counterterrorism. It will take years, and it will involve huge sacrifices, but eventually we'll all be prepared to do what we thought our government was supposed to do.

Let me explain how this will work. After all Americans have been enrolled in our Safe Hamlet program (and relocated to concentrated work camps near our nation's borders), they will be required to attend counterterrorism classes for 12 hours a day, seven days a week. They will learn the niceties of such things as street surveillance, wiretapping, silent assassination, poison gas detection, nuclear warfare, biological warfare, infiltration of enemy lines and computer hacking. The training will be rigorous, but the campaign will work because it has to.

Program Two: *Flashlights on Our Borders*. This program is designed to dovetail with Program One. As director of Homeland Security, I will require all Americans to work beyond their daily classes in counterterrorism. Truth to tell, your nights are going to be as active as your days.

After your classes you will be shipped to your assigned position on one of our national borders. You might be situated near a bridge, a river, a highway, a canyon or a mountaintop.

We will provide you with camping gear, magazines, a portable toilet and bug spray. In return, the obligation you and your companions have each night is to turn on your flashlights and shine them straight into the sky, thereby producing a wall of light designed to symbolically shield us from all manner of terrorist threats.

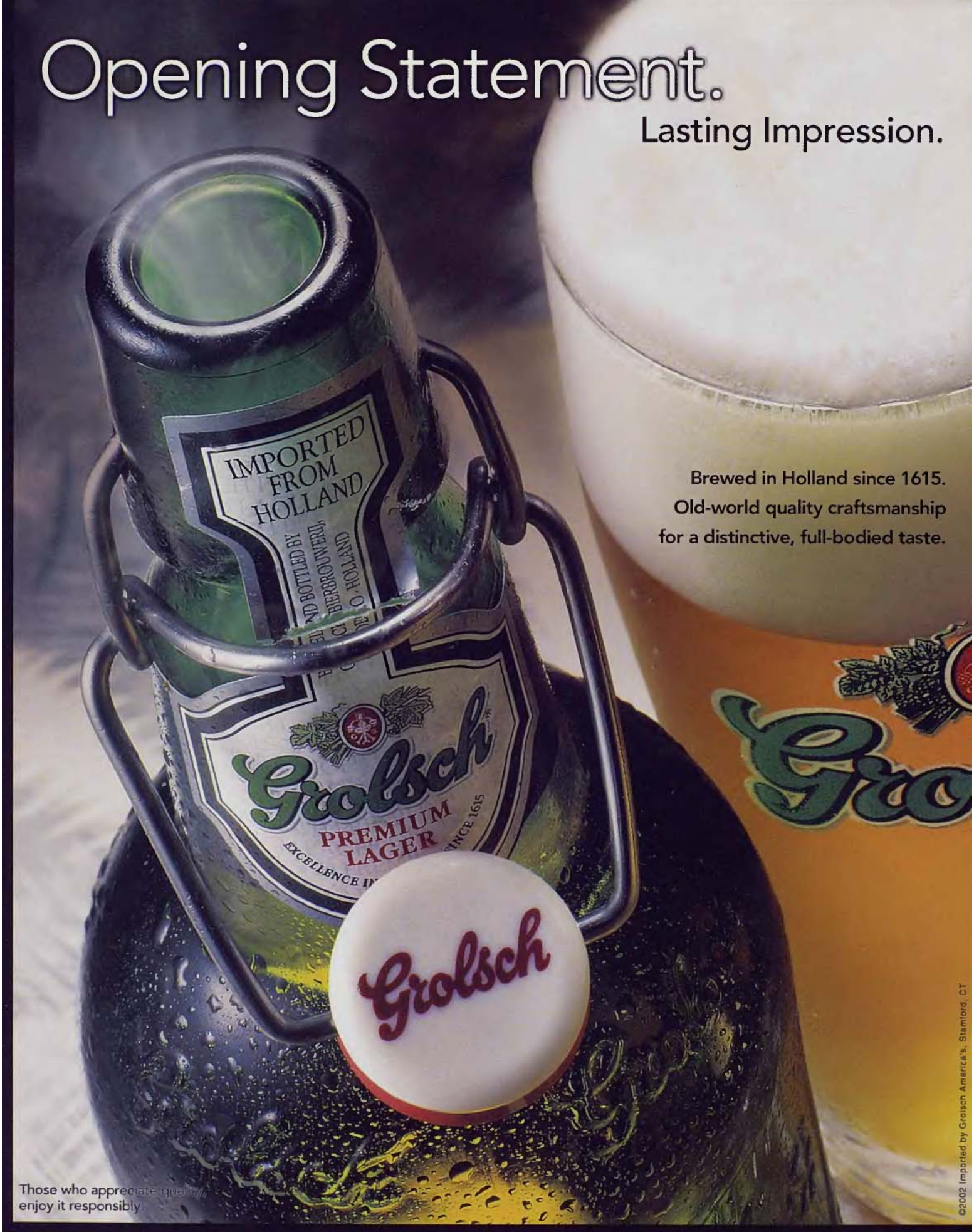
Imagine the debilitating effect this sight will have on an Al Qaeda terrorist as he tries to sneak toward one of our national boundaries (through the Canadian woods, for example) and cross into our fatherland. Watch him, with canisters of VX nerve gas in his backpack, as he is suddenly confronted with the vision of millions of hardy Americans, standing almost shoulder to shoulder, their flashlights shining toward the stars as they sing the *Homeland Security Anthem* ("Nah nah nah nah, nah nah nah nah, hey hey hey, goodbye"). That terrorist will panic like a monkey on speed and suffer a nervous collapse, I can guarantee you.

Congratulations, folks. With me in charge, we will soon be living unthreatened lives.

My Homeland Security Tip for the Day: All terrorists are left-handed and pigeon-toed. They whistle when they work. They fart frequently (the odor has been compared to ostrich vomit), and when they meet in public, they exchange their top secret terrorist greeting, "Hey, how you doin'?"

Opening Statement.

Lasting Impression.



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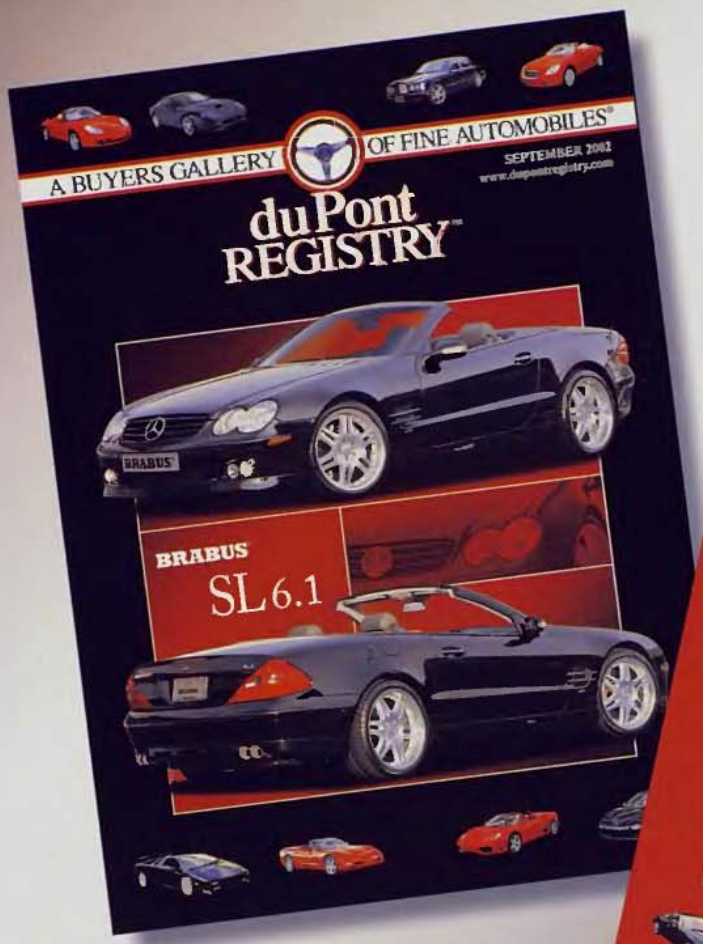

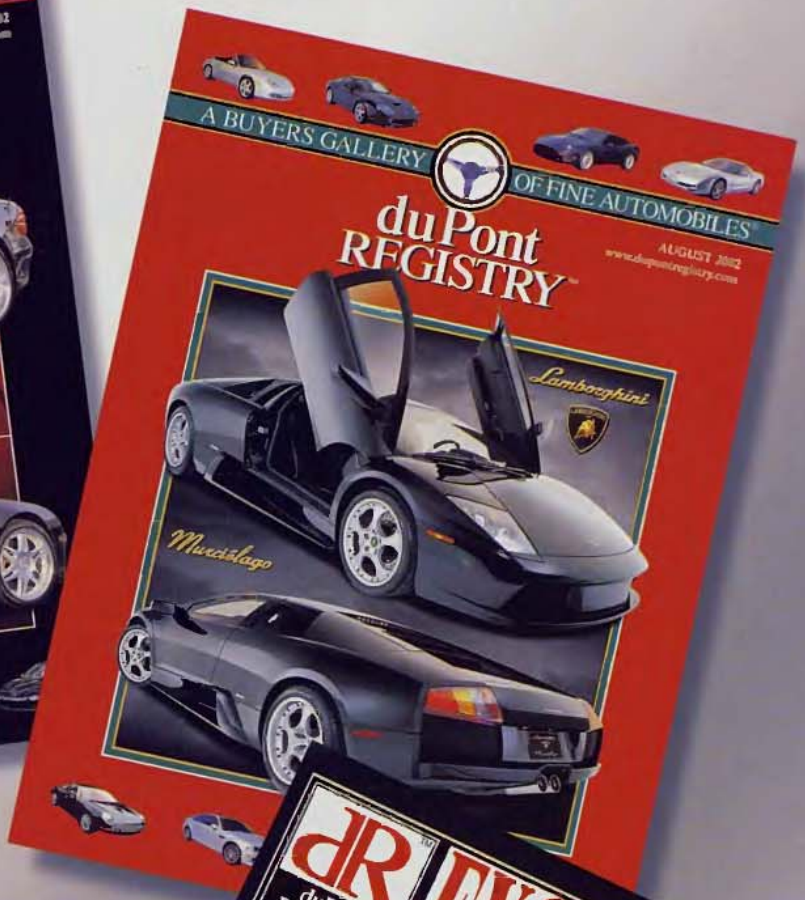

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MANTRACK hey...it's personal

Cruise Control

Luxury watercraft are now more affordable. For $186,500, you can buy a share in the Fairline Squadron 62 luxury yacht pictured here from Yachtsmart of North America. This entitles you to four and a half weeks of sailing per year to summer destinations in the Northeast or winter ports af call in the Southeast. You can sell your share anytime. An annual fee of $17,400 covers the costs of hiring a captain, insurance, cleaning, maintenance and seasonal movement af the yacht. The only additional costs are fuel and docking when the yacht is not in its home port of Annapolis or Miami. "Luxury baat owners typically enjoy their vessels three to four weeks per year," says Jonathan Metcalfe, one of the founders of Yachtsmart. "Yet they are still financially responsible for 52 weeks." Price comparison: A new Fairline Squadron 62 retails for $1.7 millian. Its annual upkeep: $213,000. The Fairline Squadron sleeps six and features a large master suite, two guest rooms and teak decks.

HOW TO DEEP-FRY A TURKEY–SAFELY

1
SET UP STURDY EQUIPMENT OUTSIDE ON A SOLID, LEVEL SURFACE, AWAY FROM BUILDINGS. DO NOT SET UP IN A GARAGE. PLACE COOKER DOWNWIND OF PROPANE TANK.
WIND
2
DETERMINE QUANTITY OF OIL BY PLACING 8- TO 10-POUND UNSTUFFED TURKEY IN POT AND FILLING WITH WATER 2 INCHES ABOVE BIRD. REMOVE TURKEY AND MARK LEVEL OF WATER. DRY POT AND TURKEY THOROUGHLY.
3
FILL POT WITH OIL TO REQUIRED LEVEL AND HEAT TO 350° (MAX. 390°). WITH A FRIEND, SLOWLY LOWER TURKEY INTO POT. OIL WILL BUBBLE UP, SO RAISE AND LOWER UNTIL TURKEY CAN BE COMPLETELY SUBMERGED. COOK 3½ MINUTES PER POUND. MEAT THERMOMETER SHOULD READ 170°. WHEN REMOVING BIRD, TURN OFF BURNER SO OIL WILL NOT DRIP ON OPEN FLAME.
170°
4
THIS COOKING METHOD CAN CAUSE BURNS AND FIRES. KEEP CHILDREN AND PETS AWAY FROM COOKING AREA. DO NOT LEAVE AREA UNATTENDED UNTIL OIL IS COOL.

Where Big Tunas Eat Pizza

Fresco by Scotto on East 52nd in Monhotton is fomous for its clientele and its delicious home-style Itolian cooking. If you can't drop by to rub shoulders with Rudolph Giuliani, David Lettermon, Jason Giombi and *The Today Show* staff, pick up o copy of *Italian Comfort Food*, which includes recipes for everything from grilled pizza margherita (right) to praline cookies. Anecdotes of the rich and famous are olso part of the text. At one dinner, President Bill Clinton celebroted his 14th anniversary with 14 ice creom sandwiches—one for each guest. Hillary was served seven, six of which she possed around. Bill was served the other seven—all of which he ate himself. Horper Collins is the publisher ($25.95).

MANTRACK

Hangar High Test

Hangar 1 vodkas are distilled in a rented military structure on the farmer Alameda Naval Air Station in northern California. But you won't mistake these vodkas for slugs of airplane fuel. Jorg Rupf, of St. George Spirits (the distiller), infuses the vodka with real fruit, and it is then redistilled in a small pot still. Four BO proof vodkas are available: Buddha's Hand Citron (made from fruit so aromatic that in China it's used to perfume dwellings), Kaffir Lime (which derives its flavor from the lime used in Thai cuisine), Mandarin Blossom (which includes tangerine flowers for increased aroma) and an exceptionally smooth Straight Vodka that's too good to mix with tonic. Try it in a martini that's served straight up. All are expensive. Hangar 1 Straight Vodka costs about $30 for a 750 ml bottle, while the fruit-infused versions are $36 each. Distribution will initially be limited. For more information, see hangorone.com.

Clothesline: Raphael Sbarge

"The whole trick to looking good is not to try too hard," says the star of CBS' *The Guardian*. "I like outfits that are relaxed and not too tight, with classic lines. It's also important to have one great suit that you spent money on. For me, it's a Valentino and an Armani. I'm also into used-clothing stores. I have a suede jacket that cost only $5. Out of the Closet on Fairfax in Los Angeles is a good place for vintage clothing—plus they give part of their money to AIDS research." Sbarge has one more piece of advice: "Don't fall in love with your clothing. Just because something looked good on you at 25 doesn't mean it does at 35. Also, dress for the city you live in. There are clothes I wear in Los Angeles, but wouldn't get caught dead wearing in New York."

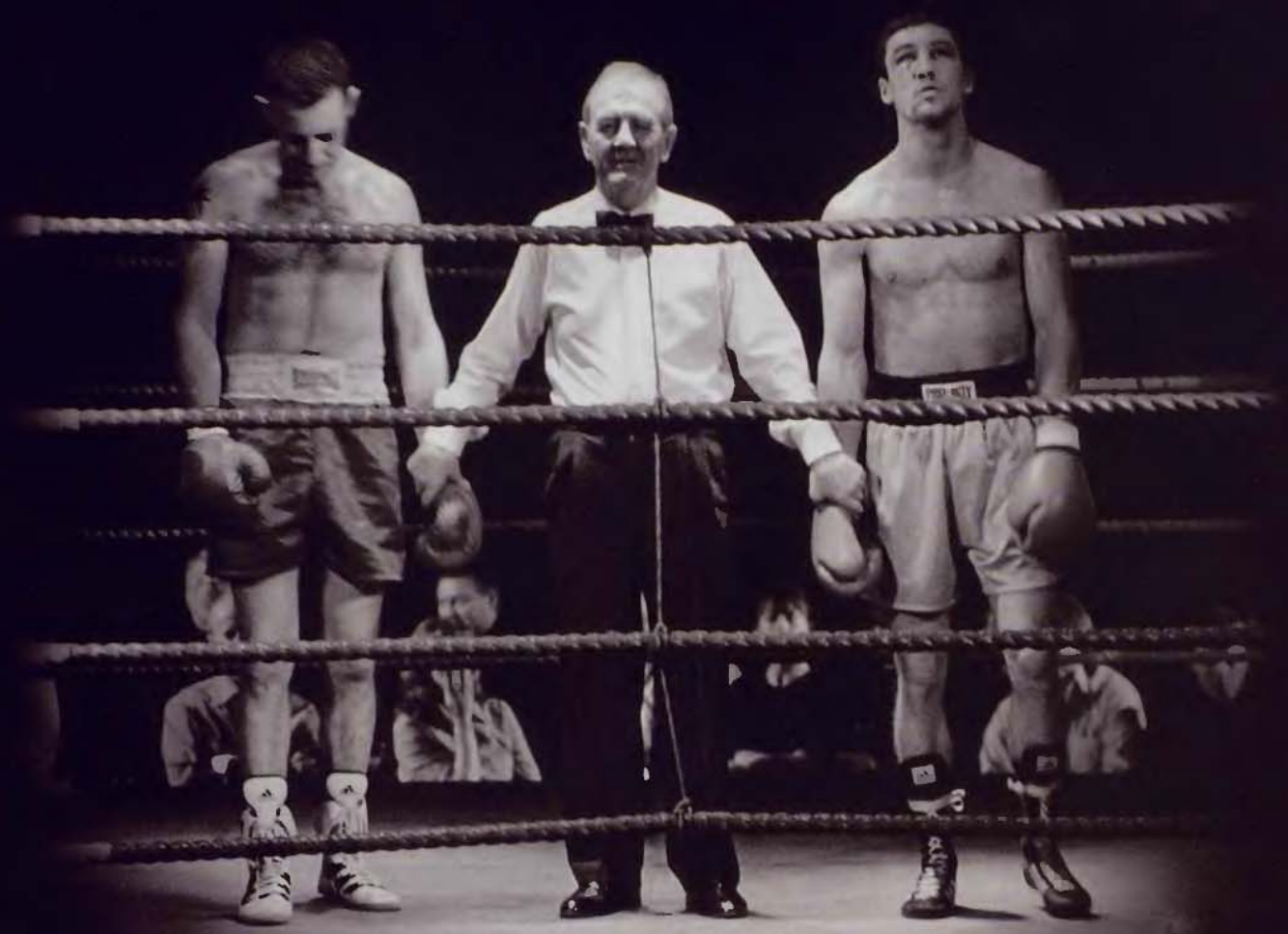
Dave's Garage

Want to attract a crowd? Drive a 2003 Nissan 350Z in a new color, Le Mons Sunset (below). The resurrected Z is a looker and a steal. Base price: $26,260, and Nissan expects 40 percent of total sales to be under $30,000. Our six-speed's handling was rock-solid. The low seating position takes a little getting used to, but when you're comfortable the open road awaits. Make it a twisty one. BMW 745i: Anybody willing to shell out $70,000 for this car had better have an engineering degree from Caltech. "Complex" hardly describes the car's iDrive and other systems. A valet cheot sheet is supplied and the instruction monual is as thick as the Philadelphia phone book. The 745i's mighty 4.4-liter V8 will get you to 60 mph in less than six seconds. Quick, but no fun if you're busy fiddling with the complicated Logic 7 surround-sound stereo controls. Our choice for o Beemer? The VB BMW X5. It's a superb sport utility vehicle thot turned heods everywhere and even owed a state trooper into not giving us a speeding ticket. Plus, the radio is easy to tune. —DAVID STEVENS

Guys Are Talking About...

Remote control golf carts. **So what if motorized caddies resemble creatures from *Men in Black II*. The MGI Navigator with twin motors (below) features a fold-down steel frame, a suspension and electronic system and—get this—an onboard compass that "understands" both direction and tilt angles. According to the manufacturer, Motorized Golf International USA, the Navigator's handheld tronsmitter is simpler to use than a TV remote and the battery is good for more than 18 holes. Price: about $1550, including a lifetime warranty on the frame.** • ***Traveling smarter. Fly Easy,* a new title in Fodor's FYI series, has condensed the wisdom of its travel editors and writers into a paperback. How to thwart luggage thieves, pick great seats and get an upgrade are all covered. The section listing airport codes and websites, alone, is worth the book's $9.95 price.** • ***The Mini Cooper.*** **Samsonite has designed a three-piece set of luggage that fits into the boot of the standard and S-model Mini. The car's reflective piping and chrome-hubbed wheels are incorporated into the design. Price: $467 a set.**

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.



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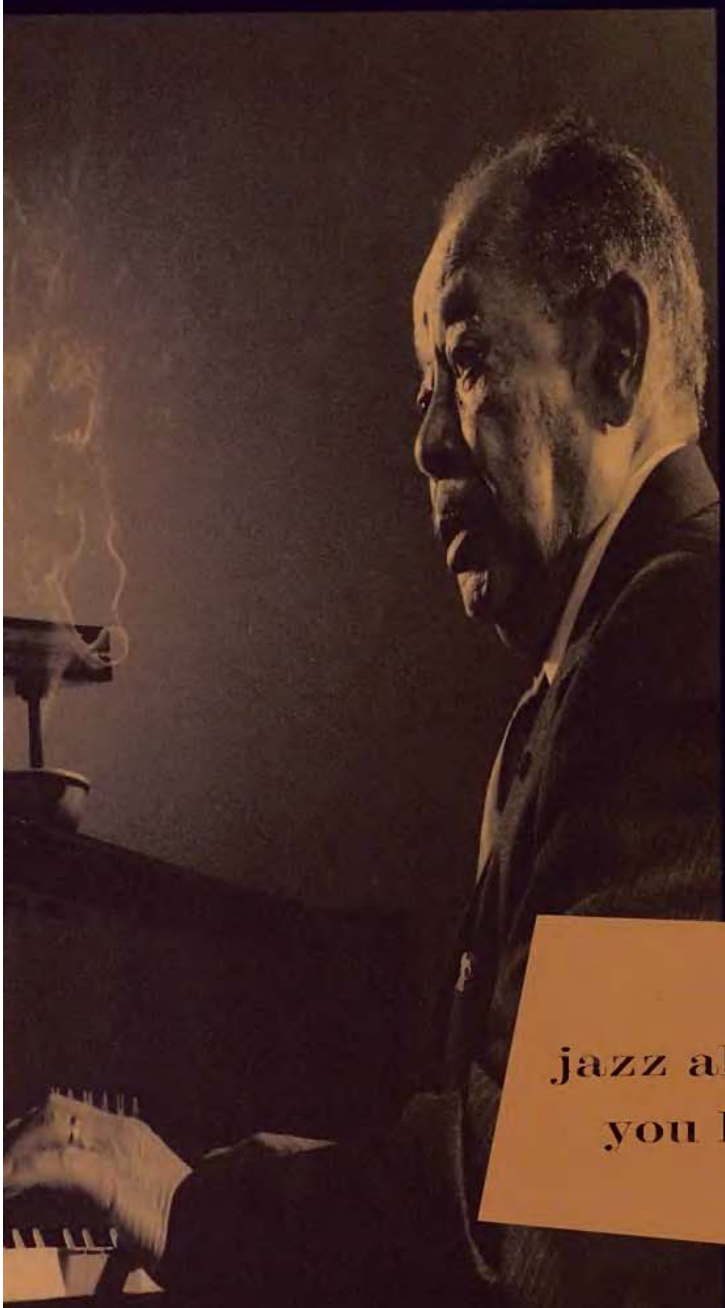

One of the greatest sax players of all time wanders the streets, homeless. A famous jazz drummer freezes because he can't afford to pay his heating bill. A world-reknowned bassist is deathly ill and doesn't have the money to see a doctor. Tragic stories, but unfortunately all too common. And all too unfair. Many of our finest jazz musicians, men and women who have helped create America's greatest contribution to world culture, are ending their lives penniless. And while their music has made fortunes for others, they can't even afford health insurance. This is why a group of concerned jazz musicians, fans, and the Jazz Foundation of America have founded the Jazz Musician's Emergency Fund. It's the first and only organization of its kind. Dedicated to giving something back to those deserving artists who have given us so much.

Lots of people save old jazz albums. But how often do you have the chance to save an old jazz musician?

We're providing medical care, legal advice and career counseling. And helping them cope with financial emergencies. We have already accomplished a great deal. But so much more needs to be done. For more information, to make a tax-deductible donation or to find out how you can become a volunteer, call us today at 1-800-JFA-JAMS. Or write us at 322 W. 48 St., 3rd Floor, New York, NY 10036. And help us keep the music alive.

The Jazz Musicians' Emergency Fund

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The Playboy Advisor

I dropped $400 on Enzyte, a product that claims it can increase the size of a man's penis by an average of 24 percent. It goes so far as to instruct the user to discontinue use if he gets too big for his lover's vagina. I used a full dose for about three months and saw no change. How can this company advertise such great results? Doesn't the government regulate claims like these?—T.R., Seattle, Washington

Unless a company says its over-the-counter product prevents or cures disease, the FDA doesn't investigate. As a result, you see a lot of bullshit about herbal mixtures that allegedly can add as much as four inches to your length. Save your money. Dr. Stephen Barrett, vice president of the National Council Against Health Fraud and editor of Quackwatch.com, says all penis-enlargement pills should be regarded as fakes. In fact, he has yet to find a mail-order health product that lives up to its claims, and he's been searching for 25 years. Many readers have asked the Advisor about Longitude, a big-dick pill containing zinc, yohimbe, oyster meat, oat straw, cayenne, pumpkin seed, licorice root, boron, ginseng and other ingredients. In May, Arizona law enforcement and U.S. Customs officials seized $30 million worth of homes, offices, luxury cars, jewelry, bank accounts and cash from the three principals of the company (two guys and one guy's mother) that marketed Longitude over the Internet, on the Howard Stern show and in men's magazines such as Maxim and Penthouse. Enzyte is smarter about the pitch; it refuses to offer a money-back guarantee (which is what got the makers of Longitude in trouble), never promises that changes will be permanent and notes that the product "doesn't work for everyone." The only evidence it presents is a survey of 100 customers, nearly all satisfied. Dr. Barrett says not to put too much value in testimonials, which are often solicited with cash or free products.

I like to suck on a girl's nose like a nipple while we're playing with each other. It gives me a sense of control. I thought I might be the only person out there with this fetish until I read an online fiction story in which two girls tongue-fucked each other's noses. Have you ever heard of this?—J.R., Kansas City, Missouri

No. But practice safe sex and have her blow first.

I was surprised and disappointed with the Advisor's narrow-minded assertion in August that leather pants should be worn only if one is "trying out for the Village People." I know I wasn't the only person in leather pants at Hef's Friars Club roast, and I've seen many photos

in PLAYBOY of Mansion guests in leather pants—and not just the Village People. Is Hef surrounding himself with shabby dressers, or were you implying that the panache required for such clothing is beyond the means of the common man?—P.R., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In our view, leather belongs on shoes, belts, coats and cows.

My wife and I have been married for 10 years. Last summer, a friend we hadn't seen since our wedding stayed with us. On the first evening, we sat by the pool and had drinks. I took a quick swim and went inside to shower. When I stepped out to dry off, my wife and her friend were standing in the bathroom. I was surprised but neither woman seemed concerned. Our friend made a comment about how nice it was to have a naked man around. She moved closer and started rubbing my butt, telling my wife how nice and round it was. I thought that was as far as it would go, but my wife got on her knees and gave me head until the friend asked, "Can I have some?" My wife said, "Sure, I'll share." We ended up in the living room and had a great time. I found out later my wife had arranged the visit so we could fulfill our fantasy of having a threesome. Is this experience out of the ordinary? Even though it was scary to go through with it, we feel that it strengthened our relationship. What's your opinion?—C.E., Paris, Illinois

Our opinion? You're a lucky guy. Threesomes happen, but it's always hard to predict how they'll turn out. Many couples find that adding a third isn't nearly as exciting as their fantasies. Others are shocked to discover their guest brought along her own expectations. Still others enjoy sharing so much it becomes a habit. We're curious about the experiences, good and/or bad, that other readers have had (visit playboyadvisor.com/threesome).

I am engaged to a woman I have known for 10 months. I love her, but we keep going through a vicious cycle of fighting, talking about a breakup, then deciding to commit. She's insecure, touchy-feely, fairly immature and has no interest in anything I'm into. She hasn't gone out with her friends since we started seeing each other, and she throws a fit when I go out with mine. I have never made love to her without fantasizing about someone else. My problem is that I'm conflicted about going through with the wedding. I know I just rattled off an astounding list of negatives, but I have feelings for this woman. She is the first girlfriend I've had in four years. I keep thinking I love her, I should be mature, that we ought to work things out and make a life together. I'll be 28 soon, and I don't want to break someone's heart so I can comb the city for the next however many years for someone who might be better for me but may not exist. Can you help?—L.J., Louisville, Kentucky

That is an astounding list of negatives. Lots of guys talk themselves past obstacles and do something they regret. Don't be one of them. The fear of being alone is not a reason to get married.

I fly every week for business on a red-eye. I am usually asleep before takeoff. My problem is that I always get an erection during final approach. This is embarrassing when I have to stand after landing to get my bag from the overhead. I've had to cover myself with a jacket or fake stomach cramps. I'm not thinking sexual thoughts. Could it be the thin air or is it just my body's natural reaction to the stress of flying? Please help.—B.T., Los Angeles, California

We get erections on flights too, but they go away when the stewardesses sit down. If you're taking red-eyes, you're experiencing morning wood. Nothing to worry about. You get them at home as well, but your bed doesn't vibrate like a giant sex toy and you aren't feeling the anxiety of speeding 30,000 feet above the earth. Sit near the back of the plane so you have more time to recover.

In September you stated that in eight-ball billiards, "the balls can be racked in any order as long as the eight sits at the center." During long nights working at a pool hall in Milwaukee, I kept busy reading the rules of the Billiard Congress of

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

America. It says that the balls should be racked with the eight ball in the center, a striped ball in one corner and a solid ball in the other corner. Every time I play, someone questions why I place opposite balls in the corners. What can I say? I like a proper rack as much as the next guy.—S.S., Portland, Oregon

We were waiting for that joke. You're right about the BCA rules, but we cited the American Poolplayers Association. Rack 'em as you like 'em.

I went home from college for the weekend and my girlfriend, who I hadn't seen in two months, confused the hell out of me. We went out to lunch, then back to my place, and I was expecting to get it on. Instead she told me that things were different now. She wanted to talk and sort out her feelings. She left before I could convince her to have sex. Later that night we went out and she dressed really sexy. When we got back to my place she fucked my brains out. This has become a pattern whenever I come home. She first rejects me, then fulfills my every desire. My friends say it's because she doesn't want to feel like a slut by giving it up the first time she sees me in two months. What does the Advisor think?—M.N., Los Angeles, California

Your friends are on the right track. It sounds like your girlfriend doesn't want to feel that you're home just to fuck her, so she tries to clarify and reaffirm the relationship. Once that's taken care of, she's ready for sex. This pattern occurs in other relationships, but yours is being conducted long-distance, so everything is condensed.

Whenever I initiate sex with my husband, it turns into a blow job. I don't mind, but when I'm done, he says he's tired and rolls over. If I ask for something in return, he says, "I promise, tomorrow night," but tomorrow never comes. I've resorted to pleasing myself—right in front of him. Any suggestions?—G.T., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Quit extending credit. It's like a fire sale—when the door opens, you have to grab what you want. Once you have your husband erect, take charge of his cock and use it for your own pleasure. He'll get his along the way. Tell him you'll blow him anytime he wants, but only if you're sitting on his face. Wake him up with a wet pussy in his mouth. Sit him on the bed, blow him until he's moaning, then shove him on his back and climb aboard. One lick for him, two for you. That's the formula. Tape it to the refrigerator so he won't forget.

Can the Advisor provide any tips on how to meet women in the classroom?—J.M., Shreveport, Louisiana

You've come to the right place. Back in the day, we put the stud in studious. College classrooms are ideal places to meet women—you have a common interest (passing the course), plus you see each other a few times each week. That gives her time to size you up, and it gives you repeated chances to chat. Here are two lines that worked for us: "Hi" and "Is this seat taken?" Introduce yourself, ask if she enjoys the class, find out where's she from—you know the drill. If she's friendly (or, hell, even if she's not), ask if she'd like to make a study date or have a cup of coffee. If she declines, express disappointment, but don't give up. Continue to say hello. You may grow on her—and if she misses a class, you can offer a copy of your notes with your number at the top.

I'm buying a stereo system. Do I need a subwoofer?—P.L., San Antonio, Texas

You can probably live without one unless you watch a lot of action movies. If you mostly listen to music, and your speakers can reproduce frequencies down to 40 Hz, you won't notice much improvement. Humans can hear as low as 20 Hz, but there's not a lot going on of musical interest between 20 and 40 cycles, which is the octave processed by most subwoofers. The lowest note on a rock album is typically the low E produced by an electric bass, which hits about 41 Hz. In classical music, booming orchestral drums occasionally reach the low 30s. Outside of home theater use, a subwoofer is necessary only if your speakers are not flat to 40 Hz or if your listening room is an acoustical disaster. Expect to pay at least $400, and resist buying used equipment. Subwoofers are often abused, and their quality has improved dramatically over the past decade, perhaps more than any other component. Today's models are much less boomy and sluggish and provide more-flexible controls.

I have been seeing a married woman for a couple of years and we care deeply about each other. She has chosen to stay in her marriage for the sake of her children, who will be out of high school in two years. Recently, she caught me fooling around. I don't feel she should judge me too harshly since I don't question or pressure her about her relationship with her husband. I've told her that once we are together as a couple I won't be unfaithful. She replied that if she catches me screwing around again, she will end our relationship. I love this woman but I don't agree with her logic. What does the Advisor think?—E.N., Minneapolis, Minnesota

You strayed because you thought you had the right to fuck around. That's one of the primary reasons single guys date married women. We suspect you knew all along she expected you to be faithful. Sounds like it's time to call this one off.

This past July, a reader asked about whether a foot massage could help him get laid. You should have let a foot fetishist answer the question. Don't bother with oil or lotion. Instead, use a hot towel. This will help if the woman is concerned about odor. When the towel has cooled, set it aside and continue the massage with your hands but finish with your mouth and tongue. Light nibbling and licking on the soles and between her toes will drive her crazy. Take three, four or five toes in your mouth and lick between and around rapidly. This technique will help any guy get laid.—H.G., Greenville, South Carolina

Sure, if she can get you to stop.

My ex-girlfriend asked me, "If you got an invitation, would you come to my wedding?" We dated for seven years and we've been apart for 18 months. Should I go?—J.T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Do you want to go?

After reading the letter in July from the guy who described his experiences with analingus, I decided to share mine. I've been licking women's asses for more than 30 years. It started with my wife. We were in a 69 and I found her cute ass inches from my nose. Later we became swingers, and I managed to get my tongue into the asses of dozens of women. A few were reluctant, but I won them over. (A buddy once persuaded an uptight librarian he was dating to let him try analingus; before long she was showing up at all hours saying, "Get on your knees, you disgusting pervert, and lick my ass like a good boy.")

When licking a woman's ass, it is important to be as hygienic as possible. Use an antibacterial soap to prepare, and never lick her ass and then move to her pussy. After you've finished, wash your mouth with antibacterial soap, then gargle with mouthwash and warm water. For best results, put a bit of Vaseline and a mild skin rub that contains menthol on your tongue (but again, don't go near her pussy).

If you want to see something erotic, watch women lick each other. We were at an orgy once when one woman bet another that she couldn't lick her own pussy. She lost the bet and, as a result, had to lick the woman's asshole. They put on quite a show. The other females oohed and aahed. The men were mostly silent, half blown out of their minds.—W.R., Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania

Thanks for sharing. You know you're at a hot party when analingus is the icebreaker.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com.*

PISSPOOR JUDGMENT

the supreme court passes the cup

In the early Nineties the logging community of Vernonia, Oregon (population 3000) decided it had a drug problem. The student body was in a "state of rebellion fueled by alcohol and drug abuse, as well as misperceptions about the drug culture." The alleged problem was disruptive and explosive.

The evidence was pretty slim. Administrators noted several instances of head-butting, swearing and general defiance. One student had sat in the back of a classroom singing *Jesus Loves Me*. The football coach began to suspect the athletes under his charge were drug impaired, in part because the team couldn't run a simple play without making mistakes. A wrestler had suffered an injury. Suddenly jocks were the "leaders of an aggressive local drug culture that had reached epidemic proportions." Officials brought in a drug-sniffing dog, gave stern lectures at assemblies and then came up with the novel idea of having athletes pee into cups. After 500 tests over four and a half years, a dozen students tested positive. Some epidemic.

CHARLIE POWELL

A seventh-grade football player and his parents challenged the procedure. In 1995 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that drug testing was not an unreasonable search or seizure. Justice Antonin Scalia argued that asking a student to pee into a cup while a teacher listened was not an invasion of privacy. Because athletes often see one another naked in the locker room, he wrote, they have a diminished expectation of privacy. Following that towel snap to the Fourth Amendment, Scalia argued that random testing of high school athletes was justified for safety reasons, citing precedents that allowed testing of Customs officials and railroad employees. Presumably, a drug-addled football player might hit someone too hard, run into a goalpost or, God knows, storm into the stands to soul-kiss a cheerleader. When Reefer Madness strikes the high court, the Bill of Rights goes out the window.

The court sided with school officials who devised the policy, saying the drug epidemic created "special needs" that trumped the protections of the Fourth Amendment. The problem with flawed Supreme Court decisions is that, like bad teen movies, they usually have sequels.

In 1998, school officials in Tecumseh, Oklahoma (population 6000) felt they too had "special needs." Teachers reported that they had seen students who "appeared to be under the influence of drugs." They had heard students speaking openly about using drugs. A drug-sniffing dog found marijuana cigarettes near the school parking lot (why authorities believed students and not teachers were the culprits is unclear). Police officers found "drugs or drug paraphernalia" in a car driven by a Future Farmer of America.

The Tecumseh school board decided to test not just athletes but every student in grades seven through 12 who took part in extracurricular activities that were in any way competitive. Any kid who wanted to join such groups as the Academic Team, Future Farmers of America, Future Homemakers of America, band, choir or the pom-pom squad would have to pee into a cup.

Officials tested 500 students. Three came up positive. Another epidemic revealed. Call in the SWAT team.

Two students filed suit. One of the students, Lindsay Earls, belonged to the show choir, marching band, Academic Team and National Honor Society. She later enrolled at Dartmouth. Although Earls passed the test, she objected to it as a violation of her right to privacy.

The school's lawyers turned immediately to the loopy logic of the Vernonia decision. They attacked the false modesty argument (bashfulness is mentioned nowhere in the Constitution), declaring that students who take part in after-school activities but who aren't jocks also were accustomed to "communal undress"—they might see classmates naked on overnight trips or while staying at band camp. (If only.)

The lawyers also parroted Scalia's safety argument, insisting that extracurriculars were fraught with danger: Members of the band must "perform extremely precise routines with heavy equipment and instruments in close proximity to other students," they argued. "The risk of injury to a student who is under the influence of drugs while playing golf, cross-country or volleyball (sports covered by the policy in Vernonia) is scarcely any greater than the risk of injury to a student handling a 1500-pound steer [as Future Farmers of America do] or working with cutlery or sharp instruments [as Future Homemakers of America do]."

The Tecumseh tactic worked: The

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Supreme Court upheld the drug testing with a 5–4 vote.

A lower court earlier had overturned Tecumseh's drug-testing policy, ruling the school district had to demonstrate it had a drug problem widespread enough that testing was the only way to combat it. In the Supreme Court's review of the case, Justice Clarence Thomas scoffed at this fact-based requirement. He argued that blanket testing is "fair" in that everyone is a suspect. Strict application of the Fourth Amendment, he said, might interfere with the "swift and informal disciplinary procedures" needed to keep order in schools. Thomas was impressed that the Tecumseh kids who tested positive were not sent to prison but simply banned from extracurricular activities. The punishment was left to the bureaucrats.

In a concurring opinion, the ever-helpful Justice Stephen Breyer listed known indicators of drug use. Schools might someday test students who appear tired, hyperactive, quiet, boisterous, sloppy or excessively meticulous or who show up late for class. That list of symptoms describes teenage behavior as we know it.

The oral arguments in the Tecumseh case should have tipped off civil libertarians. When a lawyer representing Lindsay Earls argued that schools should test only those suspected of drug use for specific reasons—i.e., actual bad behavior—Scalia attacked: "So long as you have a bunch of druggies who are orderly in class, the school can take no action. That's what you want us to rule?"

It would be a start. Swept up in the fervor of the drug war, this Court has abandoned admirable precedents. In 1969 the Supreme Court believed that a child did not leave his constitutional rights at the door of the schoolhouse. Thomas and Scalia, in contrast, believe that since schools act in loco parentis, they can do anything a concerned parent might do. In her dissent, Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg argued that as far as tutelary responsibility goes, schools should teach by example. Citing the lower court ruling, she reminded her peers that since "schools are educating the young for citizenship, they should observe scrupulous protection of Constitutional freedoms." To do otherwise would "strangle the free mind at its source and teach youth to discount important principles of our government as mere platitudes."

Instead, we teach them to shut up and pee into the cup.

ZERO

Zero-tolerance policies in schools have always been a joke. They lead to suspending students for using mouthwash (because it contains alcohol) or fingernail clippers (because they have tiny files), carrying asthma inhalers or leaving tools or kitchen knives in vehicles parked in the school lot. Randy Cassingham has been documenting—and we've been clipping—examples of such abuses for years in his column, "This Is True" (thisistrue.com). One reader, a mother in Los Angeles, sent him the photo of the toy (opposite page) that earned a suspension for her seven-year-old son.

Even after years of ridicule, many administrators haven't seen the wisdom of fitting the punishment to the crime. They often must replace discretion with repression because of money—much public funding is tied to the existence of zero-tolerance policies. They also feel immense pressure from parents and politicians to do something—anything—about teen violence and drug abuse.

> At least two elementary school students have been suspended for pointing breaded chicken fingers.

Just the smell of trouble is enough to send a student home. Consider the travails of Christopher Laurin, a sophomore at St. Matthew High near Ottawa, Ontario. One morning this past spring, Chris' teacher announced that the school had been placed on lockdown. Chris and his classmates were told to stand in the hall while a police officer with a drug-sniffing dog searched their belongings in the classrooms. The officer returned holding Chris' ski jacket.

According to the officer, the dog had smelled marijuana on the jacket. The principal took Chris and the coat to her office, where she told him to empty the pockets. No drugs. Police searched Chris' locker, lunch bag and schoolbag. No drugs there, either.

The vice principal sniffed the coat and couldn't smell reefer. But the dog had allegedly smelled it, and that was enough. The principal suspended Chris for two days. (A week later, after Chris' parents hired a lawyer, the principal apologized to the teenager and the school board wiped the suspension from his record.)

In some schools, students can't even think about contraband. In Gwinnett County, Georgia, officials suspended a 13-year-old girl for nine days because she pretended at lunch that her grape juice was wine. The school bans "any substance under the pretense that it is in fact a prohibited substance." In Indianapolis administrators nullified the election for senior class president because the winner had quoted a line from a popular rap song, *Pass the Courvosier*, in his campaign video. "There's a strict school rule about the promotion of alcohol, tobacco or sex," the principal said. He compared the breach to wearing a shirt to school with a picture of a beer can on it.

In Oldsmar, Florida, police led an 11-year-old away in handcuffs because he had drawn pictures of weapons. "We need to get it through kids' heads that there are certain things you just don't draw," the principal explained. The principal of Jefferson Middle School in Fort Wayne, Indiana instructed workers to change a wall painting inside the main door that included a musket-toting patriot—the school mascot. "Guns have no place in school," he explained.

That includes phantom guns. In Centennial, Colorado (about 20 miles from Columbine High School) a principal punished seven fourth graders for pointing their fingers at one another during a game of "army and aliens." She also quizzed the boys about whether their families owned guns. One boy, whose father works as

SENSE

the crackdown on kids continues

By CHIP ROWE

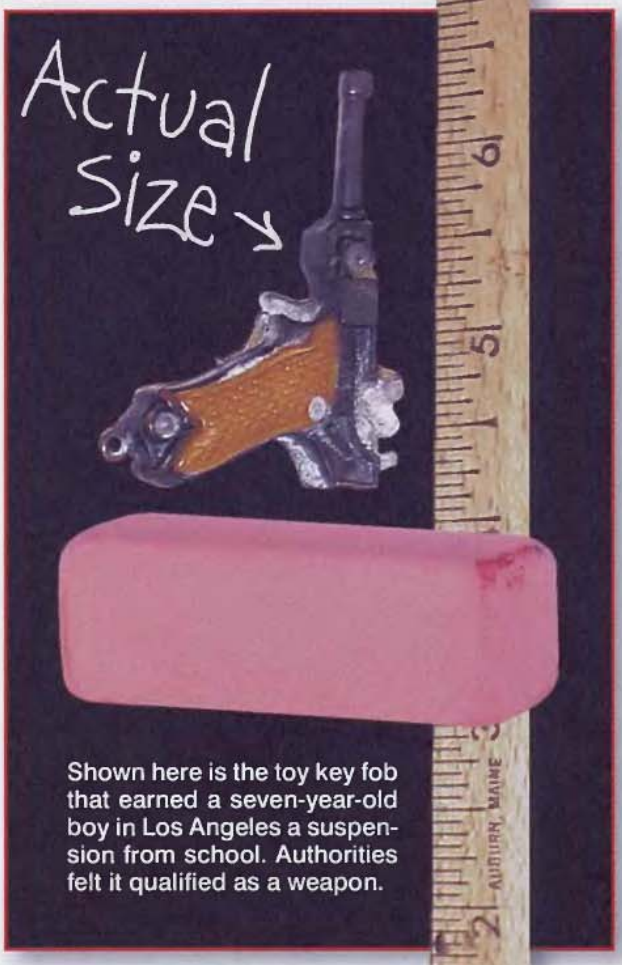
a hunting guide, had been told at home not to discuss his father's weapons so that other kids wouldn't ask to see them. The boy had to choose sides that day in the office—lie to the principal or lie to his dad. He chose to lie to the state. ("If she wants to know if we have guns, she needs to ask me, not my son," the boy's father said.) When asked why she hadn't simply reprimanded the boys, the principal said, "No tolerance means more than just a warning, because that would mean tolerance." Each boy got detention.

Officials in Silver Valley, California threatened to send home a nine-year-old boy because he had been caught playing cops and robbers. "We will suspend play when they're using imaginary weapons until the guidelines can be developed to help the staff differentiate between dangerous and imaginary play," an administrator said.

How about these guidelines: Kid pointing loaded gun—dangerous. Kid pointing finger—not dangerous.

In Irvington, New Jersey a second grader folded a piece of paper to look like a gun, pointed it at classmates and said, "I'm going to kill you all." Bad move. The school called police, who interviewed the boy and a friend for five hours. (What do you talk to a seven-year-old about for five hours? "Where did you get the paper? Who taught you to fold it?") Prosecutors charged both of the boys with making terroristic threats, and the school suspended them for a day. Two weeks later, a judge dismissed the charges.

In East Sable River, Nova Scotia, officials sent a second grader home for a day because he pointed a breaded chicken finger during lunch and said "Bang!" In Jonesboro, Arkansas an eight-year-old student pointed a breaded chicken finger at a teacher and said, "Pow, pow, pow!" He got three days. In East Hanover, New Jersey a nine-year-old made a "bomb" from the remains of his family's takeout dinner. The principal notified police and then suspended him for a week. The official complaint read that the boy "did knowingly construct a fake bomb specifically by wrapping up several packages of duck sauce and soy sauce inside tissue paper, taping it with clear tape and writing on it 'Danger Warning Swanton Bomb.'" He received a week-long suspension and a year of probation.



Shown here is the toy key fob that earned a seven-year-old boy in Los Angeles a suspension from school. Authorities felt it qualified as a weapon.

In the world of zero tolerance, duck sauce is the equivalent of gunpowder, a paper gun is the same as a real one and a kitchen knife is the same as a hunting blade—even if you hid it from a friend in order to keep her from harm. In Loudoun County, Virginia, Benjamin Ratner took a paring knife from a friend who said she wanted to kill herself. The eighth grader put the knife in his locker, saying he feared that officials would punish his friend if they learned what had happened. Perceptive kid. When the principal found out, he suspended the girl. He also sent Benjamin home—for four months.

In Madison, Wisconsin a sixth grader brought a serrated table knife to science class so he could dissect an onion. The school recommended a one-year suspension for possession of a dangerous weapon. Officials were unyielding. "Why a student brings a weapon to school and under what conditions can't impact our decision," a superintendent said. Privately, the boy's family says, officials told the boy that if he admitted to his "crime," submitted to psychological testing and took an anger-management class, they'd let him return sooner.

But not everyone has it so rough. In Pensacola, Florida a technology coordinator at Brentwood Middle School arrived at work wearing wrap-around sunglasses. When he removed them, a teacher noticed that his pupils were huge. The man also raised suspicions during a staff meeting when he gave a rambling speech. A drug test revealed that he was high—very high—on cocaine. The school fired him.

The next day, the school employees' union raised a stink. "There is nowhere in board policy, law or contract where zero tolerance for employees is referenced," it said. An arbitrator ruled that the school had to rehire the man. The superintendent was incredulous: "We are expelling kids for taking aspirin or No-Doz. Now we're talking about someone using cocaine, and that's OK."

As Randy Cassingham noted at the time, it sounds like the kids need to organize.

There is hope. The school board in Hurst, Texas rewrote its policy to give schools more flexibility. The catalyst had been an incident in which officials suspended an honor student for a year after finding a 10-inch bread knife in the bed of his pickup. (The boy and his parents had donated boxes of household goods to charity and suspect the knife fell out.) The new policy allows administrators to determine punishments "based on relevant laws, the seriousness of the offense and the frequency of misconduct." That makes sense.

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE . . .

is it time for a new vow to america?

Earlier this year, a federal appeals court ruled that an eight-year-old schoolgirl should not be forced to say the Pledge of Allegiance, because the words under God are unconstitutional. Written in 1892 by a Baptist minister, the original pledge did not contain the phrase; it was added in 1954 at the height of the war against godless communism. Other special interest groups have since fiddled with the text. Some right-to-lifers pledge liberty and justice for all "born and unborn." Some liberals say "equality, liberty and justice for all." Here are other options:

For politicians:

[*Face camera*] I pledge allegiance to the morning polls of the United States of America, and to the momentary preferences for which they stand: one nation, under God, easily divisible, with liberty and justice for sale.

For National Rifle Association members:

I pledge allegiance to Samuel Colt—the man who made all men equal—and to the Second Amendment behind which I stand, one nation under guns, with ammo and assault rifles for all. You got a problem with that?

For immigrants:

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, understanding that this will not protect me if my associations, statements or behavior are deemed suspicious by the INS, FBI, CIA, the Office of Homeland Security or the cable TV installer who has agreed to report "suspicious activity," such as being Middle Eastern.

FORUM

For Windows users:

I pledge allegiance to the waving icon that appears on my computer each morning, and to the monopoly for which it stands, one system, under Bill, with liberty and Internet Explorer for all.

For secular humanists:

I pledge allegiance—within the limits of rationality—to the dyed-cloth symbolic representation of the fragment of the universe in which by random chance I came to exist, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible—at least until we get some kind of workable world government.

For CEOs:

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the island of Bermuda, and to the tax haven for which it stands, multinational, under the Fifth, with bonuses and options for the board.

For lawyers:

We, the undersigned, freely pledge nonbinding allegiance—with the understanding that this does not constitute a contract between the two parties, to wit, a natural person and the flag of the United States of America. And to the republic for which said flag has been empowered to act in all manners: one nation, under God (although any disputes arising from this agreement will be governed by the laws of the State of New York), indivisible without 30 days' prior written notice supplied to the parties either in person or by certified mail—with liberty and justice reserved for the undersigned.

_____ Citizen

_____ Flag

For the religious right:

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the Manifest Destiny for which it stands, one Judeo-Christian nation, under a white, blue-eyed God, indivisible until the South rises again, with liberty and justice and a front-pew seat for everyone but the homosexuals, feminists and Darwinists. Amen.

READER

TWO LIVES LOST

Byron Parker took the life of 11-year-old Christie Ann Griffith ("Clemency," *The Playboy Forum*, August). That was the tragedy—not the actions of the Georgia State Board of Pardons and Paroles when it didn't grant him clemency, nor his treatment on death row, nor his execution. He was allowed to live and breathe for nearly two decades after committing a horrible, senseless act. I feel no sympathy for Parker, regardless of how much he may have rehabilitated himself. And I don't feel badly about the method used to kill him, despite Dave Marsh's argument that it's cruel and unusual. Would it have been better if he had been strangled to death, the way he killed his victim? I agree with Christie Ann's mother. I hope Parker is burning in hell.

Rex Rice
Middletown, Indiana

Dave Marsh claims that the clemency process is a cruel hoax because it holds out hope to inmates on death row. He calls Georgia's clemency process "a charade" because 28 of 38 death row inmates who had been considered for clemency were executed. He considered this "poor odds." What's so bad about having a 26.3 percent chance of getting out of a death sentence?

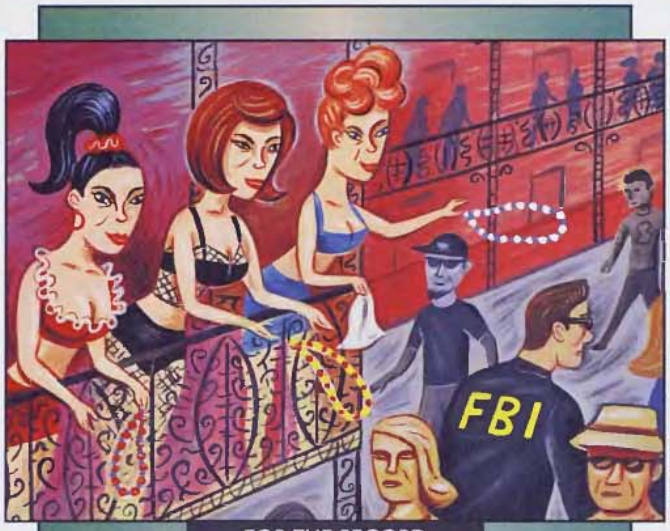
Marsh writes that the U.S. Supreme Court "reversed itself" in 1972 after earlier declaring the death penalty in the State of Georgia to be unconstitutional. In fact, the Court had simply invalidated the death penalty in all states that had it. These states, including Georgia, modified their laws to meet the requirements set by the Court, and the penalty was reinstituted.

Marsh is so desperate in his pleas for Parker that he attacks the character of three members of the pardons board as proof that the process is unfair. Marsh says "two are under criminal investigation for kickbacks" and the third is "being sued." Just because someone is under criminal investigation doesn't mean he's done anything wrong. Our justice system says we're innocent until proven guilty. What is the guy being sued for? Paternity?

Marsh claims Parker "argued that the pardons board was a stacked deck" because the chairman "had allegedly boasted that as long as he was running things, no death row prisoner would be given clemency." But since Marsh admits that 10 out of 38 death row inmates have received clemency from the board, the chairman's alleged boast was greatly exaggerated.

Because Parker has been executed, Marsh writes, "two lives have been wasted." Correction: Parker wasted his own life. I agree that the death penalty isn't enforced as fairly as it should be. To correct that, we should execute anyone who murders another person, without exception.

David Mariotti
Crestview, Florida



SUSAN SYNAROS

FOR THE RECORD

EYES WIDE SHUT

"Only the FBI could go to the French Quarter and find just a dozen prostitutes after a year of investigation."

—Jonathan Turley, a law professor at George Washington University, on the FBI's 13-month sting operation of a bordello in New Orleans. The Justice Department assured the judge who signed the surveillance order that the agency would uncover evidence that the bordello was frequented by mob and gang members who dealt drugs. None of the brothel's clients, who included judges and lawyers, were charged with crimes.

I can appreciate the great guy Byron Parker became after murdering that little girl, but that doesn't change what he did.

Matt Sharp
Salt Lake City, Utah

I hope Parker's execution serves as a warning to other potential murderers. Marsh sure seems to put a lot of value on the life of someone who cared nothing about his victim's life.

Claudia Samuels-Sens
Dallas, Texas

Marsh wrote of his condemned friend: "In 1984, as a 24-year-old, Byron Parker committed a horrific murder, abducting and then strangling an 11-year-old girl, Christie Ann Griffith. He confessed to the crime." Marsh left out a few details—Parker sexually assaulted his victim. He killed her while his two-year-old son waited inside the car. Christie Ann had been waiting for a cab to take her to her brother's high school graduation; Parker offered her a ride. He confessed only after being interrogated by police a week after the crime.

I understand why PLAYBOY would want to leave out these details; they undermine Marsh's attempts to portray Parker as a man undeserving of his fate. Marsh claims the State of Georgia "killed" Parker. Georgia didn't kill Parker; it executed him under due process of the law. Marsh also rails against the clemency process because it gives death row inmates unfounded hope. When Parker robbed that 11-year-old child of her hopes, he forfeited his right to have hopes of his own.

Robert Nalezinski
Derry, New Hampshire

We're not sure how much detail readers needed about Christie Ann's murder; we felt "horrific" covered it. The point of Marsh's piece wasn't to defend Parker (his guilt has never been a question) but to point out the hypocrisies of a system that emphasizes rehabilitation when, in fact, it doesn't matter. We feel "horrific" also applies to all forms of capital punishment, which is why we oppose the death penalty. Do any of the facts of this

FORUM RESPONSE

poor girl's murder cause us to rethink our position? No.

The issue with Georgia's clemency board isn't whether its members have been judged (the member being sued is accused of sexual harassment), but whether they are capable of saying no to the attorney general who represents them in those cases. In June the two board members suspected of taking kickbacks resigned. The governor then appointed a former head of the Georgia Bureau of Investigations as the new chairman. He has vowed to clean up the process.

Parker's rehabilitation did not change what he did, but neither did executing him. That event simply expanded this tragedy. If the death penalty is supposed to be a deterrent, it's not working.

ARMING AMERICA

James R. Petersen is still trying to prop up Michael Bellesiles' book *Arming America*, even though it has garnered substantial criticism for its attempt to deceive readers regarding the extent to which early Americans owned and enjoyed guns ("Arming America Revisited," *The Playboy Forum*, August). Had this volume not said what they wanted to hear, academics and the liberal media wouldn't have been so quick to embrace it without careful review. That they did so is yet another indication of their bias against guns.

James Williamson
Dallas, Texas

Now that Michael Bellesiles has been exposed as a fraud, PLAYBOY should apologize to its readers. Red-blooded American men love women, cars and guns. You fight for sexual freedom and show the latest sports cars, so why do you trash gun owners every chance that you get? I find it hard to believe that the British army was defeated by unarmed farmers. PLAYBOY is so absurdly left wing, you should replace the Rabbit Head with something more fitting—maybe a red star with a hammer and sickle?

Steven Ala
Westfield, Massachusetts

It may be true, as Bellesiles claims, that estate inventories from the 18th and 19th centuries were not always complete. Obviously family and friends made off with clothes and other valuable items before they could be counted. However, I am confident, even 200 years later, that no one added items to an estate. Based on the substantial underreporting of estate contents (e.g., 23 percent with no clothes), it follows that the estimated 50 percent to 73 percent rate of gun ownership that Professor James Lindgren found is likely on the low side.

You also failed to appreciate the debate regarding the Militia Act of 1792. The original act made each citizen responsible for providing his own weapon. Obviously, Congress believed that gun ownership was sufficiently widespread to support this requirement. If gun ownership was as sparse as Bellesiles implies, it seems unlikely that it would take 11 years for Congress to amend the Act, even with infrequent sessions. Instead, a more likely reason for the change was to bring consistency in the weapons used by the militia. Even with the ridiculously high level of gun ownership today, the military still gives its soldiers weapons so ammunition and parts can be standardized.

Barry Quart
Los Angeles, California

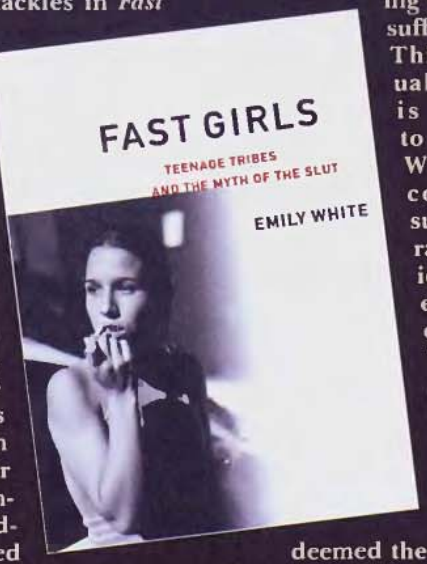
Petersen replies: "My piece reported both sides of the scandal, citing the critics and Bellesiles' corrections. In most circles, this is known as balanced journalism (as opposed to, say, a firing squad). Admittedly, I was distracted by some of the new evidence presented by critics—the image of buck-naked militia slaughtering squirrels to save America is right up there with Dr. Strangelove. Quart does make a good point about the need for standardized weaponry, but it also could be used to support Bellesiles' thesis that the well-armed militia was a myth. No historian disputes the large number of colonists who turned out to resist the British at Concord either unarmed or wielding only farm tools. I find it far more inspiring to think that the colonists were prepared to seize liberty empty-handed."

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.

FORUM F.Y.I.

SCARLET LETTERS, 2002

"What is so monstrous about a sex-crazed girl?" That's the question Emily White tackles in *Fast Girls: Teenage Tribes and the Myth of the Slut*. The author posted this query in a syndicated advice column: "Are you or were you the slut of your high school?" More than 100 girls and women responded. White's book explores the destructive process by which American teens project their sexual confusion onto innocent bystanders. Once ostracized (often because they developed breasts early or dressed differently), her subjects became the stars of far-fetched stories about train jobs and locker-room gang bangs. Some responded by embracing the role, others suffered in silence. This sort of sexual stereotyping is not limited to high school. White notes that commentators such as Dr. Laura Schlessinger identify women either as mothers or as sluts. Teenage boys can be victims too—the weak are labeled as faggots. White writes that "Boys who are deemed the fag find themselves at the receiving end of unpredictable violence and detailed rumors fabricated from a weird collective sexual ignorance."



NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PENIS GRAFFITI

ANDOVER, MINNESOTA—*Is this what they mean by abstinence education? A Sunday school teacher engaged a 16-year-old boy in an intimate discussion of the evils of*

masturbation and homosexuality. During their chat, the man told the boy he could control his adolescent urges by writing What Would Jesus Do? on his penis with indelible ink. He also asked the boy to send him daily e-mails describing his sexual thoughts. The boy told his parents, who alerted police. The teacher pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor count of child abuse; a judge sentenced him to serve a month in a work release program and 200 hours of community service. The judge also ordered the man to write an open letter to his fellow parishioners, but church officials said they feared it would be pornographic.

TONGUE LASHING

PAINESVILLE, OHIO—*A judge agreed to suspend most of the 22-day jail sentences given to a couple who had oral sex on a busy beach, but only if they apologized in print. He ordered the couple to purchase signed ads in two newspapers that read, "I apologize for any activities I engaged in that were offensive or disrespectful." The judge, Michael Cicconetti, has a reputation for creative punishments. He sentenced a man who fled police to run a five-mile race (the better his finish, the less time he'll spend under house arrest), a man who referred to a cop as a "pig" to stand on a corner next to a 350-pound hog that wore a sign that read* THIS IS NOT A POLICE OFFICER *and a man who played his car stereo too loudly to sit quietly in the woods.*

ILLEGAL SEX

FAYETTE COUNTY, GEORGIA—*Before having sex, two 16-year-olds propped a stool in front of the girl's bedroom door. Her mother burst in on them anyway. The girl had a criminal record; when her probation officer learned she had been having sex, he notified prosecutors. A court found both teens guilty of violating a state law that bans sex outside of marriage. A judge sent the girl to boot camp. The boy had to pay a fine and write an essay. The district attorney argued that "the state has a legitimate interest in trying to control the sexual activities of juveniles."*

MAILBOX MEDS

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA—*Earlier this year a grandmother received a package from Walgreens. Inside she found four Prozac Weekly pills and a Dear Patient letter signed by her doctor. It read, "We are very excited to be able to offer you a more convenient way to take your antidepressant medication." She said her initial concern was that her grandchildren might have opened the package and thought the pills were candy. "Then I started to think, Wait a minute. How did they know to send them to me?" she said. The woman sued her doctor, Walgreens and Eli Lilly, charging invasion of privacy. In a separate case, Eckerd drugstores agreed to stop using the log books signed by customers when they pick up prescriptions as a way to gather names and addresses for marketing.*

CUT-AND-PASTE

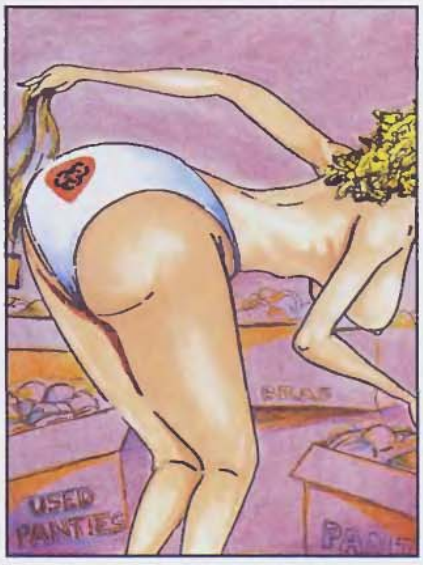
DOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE—*A former prep school teacher convicted of possessing child porn is testing the limits of the law. In 1995 police arrested David Cobb for the attempted sexual assault of a child. Inside his knapsack they found hundreds of explicit images, most of which he had created by pasting photos of children's heads over adult magazine nudes. Cobb argued that under state law, child porn must involve actual children. A jury and the state supreme court rejected that view. This past summer, encouraged by a U.S. Supreme Court decision that overturned a ban on fake child porn, Cobb asked for a new trial. He says that his fantasy images should be viewed as artistic collages.*

FAKING IT

WAKEFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS—*Lawyers for a software engineer who shot and killed seven co-workers told a jury he was insane and should not be held responsible. The man, who before his rampage had learned that his employer planned to garnish his wages for the IRS, testified that he had gone through a time portal and believed his victims were Nazis. The jury found him guilty on all counts. What tripped him up? Prosecutors introduced evidence that he had purchased a book called Clinical Assessment of Malingering and Deception. He also had searched the Internet for the phrase "faking mental illness."*

SEALED WITH A STAIN

CENTRAL, SOUTH CAROLINA—*To pay her college bills, a Clemson student created a website to sell her dirty underwear, used tampons, condoms and sex toys and food items covered with her excrement or menstrual blood. She says she had about 100 customers who paid $20 to $50 for each item. A disgruntled customer alerted postal*

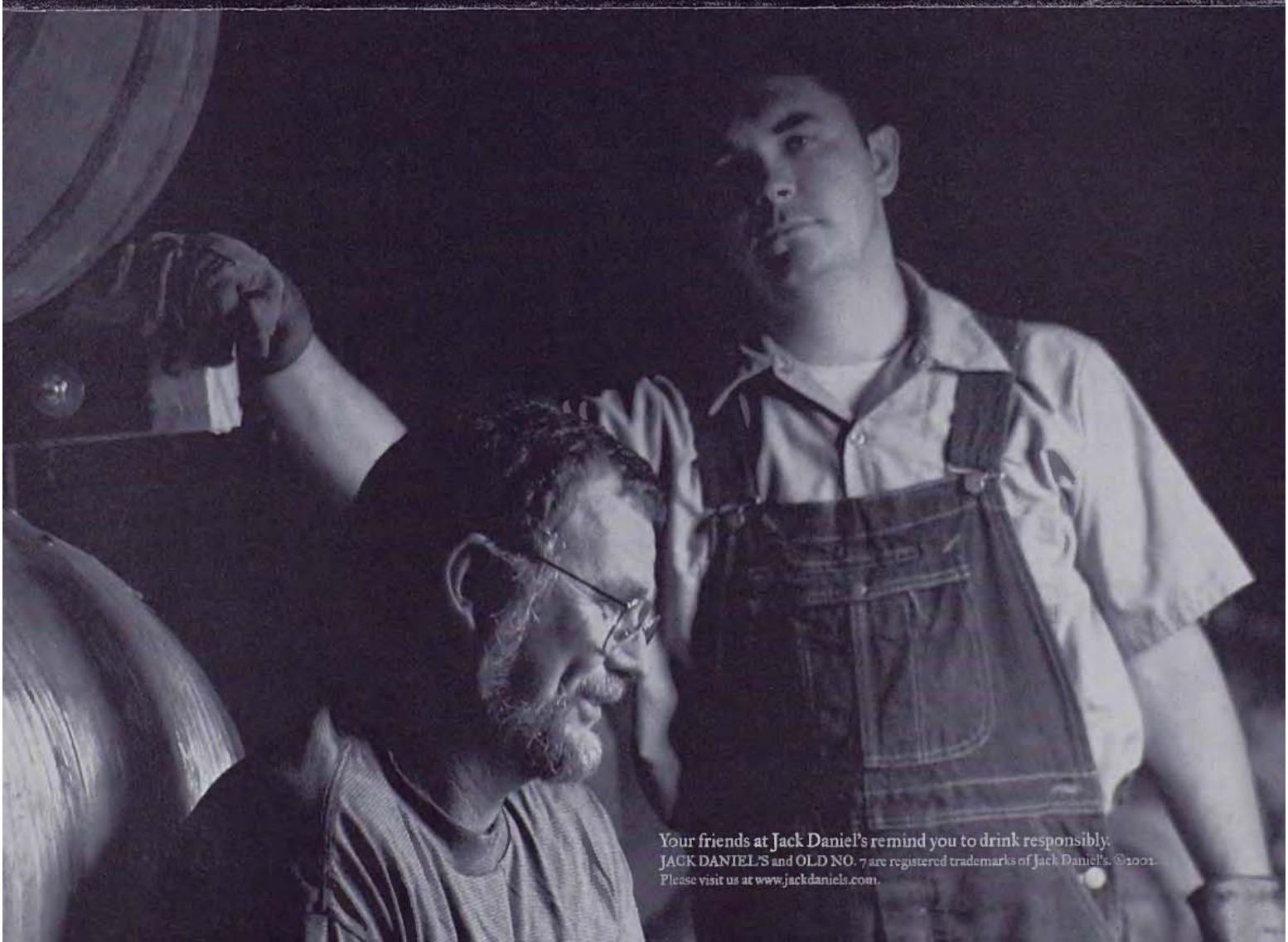


inspectors. Earlier this year, U.S. Attorney Strom Thurmond Jr. charged her under a federal law that bans the mailing of "indecent and filthy things and substances." She pleaded guilty and could face up to five years in prison.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

It takes one man to plug a **leaky** Jack Daniel's barrel. And a second to keep him from getting any ideas.

JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No.7 BRAND
QUALITY
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY
LEM MOTLOW, PROPRIETOR
LYNCHBURG (POP. 361), TENN. U.S.A.
43% ALC. BY VOL. (86 PROOF)



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WILLIE NELSON

a candid conversation about life on the road, music on the internet, legalizing pot and why he tells the worst jokes you ever heard

Willie Nelson—looking exactly as we have come to expect him, with waist-long hair tied in braids, red bandanna, dusty jeans and sneakers—is in Honeysuckle Rose III, his tour bus, before a sold-out concert at Harrah's Casino near Lake Tahoe, Nevada. Nelson spends more time on the bus than he does at his 700-acre ranch near Austin, where he has a golf course and a recording studio. He's no homebody. After all, he's the guy who wrote "I just can't wait to get on the road again."

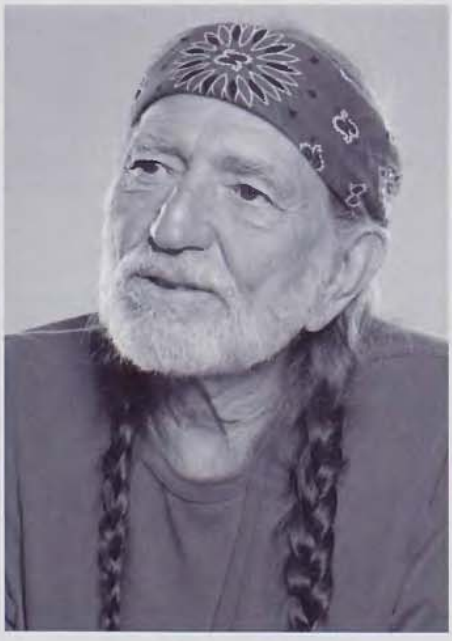
The bus, outfitted with satellite TV and DVD, a 30-speaker stereo and a satellite-modem computer, is parked in the shadow of Harrah's. It's smoky inside, the result of a cigar-size joint smoldering in an ashtray, another expected feature of Nelson's traveling living room. (Nelson is a famous dope smoker and proponent of legalized marijuana, who even rolled a big joint on the White House roof when he was a guest of President Jimmy Carter.) As comedian Robin Williams cracked during his recent tour, "When he looks at Willie, even Buddha's going, 'That guy's mellow.'"

Carter isn't the only president to have hosted Nelson. Though Willie proudly inhales, his fans include President Clinton and both George Bushes. In fact, it's hard to find anyone who doesn't like Nelson. His enormously broad audience is visible when he leaves the bus to duck into a back entrance to Harrah's. When he walks onstage, there's deafening boot stomping and hooting. Nelson's music crosses most genres and has near mystical appeal to all sorts of people, typified by tonight's crowd: 20-year-olds in ripped clothes with pierced body parts, boozed-up cowboys, white-haired retirees, aging hippies, wild-haired Hell's Angels and buzz-cut-and-goateed entertainment executives up from Hollywood. "Anyone who doesn't like Willie Nelson is dead or may as well be," according to Kris Kristofferson, a friend and frequent collaborator.

Born in 1933, Nelson grew up poor in Abbott, Texas, where he was raised in a family of musicians, including his grandparents and his piano-playing sister Bobbie (still a band member). His window on the world was the crystal radio on which he first heard Jimmie Rodgers, Benny Goodman and gospel music. "It was a hard life," he says, "but we had music." After picking up the guitar at six, he accompanied Bobbie at church recitals and began writing poems and songs by the time he was seven years old. As a teenager, he performed in Texas dancehalls and bars, covering songs by his heroes Hank Williams, Ernest Tubb, Bob Wills and Lefty Frizzell. Before he recorded his own songs, he began selling his compositions—for $10 and $25—to music publishers and musicians. His first hit was Crazy, recorded by Patsy Cline. Next came hit songs for Ray Price (Night Life) and Faron Young (Hello Walls). Other singers had hits with his songs, including The Party's Over, Funny How Time Slips Away, Good Hearted Woman and Angel Flying Too Close to the Ground.

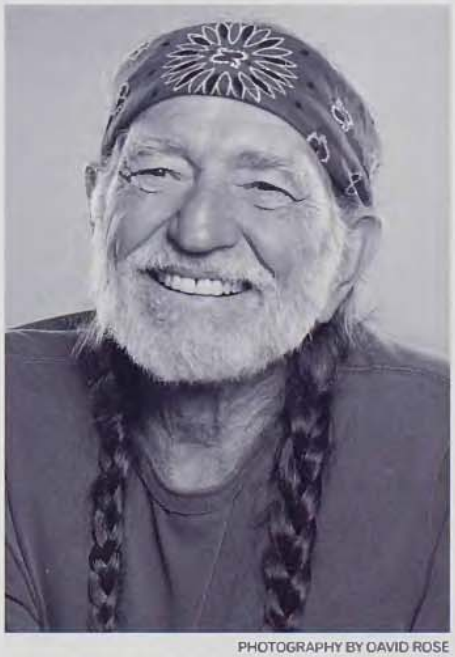
In the early Sixties, when he moved to Nashville, Nelson performed with such country stars as Mel Tillis and Roger Miller; and while playing bars and clubs most nights of the year, Nelson broke into the country top 10 with Willingly and Touch Me. In 1975 he released Red Headed Stranger, a masterful concept album that established him as a first-rate country artist. The remainder of the century was Nelson's with such hits as Georgia on My Mind, Whiskey River, Mamas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys, I Gotta Get Drunk and, of course, On the Road Again.

In 1978, Nelson released a record with 10 of his favorite songs, standards like Moonlight in Vermont, Someone to Watch Over Me and On the Sunny Side of the Street. The record, Stardust, remained on the best-selling



"Rather than trying to put an end to Eminem or some other rapper, politicians should think about why they're rapping. It's easier to try to censor some kid who's swearing about poverty than it is to stop the poverty."

"Too much of anything is no good. Too much alcohol, too much sugar. People smoke marijuana and their brains don't fall out. It's not a big deal and most people know that. I have cut down and I'm healthier than ever."



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"I just play music I like. Many people can't do that. People always worry about if I am country, rock and roll, blues or whatever. They don't know where to put the new Willie Nelson CD in the record stores."

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album charts for more than a decade. Nelson had become a symbol of and hero to—as he proudly puts it—"cowboys, lowlifes, rednecks, hippies, bikers—hell, all sorts of misfits like me."

Nelson's life has been as bittersweet as a country song. He has been married and divorced four times. In 1990, the government sued him for tax evasion (the final bill: $16.7 million). Nelson blamed his tax woes on some bad investment advice, but the IRS seized much of his property and sold it. To help pay the bill, Nelson released a mail-order album titled Who'll Buy My Memories?: The IRS Tapes. He suffered a personal tragedy in 1991, when one of his seven children, Billy, committed suicide. But Nelson's family—blood and extended (including many of his band members)—remains close-knit. Willie's sister, Bobbie, plays in his band, and two of his daughters and a granddaughter run his website (willienelson.com), where his fans congregate and CDs and other merchandise are sold. Nelson was once well known for his heavy drinking as well as his marijuana use. "I've toned down," he says, "but toning down ain't the same thing as quitting." His friends say he is healthier than ever, running, playing golf and practicing martial arts and yoga.

In addition to his music, Nelson has established himself as a champion for the family farmer with his annual Farm Aid concerts. With his friends Neil Young and John Mellencamp and other performers, Nelson has raised millions of dollars for the cause. Meanwhile, Nelson has also found time to write for and act in films, including The Electric Horseman (with Robert Redford and Jane Fonda), Songwriter (with Kris Kristofferson) and Wag the Dog (with Robert De Niro and Dustin Hoffman). This year he turned author, too, releasing The Facts of Life and Other Dirty Jokes, which became a best-seller.

When we decided to sit Nelson down for an interview, we sent Contributing Editor ***David Sheff,*** *whose last interview in these pages was with billionaire Larry Ellison. Here's Sheff's report: "Nelson is unique in the canon of American celebrities because he has crossed so many boundaries. When I said as much to him, he wrinkled up his I've-seen-it-all eyes and smiled. 'I've fooled lots of folk, haven't I?' Then he let out a laugh—one of many that punctuated the interview.*

"Much of the interview was conducted on the Honeysuckle Rose at a small dining table set with a bottle of Old Whiskey River, a family-size box of Zig-Zag rolling papers and filled ashtrays. The mood was generally light, but at moments Nelson became thoughtful and somber. They didn't last long, however; with a twinkle in his eyes, there would follow some wisecrack and another fit of laughter.

"Indeed, when we first sat down for the interview, Nelson rubbed his hands together. 'Most times I can't tell interviewers the good jokes—only the G-rated ones,' he told me. He grinned widely. 'But this is PLAYBOY. *It's gonna be fun.' It was an opening if I ever heard one."*

PLAYBOY: Well? Do you have a joke you'd like to tell us?

NELSON: [*Beaming*] OK. A lady went into a drugstore and asked if they had any Viagra. The guy behind the counter, the pharmacist, said, "Yeah," and she asked, "Have you tried it?" He said he had and so she asked, "Can you get it over the counter?" He thought about it awhile and then said, "I think I could if I took two." [*Laughter*]

PLAYBOY: Do you——

NELSON: There's one more thing about Viagra.

PLAYBOY: What's that?

NELSON: They say it can make a lawyer taller. [*Laughter*]

PLAYBOY: Where does all this joking come from?

NELSON: Jokes help pass the time on the road and they help get through life. You got to laugh. I always loved a good joke.

PLAYBOY: If you're always laughing and joking, why are so many of the songs you've written sad?

NELSON: Those are the three-in-the-morning songs. That's when you may not feel so much like a joke. Also, as a songwriter I'm challenged by sad songs. They're harder to write.

PLAYBOY: What makes them harder?

NELSON: I don't know, but I can knock off a happy ditty pretty easily. Something real—something meaningful and deeper—is harder. You may not be feeling all that happy when a song comes in the middle of the night. You may not be feeling so good because you had too much to drink or stayed out too late. So the feeling might be there, but crafting it into a song is the challenge. And, of course, sometimes you're fooling around on the guitar and suddenly you just played a piece of a new song and it wakes you up. You think, What was that? I just wrote a song. Of course, then you can't remember it [*laughs*]. All those lost songs. So the sad songs may come from sad experiences, but not necessarily. You draw on your past—the stories that you've heard, your friends' lives. If I write a song about breaking up with my girlfriend, it doesn't mean I'm breaking up with my girlfriend. It means I thought it would make a good song.

PLAYBOY: But to write or sing the blues, don't you have to have lived them?

NELSON: If they're real, yeah. But at the same time I wrote songs about love affairs when I was five and six years old and I hadn't had any. I just listened to other songs and realized I could write ones, too. I had no idea what I was talking about even though I thought I did. But the truth is that you couldn't sing songs and make them believable if you

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hadn't experienced the blues. If they come across as real maybe it's because they are real. It doesn't mean I'm depressed when I'm writing, though I have been there. It's not like I started writing songs as a way to express how sad I was. I wrote poems before I could play the guitar, and after I learned a few chords and put melodies to the poems. I knew I could make a rhyme and write songs, so I never really made the decision to start doing it. I just did it. I thought everybody could do it. I make records when I have enough songs to go into the studio. Then I go out and play—play the songs every night.

PLAYBOY: You're smoking a joint as we talk. Do you believe pot is harmless?

NELSON: Too much of anything is no good. Too much alcohol, too much sugar. I think pot is a lot less harmful than alcohol for most people. What happens to people on pot? They get mellow! People who are drinking can get dangerous, but not people on pot. People I know have quit every drug and even drinking, but they may still smoke a little pot to take the edge off. That doesn't bother me. I don't drink as much as I used to. I don't get drunk anymore. If you take a couple of sips, there ain't nothing wrong with that.

PLAYBOY: Does marijuana affect your memory?

NELSON: What was the question? [*Laughs*] I don't know if it does. I remember an awful lot about an awful long life, and I don't know if I would want to remember any more [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: Do you think that there's any chance the pot laws will be changed?

NELSON: They may be, someday. There is some momentum at least in terms of medical marijuana. I love that they don't want people who are dying to smoke pot because—why? It will kill them? People smoke marijuana and their brains don't fall out. It's not a big deal and most people know that. I have cut down. [*He smokes and laughs.*] I am healthier now than I have ever been. I run almost every day, and if the weather's good, I play golf.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry that you romanticize pot and drinking?

NELSON: I hope I don't. There's a whole thing about romanticizing the lifestyle and I agree that it can be dangerous. Many of my heroes when I was a kid were alcoholics, which I think is a bad thing. What are you learning? Somewhere along the way you think if I'm going to be like Hank Williams I got to get drunk like Hank Williams. I sure tried it and I'm glad I'm not doing it anymore. George Jones drank. Bob Wills. A lot of them. I'm not blaming Hank or anyone. I would have drunk anyway. Most young people do at some point. But I admire the people who pulled themselves out. They are the real heroes. I admire the ones who survived and got sober. It ain't romantic to be a drunk. Which leads to a joke Roger Miller told me about the guy kicking tires at a used car lot. The salesman came up and asked, "You thinking about buying a car?" The guy said, "No, I'm gonna buy a car. I was thinking about pussy." That's in my book.

PLAYBOY: Why did you write the book?

NELSON: Just something I always wanted to do and there was a lot of interest. Thought it would be the best to do like a daily diary or journal. Whenever I got up in the morning I tried to remember where I was or guess where I was last night and write about all that and throw in a joke every now and then. Whatever I thought about at the moment.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep journals?

NELSON: Never keep them, but if I did that's what they would sound like.

PLAYBOY: Was it similar to writing songs?

NELSON: Completely different, a lot easier. Songs have to have a form, to rhyme, to follow a theme, but when I write this other stuff I can go all different directions. When you run out of something smart to say it's nice to be able to tell a joke, which is why I told all these stupid jokes in the book.

PLAYBOY: Is it a struggle each time you write a song?

NELSON: It gets easier over time. You get better at it like anything else. You get pretty good at it and instinctively know what you have to do. One of the hardest things is keeping it within limits. It can't be 20 minutes long—has to be two or three minutes. That's the challenge.

PLAYBOY: When you play your songs, do they bring you back to the time you wrote them?

NELSON: Depends on whether I want to go there or not. Sometimes it's not that pleasant to make all those trips; sometimes you don't want to feel it. But sometimes you do—the songs take you there.

PLAYBOY: Do you know how people will like any given song? Can you predict which songs will become hits? Do you have a sense if a song has the potential to become a classic—an *On the Road Again* or *Crazy*?

NELSON: I wish I did, but you never know. A lot of songs I have written—99 percent or more—have never been heard by anyone. I think they are good songs, as good as any. I have written more than 1000 songs, most of them never recorded. The timing wasn't right or whatever. The songs that became the hits don't tell the whole story. Most songs disappear without a trace. You never know how people will take to them, what will strike a chord. If you did, you'd always do it. You'd record only hits. No one can do that.

PLAYBOY: Do you like to listen to your voice?

NELSON: Sometimes. I hear me a lot, so I can get sick of it. I listen in a different way than most folks probably do. I am critical, listening for when I'm on key and in tune and when I'm sounding like a hyena or something. Other than that, I just do it and don't ask too many questions. It works best that way. I'm just glad people like it when they do. I am blessed they do. I don't have an act. I'm like this all the time. I'm just me. I'm lucky if I can remember the words. If I can, that's really all I have to do on any given day.

PLAYBOY: In your book you recount the night when you forgot the words to *Crazy*.

NELSON: [*Laughs*] Yeah, I did. Never had before. The audience always likes it when I mess up. They think I'm ripped. I wasn't. Just forgot.

PLAYBOY: Your biggest hit song was *On the Road Again*. What inspired it?

NELSON: I was asked to write a song for the movie *Honeysuckle Rose* by the producer, Sydney Pollack. I asked, "What do you want the song to say?" Sydney said, "Something about being on the road again." So I said, "How about this: 'On the road again, on the road again, I just can't wait to get on the road again. The life I love is making music with my friends, and I can't wait to be on the road again.' How's that?" He said, "Something like that, sure." He wasn't that impressed.

PLAYBOY: *Honeysuckle Rose* was one of the few major movies you've done. How have you chosen them?

NELSON: You can trap me with a guitar or a horse. Write a story about those and I'll jump it. I'm doubtful about anything else. Wait. I have a little joke. Did you hear about the duck that went into the bar and said, "You got any grapes?" And the bartender says, "No." So the duck left, then came back the next day and said, "You got any grapes?" Bartender said, "No." Third day he came back, said, "You got any grapes?" The bartender said, "No. I didn't have none yesterday, the day before, today don't have none. I won't have none tomorrow. If you ask me again, I'm going to nail your feet to the bar." The duck comes back the next day, says, "You got any nails?" The bartender says, "No." And the duck says, "Well, you got any grapes?" Sorry. What did you want to know again?

PLAYBOY: Some musicians complain that they're pigeonholed in one musical genre. You record and sing everything. How have you gotten away with this?

NELSON: Fooled an awful lot of people an awful lot of the time [*laughs*]. I'm lucky, I know it. I just play music I like. Many people can't do that. People are always worrying about if I am country, rock and

roll, blues or whatever. They don't know where to put the new Willie Nelson CD in the record stores. When I came out with *Milk Cow Blues*, working with people like B.B. King, Dr. John and Susan Tedeschi, they were worried that it shouldn't go in the Willie Nelson bin in country music because it didn't fit. It was blues, but what about the rest of the Willie Nelson records? Where do you put *Stardust*? That ain't country or blues. Where the hell does my new record, *The Great Divide*, go? It's one of the reasons I like the Internet. People can listen in and see what they think and are more likely to try new things. A kid into rock and roll ain't going to go hanging out in the country section of a record store, but maybe he would like a song filed away over there. Gospel, reggae, classical—whatever. It's why I collaborate with everyone from B.B. to Merle Haggard to Sheryl Crow. On the new record, I'm doing songs by Bernie Taupin and Matt Serletic, and Lee Ann Womack sings with me. So do Bonnie Raitt, Brian McKnight, the Jordanaires and Kid Rock. It's a hell of a good time. But it'll drive you crazy if you want to classify it.

PLAYBOY: After all your collaborations, is there anyone left you haven't worked with that you would like to?

NELSON: I would like to sing with Barbra Streisand and I haven't done that. Maybe if I say it enough times it will happen.

PLAYBOY: What inspired the collaboration with Paul Simon?

NELSON: I'd cut *Graceland* with Paul. I love that song. I know that some people think it's strange when they hear me playing with someone like Paul Simon, but I don't make those distinctions. To me, we're all musicians. What's the difference between a rock musician and a country musician? I can relate to reggae musicians or classical musicians. We're all just playing music. I've done it with just about anybody. Bob Wills, Bob Dylan. Waylon Jennings. Johnny Cash. Julio Iglesias.

PLAYBOY: Including rapper Lil Black, who made a wild version of *On the Road Again*?

NELSON: It just happened that we were all in the same place in Texas and they asked me to do a rap on *On the Road Again* with them. It was fun. I'm always interested in something new.

PLAYBOY: Do you like rap?

NELSON: I like some of it, don't like some.

PLAYBOY: Some people criticize rap and hip-hop for violent and misogynistic lyrics.

NELSON: I don't like that shit and don't necessarily want to encourage it. But I understand it's the way people are speaking. Rather than worry about trying to put an end to Eminem or some other rapper, Lil Black or Dr. Dre or Snoop Dogg, whatever or whoever, politicians should think about why they're rapping. If they are growing up in a violent ghetto, do people expect them to sing about flowers and—whatever the hell? It's a lot easier to try to censor some kid swearing about the poverty on the street or whatever it is than to stop the poverty on the street. Solving problems is harder.

PLAYBOY: Yet you try. What brought you to the issue of the family farms and the founding of your charity, Farm Aid?

NELSON: I started Farm Aid in 1985. I worked on farms and ranches growing up, but I didn't know there were any problems. Neil Young and I were just talking. After all these concerts, you'd think the farm situation might be better.

PLAYBOY: It's not?

NELSON: It's not. It's getting worse. I always knew about farming—grew up on them. Knew it was hard and knew that farmers didn't always make ends meet. Later I saw the Live Aid concert, Bob Geldof's benefit held the same day in England and the U.S. The money was for the famine in Ethiopia. Everybody played—Mick Jagger, David Bowie, Ozzy Osbourne, Madonna. I was in a motel somewhere and was watching when Bob Dylan came out and played. He said, "It would be nice if some of this money that's going out all over the world could stay here at home. Our family farmers are in trouble." I started checking around and learned more. I discovered that it was a serious problem. I was working in Springfield for the state fair and ran into the governor, who came by for a bowl of chili. We were talking about the farm problems and he told me more. We started talking about a concert. The first Farm Aid show was in Champaign, Illinois. I thought politicians and Americans would learn about the plight of farmers. I thought we'd do a show, raise some money and it would be solved. I called up Neil Young and John Mellencamp and thought we would take care of the problem. Unfortunately, things don't work like that. We once had 8 million family farms in the Fifties, and now we're down to less than 2 million and we're still losing them—losing 500 a week.

PLAYBOY: Why are small farmers better?

NELSON: The huge companies are destroying the environment. We've seen what happens when you aren't careful. Look at the mad cow disease and hoof-and-mouth disease. Small farmers have to take better care of their land, have fewer animals grazing. We also need to stop producing genetically engineered food, another fiasco introduced by agribusiness. They only care about volume, not health, and never mind taste. I want a tomato that tastes like a tomato, not one that tastes like a piece of—I don't know—cardboard.

PLAYBOY: How would you help farmers?

NELSON: Farmers should get fair prices.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean subsidies? Why should farmers be given special federal subsidies and special help from the

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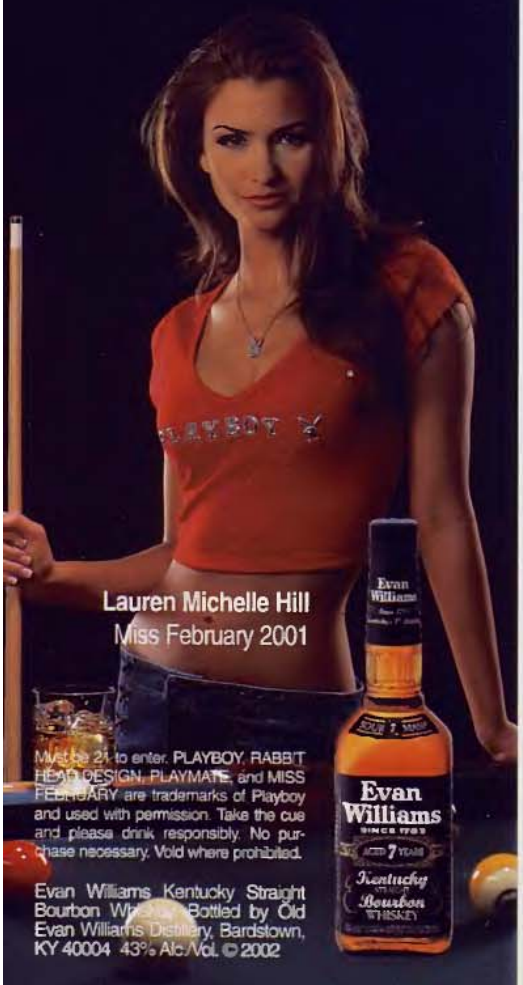

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likes of you?

NELSON: They don't really want subsidies. They want enough money to make a living without subsidies. They want enough money for their product and don't want giveaways or welfare, but they can't compete with the corporations subsidized by the government. America was founded as a place for everyone, where everyone has an opportunity. Do we want it to be a place only for the rich? I don't. It's worth fighting for and that's the American way, too. After September 11, everyone forgot what it is we're trying to protect. It's understandable that we want to be safe, but let's not lose the America we love. After the terrorist attack we're not supposed to criticize America. It's viewed as unpatriotic. But true patriotism is wanting America to be the best place it can be.

PLAYBOY: How did September 11 change your life?

NELSON: Like everyone. I watched it and at first thought it was a movie they were promoting. I hear that kids saw that over and over again and didn't understand that it was a single attack—they thought that it kept happening every time they showed it on TV. I didn't like the way the news media exploited it. No wonder we're toughened to things like that. We see it and don't know it's real because we are bombarded with images. Every time you see it, it starts looking more and more unreal. How long are we going to exploit it? When are we going to let it become what it was? Are we going to learn lessons from it or keep making the same mistakes?

PLAYBOY: What lessons?

NELSON: Are we going to look at poverty, disproportionate wealth and the horrors in the world or ignore them? The poorest places are the ones where terrorism breeds. If someone wants to kill me bad enough to kill himself at the same time, there has to be a reason. People jump all over you if you ask the question, but if someone in America murdered 10 people or 3000, the first thing we would ask is Why? Nothing can justify the attack, but there might have been something we could do to prevent an attack in the future. I'm not talking about giving in or negotiating with terrorists. I'm talking about looking at the complaints of people in the world who hate us. Is it because our troops are over there? Are we afraid to say that? Anything else? Our policies regarding Israel? I'm not saying we should stop doing anything they don't like just because they don't like it, but we should understand why and try to acknowledge that people in other parts of the world have rights, too. That they matter. What arrogance to say it doesn't matter what they think. It's not un-American to ask these questions. It's un-American not to ask them. America really stands for human rights and freedom. Let's apply it everywhere.

PLAYBOY: What led to your performance at the benefit for September 11 victims at which you sang *America the Beautiful*?

NELSON: Just got a call and they asked. Of course I would do it. Everybody at the show felt helpless and wanted to do something. If any of us could have gotten ahold of Osama bin Laden, we would have cut him into a million pieces, but we couldn't get ahold of him. We are still frustrated. We may have gotten a whole lot of people, but not the ones who actually did it. Where is Osama? How do you stop terrorism when your enemy is scattered in 80 countries? At least they stopped pretending that we have won any wars. For a while they were saying it: We won the war, blew Afghanistan sky-high. Big deal. Blew up a lot of dirt. I can't see that we have won any wars. The information you get from the people in charge is frustrating; they lead you to believe that they don't know any more than you know. All the alerts—trying to scare the hell out of us—don't seem much good. I'm not sure what good there is to try to scare the death out of every man, woman and child in this country saying the bogeyman is coming. If they know for sure, that's one thing. But the more times you hear them say "Be alert," the less alert you get. You can only stay so alert. When you say something and it doesn't happen, you've lost the crowd.

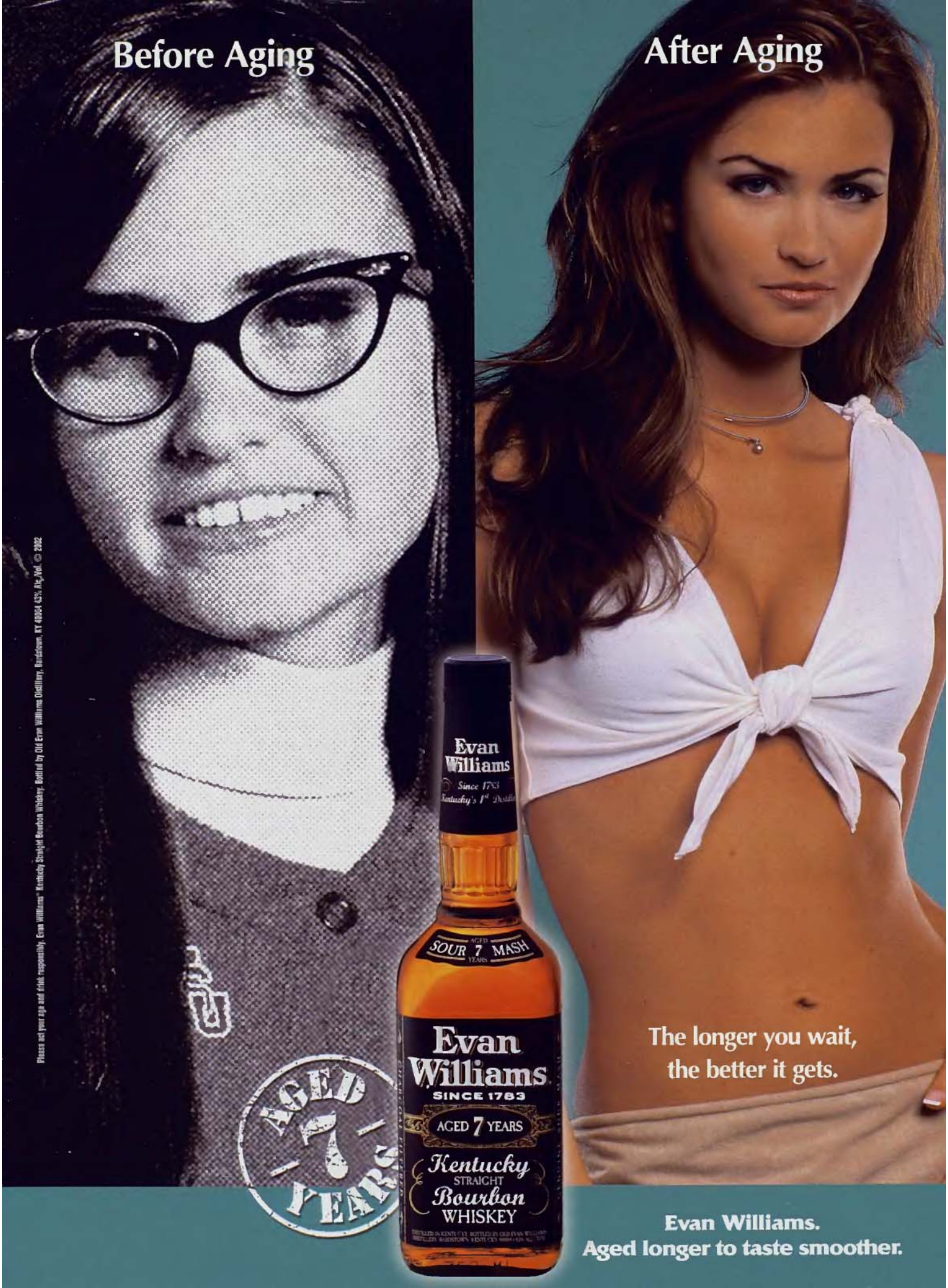
PLAYBOY: After the concert, some people were saying that the money wasn't reaching the victims of the attacks. What was your view?

NELSON: I hope the people who deserved the money got it. After Farm Aid, I know the types of problems you can have with a charity. You get a lot of calls and letters asking for money. Most are legitimate requests but some are not. I'm sure with the millions we took in at all the shows, there were criminals trying to figure out how to get the money. I can understand why you would want to take your time. Maybe they took more time than anyone thought it should.

PLAYBOY: In our interview with Bill O'Reilly from Fox News, he was particularly incensed about this issue.

NELSON: Bill O'Reilly screams because it gets more people watching him. I used to pull tricks like that when I was in radio. I used to read letters from the one listener who was saying what a horrible disc jockey I was and how did I ever get into this business. I'd get 20 more letters from listeners telling me how good I was. I know what O'Reilly is up to. He's building his ratings. He ain't bullshitting anybody. He would build ratings any way he could—by putting down whoever on the way.

PLAYBOY: He maintained that celebrities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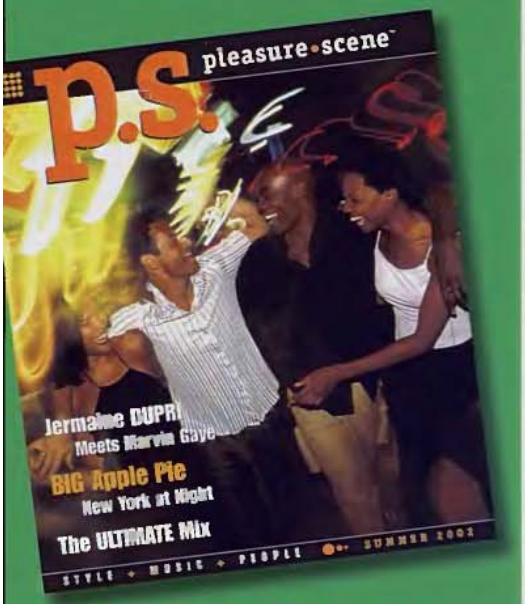

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who asked the public to give had a responsibility to make sure the money got to the intended recipients.

NELSON: We did, and as far as I know it did.

PLAYBOY: He also complained that celebrities wouldn't discuss it on his show.

NELSON: And help him with his ratings? Why? That's one show I won't be doing.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk some about your background.

NELSON: I can't remember. You know, all that pot. . . . [*Laughing*]

PLAYBOY: What are your earliest memories of music?

NELSON: I was raised in the cotton fields around Abbott, Texas. There were African Americans and Mexican Americans and we listened to their music all the time. I also heard gospel music, Hank Williams and whatever else was on the radio—country or jazz or blues. There was music in the family, too, since my grandparents, who raised me, played. They took music courses by mail. My older sister Bobbie played piano and I got a guitar when I was little. She played and I'd play along. *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree*, *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*. The first song I ever sang was *Amazing Grace*. Since early childhood, we played together in church, sang in school and went around to talent contests. Still playing together.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin to write songs?

NELSON: I wrote poems before I wrote songs and then I put them to music. My first guitar had strings so far off the frets that they made my fingers bleed, but I played all the time.

PLAYBOY: When did you have your first professional gig?

NELSON: I played around when I was pretty young, playing some of the roughest joints anywhere. The best was the Bloody Bucket in West Texas when we carried pistols in our guitar cases. I went from Texas to Tennessee, Nashville, to try to break into the business. I was writing songs but it wasn't until I went back to Texas that I found an audience for what I was doing. Sold my first songs. I got $50 for *Family Bible* and $100 for *Night Life*. It was like getting a million bucks.

PLAYBOY: Who was coming to see your shows?

NELSON: It changed over time. The audience for country music was changing, expanding. I had grown my hair and was playing just when the hippie-redneck thing was a big deal in Texas. The long-haired hippies over here liked country music by Hank Williams and Waylon and other people, and the old redneck cowboys liked the same thing. I sort of put them together with *Red Headed Stranger*, which was the first big success I ever had. *Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain* was a single that did well, too. The look I had until then was me trying to look like I was supposed to look: putting on a suit and tie and short hair. There was a show business look and I tried to do it, but I never felt comfortable. It took a while for me to figure out exactly who I was.

PLAYBOY: What inspired *Stardust*?

NELSON: There were more pop songs being brought into country music and more strings and more arrangements. It was just an idea. I wanted to bring back *Stardust*, *All of Me* and those songs. I played them in clubs and people liked them. It didn't matter that they weren't so-called country music. It's just music and those are beautiful songs.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by the success?

NELSON: Of course. All I ever wanted was to make a living playing music. I did that pretty young. I wanted to be like Ernest Tubb and Hank Williams, my heroes. The rest is gravy. Good gravy, I admit.

PLAYBOY: Where did you meet Waylon Jennings?

NELSON: In Phoenix one night in a club. He was at an all-night cafe. He'd been playing over in another club, and we started talking and found out that we were both from Texas. We became good friends. I miss him, but he'll always be around. We wrote *Good Hearted Woman* together. What a great man, a good friend.

PLAYBOY: When you play his songs do you miss him?

NELSON: Sure. It takes time when your friend dies. You want to hear a joke?

PLAYBOY: Are jokes your way not to deal with emotions?

NELSON: Maybe. Hell, I deal with them. I been dealing with them all my life. Do you want to hear a joke or not?

PLAYBOY: Why not.

NELSON: A man and a woman who had been married forever were having breakfast and the wife said, "Honey, do you remember our wedding night when we were sitting here 50 years ago? Afterward, we were sitting at this same breakfast table without any clothes on." He said, "Yeah," and she said, "Do you think we could do that again? Sit here without clothes on?" "I guess so," he said. So they took off their clothes and she said, "Honey, my nipples are just as hot for you today as they were 50 years ago," and he said, "I don't doubt it, since one's hanging in the oatmeal and the other's in the coffee." [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Is it tough to be reaching an age when you're watching your friends pass away?

NELSON: You got another choice? Sign me up. You just keep breathing and that is all you can do. And there's a lot to be grateful for and a lot to be excited about.

(concluded on page 161)

Holiday pleasure!

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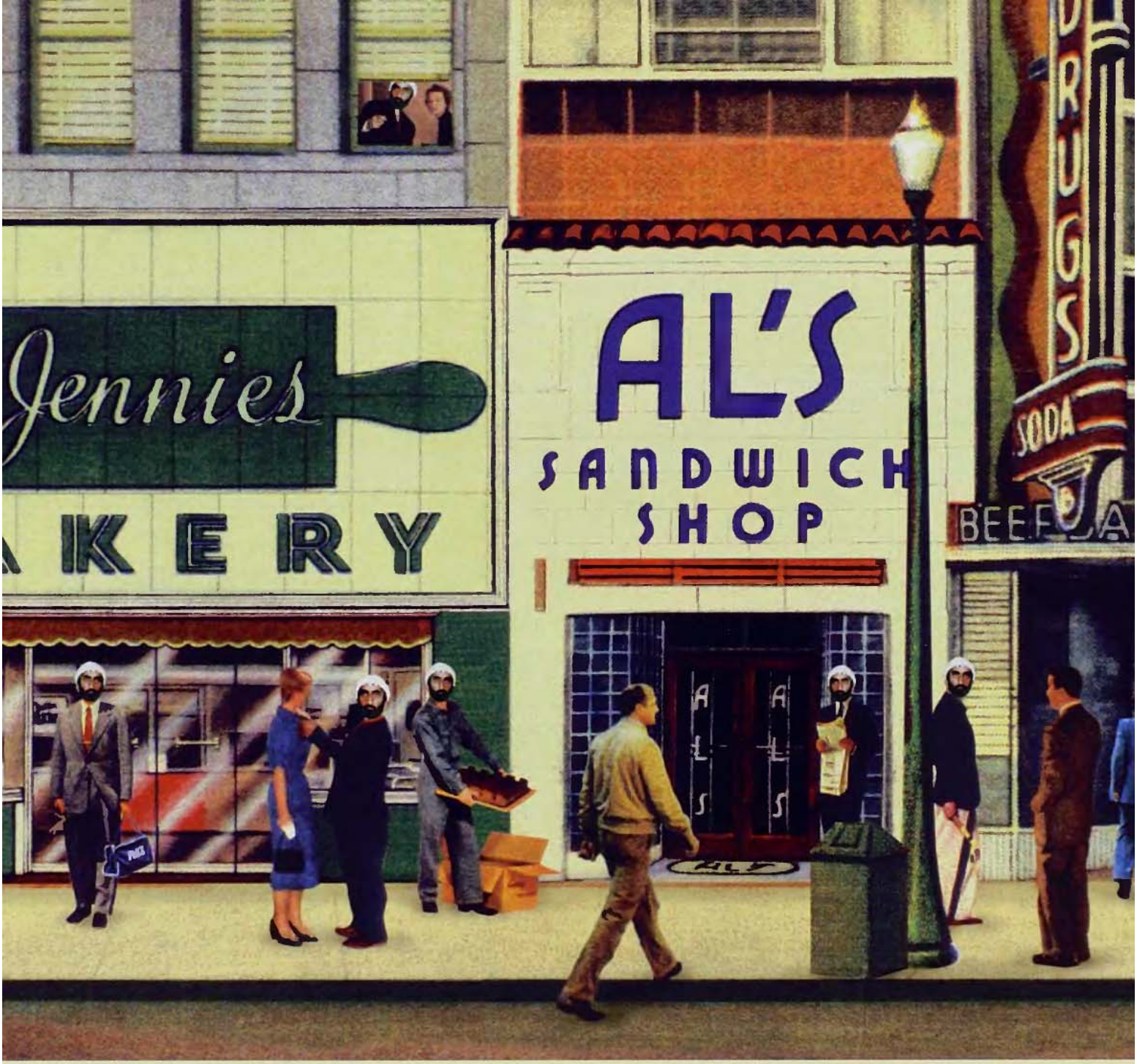
AL QAEDA At Home, Our Home

A Conversation with Rohan Gunaratna

just what you want to hear: terrorists are on the street where you live

ROHAN GUNARATNA'S interest in Al Qaeda began with a series of visits to Pakistan in 1993. Since then he's become the world's foremost expert on Islamist terrorism. The Sri Lankan native has interviewed more than 200 Al Qaeda members and has written six books on armed conflict. From 2000 to 2001 he served as principal investigator for the United Nations' Terrorism Prevention Branch. A consultant on terrorism to governments and corporations, Gunaratna travels extensively, this summer shuttling between the U.S., Singapore and Scotland, where he is a senior research fellow at the University of St. Andrews' Center for the Study of Terrorism and Political Violence. His extraordinary new book, *Inside Al Qaeda* (Columbia University), demonstrates his profound understanding of terrorist mechanics. A surprise best-seller, it's already regarded as the definitive work on Al Qaeda. Behind his gentle demeanor and even-handed scholarship, Gunaratna is unsparing in assessing the threat of Al Qaeda. This past summer he visited PLAYBOY's Chicago offices and painted a disturbing picture of our domestic security in a conversation with Leopold Froehlich.

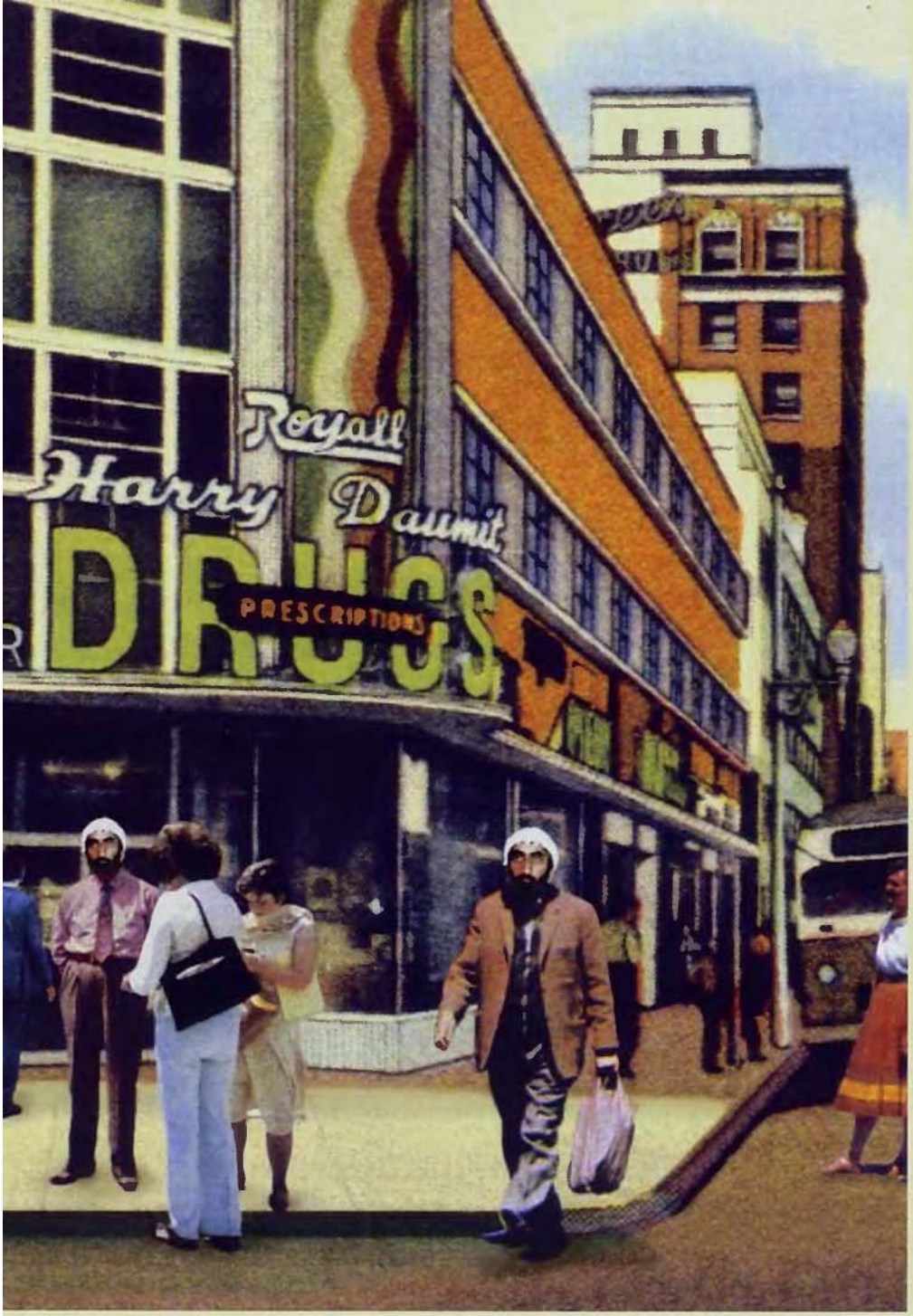
COLLAGE BY JOHN CRAIG



PLAYBOY: The September 11 hijackers lived undetected here for a year and a half. Are there more members in the U.S. now?
GUNARATNA: Yes, there is an Al Qaeda presence. Al Qaeda has two types of cells in America. Support cells disseminate propaganda, recruit, raise funds and procure technologies. They'll buy Osama bin Laden a satellite phone. They'll find safe houses, rent vehicles and mount initial reconnaissance on future targets. The operational cells are the Mohamed Atta type of cells. When a target has already been identified, they will come. They do final reconnaissance or surveillance and execute the operation—assassination, bombing, suicide attack, whatever. Both types of cells are active. But now that there's a state of alert in the U.S., most of the cells here are support cells. Operational cells are established before an attack, because operations are the most vulnerable to detection.
PLAYBOY: You've said you believe Bin Laden is alive in Pakistan. Do you expect him to go public again?
GUNARATNA: Yes. It was in his interest to maintain ambiguity immediately after U.S. troops arrived in Afghanistan. But now that he's stabilized himself he'll make it known that he's alive and Al Qaeda is active.
PLAYBOY: What are the next Al Qaeda hot spots targeted here?
GUNARATNA: Actually, the Midwest and New York–New Jersey are two active areas. But it's likely that because Al Qaeda knows these locales are being watched they'll establish a presence in other states also.

Americans work for Al Qaeda. They arouse less suspicion when they cross borders.

PLAYBOY: You say in your book that there's a degree of sympathy with Al Qaeda's objectives among American Muslims. How much sympathy, and with what specific pursuits?
GUNARATNA: American Muslims don't want to support terrorism, but there is a segment of the Muslim community that has been radicalized and politicized to a point that, although they live here, they would have no problem with witnessing another September 11. They're angry with the U.S. And



some of them are convinced the U.S. must be attacked. This fifth column of Al Qaeda in America is small, but they make it possible for Al Qaeda to operate here. The hijackers knew so much about how to behave in this country. How did they know that?

PLAYBOY: We're told that Atta was well assimilated into American culture. How well does Al Qaeda actually understand this culture?

GUNARATNA: They have a significant understanding of Western societies because they have penetrated them for at least 10 years. They have people in the West as their fifth column. Because of that, they know how to blend in.

PLAYBOY: Who is the typical Al Qaeda supporter in New Jersey, Michigan or Texas? Is he a doctor? A shopkeeper? Taxi driver?

GUNARATNA: We can't exactly say they are from a particular class. Al Qaeda is integrated vertically and horizontally in the Muslim communities. They have supporters, collaborators, sympathizers and members from all those levels. We know the core leadership usually comes from upper- and middle-class families. Bin Laden is from the richest nonroyal Saudi family. Ayman al-Zawahiri, a pediatrician, is from an educated Egyptian family. But most of the membership comes from the lower ranks. The middle Al Qaedas, who are the experts, come from middle-class families. They've attended universities.

PLAYBOY: What's the appeal of Americans to Al Qaeda?

GUNARATNA: U.S. passport holders arouse less suspicion when they cross borders. Retired and active military personnel work for or support Al Qaeda. For instance, Ali Mohamed trained Bin Laden's bodyguards. He was part of an Al Qaeda team that included other retired U.S. military personnel who went to Bosnia to train and arm Muslims.

PLAYBOY: How does Al Qaeda work in the States?

GUNARATNA: They rely on affiliates for support. Al Qaeda did not establish these organizations, many of which enjoy charitable status; they infiltrated them. Since September 11 the FBI has stepped up surveillance, freezing the funds of some U.S.-based Islamic organizations. The Benevolence International Foundation and the Global Relief Foundation, both based in Chicago, are currently being investigated by U.S. authorities for their alleged links with terrorists.

They rely on American affiliates for support. Al Qaeda did not establish these organizations—they infiltrated them.

PLAYBOY: How did the BIF set up shop here?

GUNARATNA: Adel Batterjee formed the Benevolence International Foundation in Florida in 1992. Shortly afterward he moved it to Chicago. Enaam Arnaout, a Syrian-born U.S. citizen, became the BIF's American head, a post he continues to hold. Arnaout traveled widely, visiting the Balkans, the Caucasus and Asia, channeling U.S.-generated humanitarian support. Until it was raided by the feds last December, BIF Chicago supported an office in Peshawar, Pakistan. BIF Peshawar funded an orphanage near Kabul in Afghanistan. The patron of the orphanage is a former employee of the Taliban Foreign Ministry, with whom Bin Laden and his family stayed six months after they returned to Afghanistan.

PLAYBOY: Do former BIF members still operate in Chicago?

GUNARATNA: When the FBI raided the BIF's Chicago office, the search warrant named a well-known employee of MAK, the Afghan Service Bureau. From 1995 to 1998, another BIF Chicago employee gave radical speeches throughout the U.S. in support of jihads in Afghanistan

(continued on page 147)

"What did I do this summer? What didn't I do!"

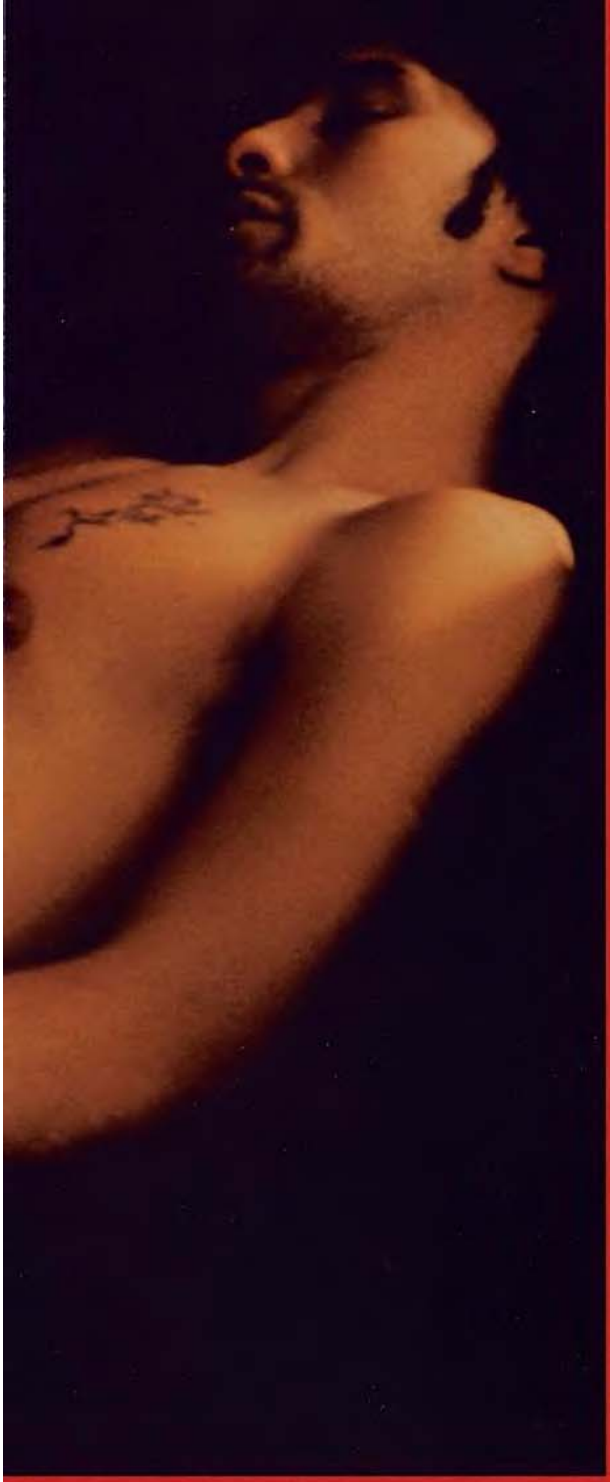
Sex in Cinema 2002

1

there was plenty of heavy breathing in the cineplexes this year—and a lot of it was on-screen

by **JAMIE MALANOWSKI** Let's start with the good news. The women this year had a blast, often with one another. In *Frida*, about the Mexican painter Frida Kahlo, Salma Hayek explored Ashley Judd's epidermal canvas. And in *Kissing Jessica Stein*, Jennifer Westfeldt played a comely Manhattan journalist who discovers, to her complete surprise, that her bad luck with men might be based on her attraction to women. Denise Richards and Aunjanue Ellis had the year's hottest, slyest, funniest girl-on-girl shower scene in *Undercover Brother*. And only producerly cowardice kept us from the spectacle of some of fiction's most iconic heroines in a Sapphic embrace. Reportedly the body-switching scene in *Scooby-Doo*, in which the identities of the Mystery Inc. investigators were zapped into one another's bodies, originally included a part in which Daphne was kissing Velma, which would have been hot! But the producers apparently didn't feel they could spend a week saying, "No! What? Who? What? No!" with sufficient conviction.

But this year in the movies, the bigger trend for women wasn't lesbianism but getting it on with younger men. In *Unfaithful*, the terrific Diane Lane had an affair with book dealer Olivier *(text continued on page 84)*



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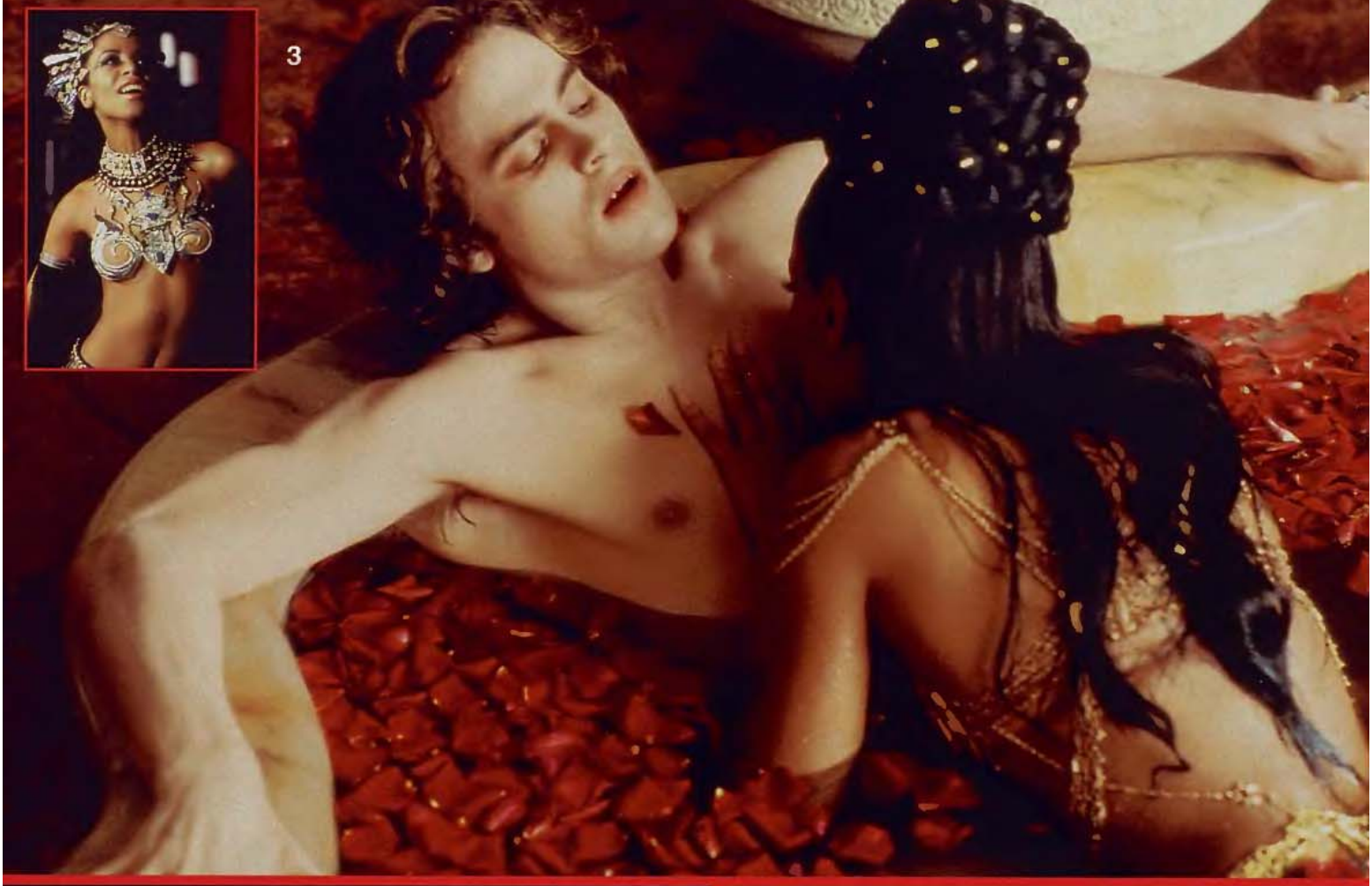
1. UNFAITHFUL finds Diane Lane in an otherwise happy marriage with Richard Gere until a chance encounter with Iothario Olivier Martinez (pictured) ignites an adulterous marathon, Adrian Lyne style. ***2. GANGS OF NEW YORK*** is Martin Scorsese's long-awaited epic about warring gangs in New York City in the 19th century. Leonardo DiCaprio, seeking revenge for the death of his father, can't resist gun-toting pickpocket Cameron Diaz. Still, he takes a break from the fighting Irish to visit a brothel (right).



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3. QUEEN OF THE DAMNED, based on Anne Rice's "Vampire Chronicles," features R&B singer Aaliyah as the undead monarch who tries to coerce the Vampire Lestat (Stuart Townsend) into sucking the world—and her—dry. ***4. SECRETARY*** finds Maggie Gyllenhaal getting spanked by lawyer James Spader for a typo-riddled letter, which jump-starts a twisted affair. ***5. THE MODEL SOLUTION*** for Playmate Katie Lohmann is to stay on top of the situation

with Dave Veleo at the mansion of a modeling agent who is struggling to maintain his own Hef-like lifestyle. ***6. SEX WITH STRANGERS,*** an intimate documentary about couples and their swinging lifestyle, was directed by the Gantz brothers, the guys behind HBO's "Taxicab Confessions." ***7. CQ*** features Angela Lindvall as the Barbarellaesque femme fatale on the set of a troubled science fiction film who distracts everyone in the movie, especially Billy Zane. ***8. SMOKERS ONLY,*** an Argentine film, has Cecilia Bengolea meeting male prostitute Leonardo Brezicki at an ATM station.

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9. FRIDA is based on Mexican artist Frida Kahlo, played by Salma Hayek, who shares a dance on-screen with Ashley Judd. ***10. SWORDFISH*** reportedly earned Oscar-winner Halle Berry an extra half million or so for going topless. ***11. AUTO FOCUS*** has Greg Kinnear (on drums) portraying murdered actor Bob Crane, star of the Sixties sitcom "Hogan's Heroes." ***12. CHICAGO: THE MUSICAL*** comes from the hit Broadway show and stars Catherine Zeta-Jones as murderess Velma Kelly. ***13. INTIMACY*** stars Kerry Fox and Mark Rylance as a couple who meet for rough, anonymous sex every Wednesday. ***14. TRAINING DAY*** garnered Denzel Washington a best actor Oscar for playing a rotten LAPD detective. ***15. VANILLA SKY*** got Tom Cruise and Penélope Cruz together on and off the screen in this Cameron Crowe–directed remake of "Open Your Eyes." ***16. THE TAILOR OF PANAMA*** features Pierce Brosnan as a less-refined British agent than his 007, though he's attractive to co-star Catherine McCormack. ***17. SHALLOW HAL,*** directed by the Farrelly brothers, goes for the funny bone as Jack Black falls in love with 300-pound Gwyneth Paltrow's inner beauty. ***18. THE RULES OF ATTRACTION*** throws together a slew of disconnected college students, from Bret Easton Ellis' unsettling novel. ***19. THE CLOSET,*** a comedy hit in France, features Daniel Auteuil as an employee who pretends to be gay to keep from being fired. ***20. MULHOLLAND DR.*** is David Lynch's surreal thriller featuring amnesiac Laura Harring getting intimate with naive Hollywood newcomer Naomi Watts. ***21. AMERICAN PIE 2*** ups the ante on embarrassing sexual high jinks as Eugene Levy walks in on son Jason Biggs in his dorm room.

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22. ORIGINAL SIN pairs two of Hollywood's most attractive actors in a deliciously trashy melodrama about a wealthy Cuban coffee planter (Antonio Banderas) who sends away for an American mail-order bride (Angelina Jolie). When they meet, Jolie confesses that she sent a photo of a plainer woman because she did not want a man who desired only her beauty. Banderas confesses that he lied, too—he actually owns his plantation but didn't want to attract a gold digger. ***23. TALK TO HER*** finds director Pedro Almodóvar exploring what separates men and women and what it takes to communicate. The film contains heady fantasy sequences, including one with Fele Martínez traversing the inner thigh of a supersize woman. ***24. ROCK STAR*** follows Mark Wahlberg as he transforms himself from obsessed wannabe member of Eighties metal band Steel Dragon into its lead singer. After his debut performance and a night of debauchery with the band, Wahlberg wakes up dazed and confused in a roomful of naked groupies with girlfriend Jennifer Aniston nowhere in sight. ***25. STAYING ON TOP*** is a Playboy film with Kieth Wellington doing his best to live up to the movie's moniker while riding Sasha Peralto. ***26. Y TU MAMÁ TAMBIÉN*** is the critically acclaimed international hit that follows two Mexican teenage boys on their summer road trip of sexual discovery with an older woman after their girlfriends abandon them for the summer. Diego Luna and Ana López Mercado (opposite page, top left and middle) as well as Gael Garcia Bernal and Marta Aura (top right) have goodbye sex before the girls leave for a European vacation. The boys meet Maribel Verdú—who is 10 years their senior—at a wedding, and she unexpectedly agrees to travel with them to a fantasy beach after her husband cheats on her. It isn't long before Verdú is showing both Luna (bottom left) and Luna and Bernal together (bottom right) that intimacy is something to be savored.

Martinez. In *Y Tu Mamá También*, the beautiful, sad (and, as we are to discover, doomed) Maribel Verdú took up with two bright, confused, not yet formed young men on a road trip in Mexico. In *Crush*, Andie MacDowell, the buttoned-up headmistress of a British boarding school, became completely unbuttoned in the hands of a church organist she met at a funeral. In *Lovely and Amazing*, the unhappy Catherine Keener slept with the manager of the one-hour photo place where she works, mostly because he says she's really cute. (He was right.) He's played by Jake Gyllenhaal, who also plays the younger man who has an affair with Jennifer Aniston in *The Good Girl*. Apparently he's the Older Woman's Younger Man of the Year. In *Harvard Man*, undergraduate Adrian Grenier slept with his philosophy professor Joey Lauren Adams. In *Tadpole*, teenager Aaron Stanford develops a crush on his stepmother, played by Sigourney Weaver, but ends up toddling into bed with her rambunctious best friend, Bebe Neuwirth. One of the problems facing the couple in the Israeli film *Late Marriage* is that his family disapproved of her for a host of reasons, her age being among them. In *Van Wilder*, a disgustingly decrepit old lady dean extorted some action out of the campus king, and even in *Minority Report*, Lois Smith, playing the scientist who invented precrime, enlivened an actionless scene full of expository dialogue by planting a big, hardly maternal wet one on Tom Cruise's lips.

The single most erotic moment of the year came in *Roger Dodger*, when the gorgeous, 30-something Jennifer Beals passionately kisses the 16-year-old Jesse Eisenberg. The kiss is the culmination of a long, sexually charged sequence in which the young man and his uncle, Roger, have been trying to pick up two women in a bar in hopes of bringing on the young man's sexual initiation. The sexual tension is palpable and, unlike so many movies, the audience has absolutely no idea whether or how the men will succeed. The kiss is a sublime moment in a pretty terrific film—arresting, provocative, memorable. (In fairness, the kiss in *Spider-Man* between the upside-down Tobey Maguire and Kirsten Dunst in her rain-soaked blouse had a lot going for it, too.)

For some reason, the sexuality of older women is a subject that's in the air. This is also the year, you'll recall, when *The Sexual Life of Catherine M.*, Catherine Millet's graphic memoir of 30 years of sexual adventure, enjoyed considerable attention. But there were examinations of female sexuality that didn't include older women. *Me Without You* is the story of the 25-year friendship of two girls, Marina and Holly, wonderfully played by Anna Friel and Michelle Williams. Marina is the sexy, adventurous one, while Holly is deeper and seemingly less attractive (not so, really). Interestingly, unlike so many chick flicks, the jealousy and competition that is a subtle, almost unspoken part of any friendship is this film's dramatic heart. In *The Sweetest Thing*, perhaps the most hideous movie of the year, Cameron Diaz is a player in San Francisco who comes face-to-face with the possibility that she has found her one true love. Diaz, who endeared herself to audiences for the sweet aplomb with which she pulled off the hair-gel scene in *There's Something About Mary* a few seasons back, must have thought she could pull off Farrelly brothers without the Farrellys. But as they themselves have so often shown, it's not easy to make this kind of movie. Among the plot digressions is a prolonged blow job joke that alone would warrant changing the movie's title to *The Most Excruciating Thing*.

Previously in the movies, expressions of female sexuality outside of marriage or relationships usually end up being punished. That's only sometimes the case this year. Certainly Diane Lane's affair destroyed her lover, her marriage and the entire architecture of her life. (It's interesting that in *Fatal Attraction*, the last time director Adrian Lyne examined this subject, the victimized spouse, played by Anne Archer, killed the temptress and saved her family; this time, the victimized spouse, played by Richard Gere, killed the man who cuckolded him, and ruined everything for everybody. So let's not hear any more about guys who get to defend their honor.) Similarly, in *Vanilla Sky*, Tom Cruise's life and career were destroyed by his sexual involvement with the crazed Cameron Diaz. And yes, Shannyn Sossamon, determined to lose her virginity in *The Rules of Attraction*, was simultaneously raped, vomited on and videotaped, although in the stylized, cynical world of Bret Easton Ellis (from whose novel the film was adapted), such moments are not crises but typical of the collateral damage the culture wreaks on its young. (*The Rules of Attraction* is additionally smart, funny, brilliantly directed, sordid, scary and deliberately provocative.) But Andie MacDowell's affair was a surprising gift in what had become her predictable middle age (although her lover gets killed), Maribel Verdú's experience was a cry of self-affirmation (although she dies) and Catherine Keener's affair in *Lovely and Amazing* was a small, pleasant indulgence for a woman who hadn't been able to fulfill her early promise (although she gets arrested for statutory rape.) All right, how about this: In *Secretary*, Maggie Gyllenhaal (yes, sister of the aforementioned Jake) ends up in a comedic S&M relationship with James Spader that eventually blossoms into love. OK?

Of course, the movies wouldn't be the movies if sex and sexiness weren't somehow put on good display. Eliza Dushku and Zooey Deschanel in *The New Guy* looked wonderful and were so much better than their material; good things should happen to them. Kate Bosworth and Michelle Rodriguez both looked hot in *Blue Crush*, as did Beyoncé Knowles in *Austin Powers in Goldmember*. *Birthday Girl* was hardly the breathtaking creative adventure that last year's *Moulin Rouge* was, but Nicole Kidman was even sexier and more provocative; her fellow Australian Naomi Watts did a brilliant turn in *Mulholland Dr.* Rachel Weisz seemed to be the embodiment of womanly sophistication in *About a Boy*, Charlotte Gainsbourg was elegant and chic in *My Wife Is an Actress*, Nia Vardalos was beautiful in *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*, Brittany Murphy was winsome in *8 Mile* and Jennifer Esposito did a perfect job adorning *The Master of Disguise*. Elizabeth Berkley, shot for *Roger Dodger* almost entirely in glittery, liquid close-ups, has never been sexier. I don't know who slipped what into Maura Tierney's granola, but the wholesome good-girl nurse on *ER* was a tiger in *Scotland, PA*.

The discovery of the year is in the film *CQ*, in which Angela Lindvall, playing an actress in a Barbarella-like movie called *Dragonfly*, combined Sharon Tate's beauty with Gwyneth Paltrow's inviting screen presence. Perhaps I'm a sucker for honey blondes with caterpillar eyelashes who writhe nearly naked on white shag carpeting. (The male discovery was the droll, funny Steve Coogan in *24 Hour Party People*, a terrific movie that's more passionate about music than sex.) The bravest performance of the year belonged to the pretty Emily Mortimer in *Lovely and Amazing*. She portrayed a talented young actress who is obsessed with her looks and what she perceives as their shortcomings. In one scene, she asks the man she's just had sex with to evaluate her body. And, surprisingly, he does. She gets out of bed and stands before him—and us—completely naked as he appraises her with clinical detachment. "Nice smile, but teeth too yellow. Nice boobs from the front, one is bigger than the other, a bit droopy from the side. In a perfect world your ass would

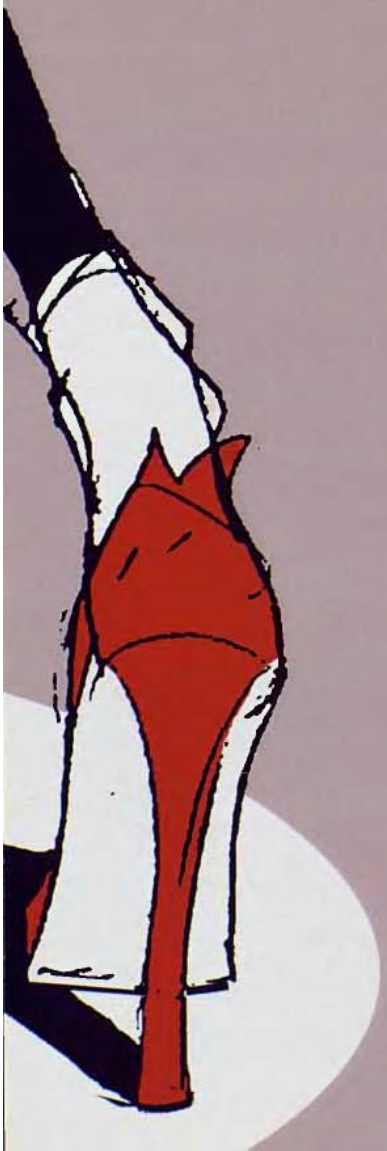
(concluded on page 158)

"I think we really got hurt by the jury selection!"

FOREPLAY DIDN'T USUALLY REQUIRE HOSPITALIZATION. THEN HE MET TIFF

SWALLOWING

FICTION BY
STEVE AMICK



Tiff was into hardware. That fact became clear the moment I saw her bedroom. There was what appeared to be the chopper handlebars from a girl's Schwinn, from the mid-Seventies, complete with bubblegum-pink handgrips and plastic streamers, mounted with industrial lag bolts to the wall, just above the headboard. Maybe that should have tipped me off. But the barbell through the clit, making its appearance about an hour after the handlebars, was a little more than I'd bargained for.

Then again, Tiff was a little more than I'd bargained for. She was tough and wild and perhaps crazier than anyone I'd had before—but fun and up for anything. Certainly more fun than Neva, the obsessive-compulsive 34-year-old I'd been floundering with the past three years. Stacked up against, for example, one of Josef Mengele's Nazi nurses, Neva would still tip out on the less-fun side. But perhaps that's not fair. Neva had her good points, though self-inflicted pain wasn't one of them. This was a woman who often took a Tylenol before

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

brushing her hair. The idea of jamming a metal bar through her clitoris would have seemed, to Neva, like science fiction.

But this new girl, Tiff—she was different. That fact was written all over her. I wasn't exactly used to self-perforation, and it was a little disarming. The tattoos, I was prepared for—a chain of daisies ringing her pullet-like biceps; a kissing cousin to Bettie Page, winking coyly, probably cribbed from the Altoids ad; and gothic calligraphy, small of her back, that said KYLE (and, I suspected, I WATCH TOO MUCH SIX FEET UNDER). I saw them when I asked her out, along with the initial piercings—the tongue was obvious in conversation and the belly button dangle, a pendulous gold A-bomb, finned, tumescent with payload, even through the scrim of her blouse.

The last piercing, though, was not as publicly advertised. Word first reached me only as I was nuzzling the peach-fuzz glory trail just below the belly button, gnawing at her hipbones and tugging at the Tootsie Pop–print panties and inhaling the mix of cotton and musk.

"I've got something on my clit," she announced suddenly, and though her tone was more statement than warning or apology—a mere point of trivia rather than alarm—I took her to mean she had some sort of STD. And I thought, perhaps a little crushed, *Of course she does. How stupid would I be to expect otherwise? This is a person who walks up to strangers at work and bandies about the word pussy. And those Schwinn handlebars aren't mounted there just because she thought it would dress up the room.*

Eventually, I understood she meant something other than a sore or lesion when she hooked her thumbs on either side of her panties and yanked them down, free and clear. She was shaved clean—I thought of spring roasters and Cornish game hens. Her fingers pushed ahead of me, spreading the hood to show me. It was a tiny silver barbell, straight through her clitoris, with two round ends no bigger than those little metallic cupcake decorations I loved as a kid though never understood why they were edible.

But *cupcake* wasn't my initial thought. I swear to God, the first thing that came to mind was an image—from TV medical shows, I guess—of foreign objects found inside the human body—pens and bobby pins, coins, condoms of muled cocaine and, of course, bullets—and that moment when the frowning ER doctor throws the X ray up on the screen and there it is. It must have shown on my face, or in my stunned reaction, my sluggishness in leaping to interact with this souped-up hot rod of a vagina. I must have backed away, bit my lip, registered the horror of a bug-eyed extra in an old haunted-house movie. Because she made a comment: "OK, then! Not something you're used to, I take it," and started to squirm back into her panties like she was closing up shop. "Maybe we should just—maybe it's too much for you," she said. Like I'm some Shriner, in danger of having my ticker poop out.

"No," I said, though of course it was absolutely too much for me. The shaving and tattoos and the other piercings would have been enough to throw me, but I wasn't going to say, *No, you're too much for me; no, you're too wild*. I wasn't about to say no.

"No," I said. "Really, Tiff. I *want* to go down on you—obviously—but——" The truth was, the thing gave me the heebie-jeebies. I admit it. Not really my thing. But let's say I could pull myself together enough to do my part—wouldn't it hurt her, having me flick away at it? Weren't there special instructions for handling? "I'm just wondering if there's any special way I need to——" But I didn't wait for directions. I made a tentative lunge, like some slob in a Halloween costume bobbing for apples. Any suavity in getting my head down there was now out the window. This was not going to be an elegant, circuitous arrival, a rolling-in-the-surf or candle wax–dripping Barry White moment, a ballet of serpentine nuzzling. This now fell into the category of scientific experimentation: I moved in with the awkward caution of a wary lab technician, gave it an exploratory flick of the tongue.

The taste of cold metal reminded me of the time I made a move to nibble Neva's earlobe, only she was wearing her grandmother's pearl earrings with very long posts and I guess one of them jabbed into her neck or something because she elbowed me hard and shoved me off her and I ended up using an old copy of *Mirabella* to quietly squeeze one off in the bathroom.

I'm normally pretty good at it, I think. But my tentativeness must have been showing. "It takes some getting used to," Tiff said before squirming out from under me and rolling me over on my back. She went straight for the nipples then continued on. Having no hardware obstructions myself, she inhaled me straightaway. She was good. It was no real surprise, I guess, but she was good to the degree of showing off, making a point, dusting off her résumé, and I knew that Kyle, whoever he was, had never once gotten squeamish.

"My turn," I said, cutting her off, pulling her away from my joint. "Let me try again——" She was a tiny thing and I wanted to show her I could be bold; I could be manly and in charge. I gripped her around that scrawny waist and pulled her on top of me, so she was straddling me. I scooted down flat, cupping her ass and drawing her closer, bringing that scary little pussy right up to my mouth. She let out a squeal that turned into a sigh as she began to ride my face. This time there was no escape from the weird taste of metal, but I was set on proving I was just as wild.

I opened my eyes, looking straight up. Since she was shaved, there was a clear line of sight: the underside of alert tits, her clenched jaw, pinched lids, half-slung mouth, the cockeyed wig and her hands as she pressed the wall, sliding upward with a shivery suspiration, her fingers wrapped around the grips of the handlebars.

Now she began to really grind. It was almost hurting my jaw, the torque she exerted. In an attempt to get more oxygen to my nose and to straighten my neck, crimped against the pillow, I began to thrash a little, finally managing to push the pillow aside and stretch my neck, get my head flat on the mattress. But thrashing only egged her on and she shifted into a full-tilt buckaroo cowgirl routine. And then I choked.

It wasn't a hair, it wasn't a bad swallow, a weird spasm. I couldn't breathe.

I thrashed more and so did she. I tried to scream, but it came out as an encouraging moan, a deep vibration, and her thighs clenched, trapping me. So I shoved. Hard. It must have been right at a moment that she no longer had a good grip on the handlebars. Or maybe in my panic I'd mustered superhuman strength. She seemed to take flight, losing her balance and tumbling off the bed, one foot hitting the floor with a hard *clump*.

I lurched upright, wheezing, slapping at my chest. There was a sharp pain there that I couldn't account for, though I suppose it could have been because I was pounding on it. I was vaguely aware of what was going on in that moment—including the foggy impression that Tiff was pissed off, cursing me and punching me in the leg.

I made what I felt at the time was the international sign for *I think I swallowed your clit jewelry*. It might have been more hand waggling and pointing at her general midsection, but I was getting through to her because the first nonviolent thing she said was, "You swallowed it? You're fucking kidding!"

She was standing up now and she checked herself, swinging around the pink fake-fur gooseneck lamp on her bedside table, bending it to her crotch. Hunching forward, with bowed legs, she spread her hood again, toward the light. I looked, too. I had the better view.

(continued on page 138)

PLAYBOY'S TOP 25 PARTY SCHOOLS

2002 2002

YOU CAN ALWAYS RETAKE A TEST, BUT YOU CAN'T RELIVE A PARTY

1. ARIZONA STATE

2. CALIFORNIA STATE – CHICO
3. ROLLINS
4. LOUISIANA STATE
5. WEST VIRGINIA
6. COLORADO
7. WISCONSIN
8. CONNECTICUT
9. KANSAS
10. SAN DIEGO STATE
11. GEORGIA
12. OHIO STATE
13. IOWA STATE
14. FLORIDA STATE
15. COLORADO STATE
16. FLORIDA
17. TULANE
18. WASHINGTON STATE
19. EAST CAROLINA
20. MICHIGAN STATE
21. MISSISSIPPI
22. CALIFORNIA – SANTA BARBARA
23. LEHIGH
24. VANDERBILT
25. JAMES MADISON

HONORABLE MENTION

MIAMI OF OHIO, OHIO UNIVERSITY, COLGATE, PENN STATE, PITT, SOUTHERN ILLINOIS, SLIPPERY ROCK, TENNESSEE, TEXAS, DAYTON

CAMPUS LEGEND HAS IT THAT PLAYBOY DOES A YEARLY RANKING OF AMERICA'S TOP PARTY SCHOOLS. TRUTH IS, WE HAVEN'T DONE A ROUNDUP SINCE 1987, WHEN WE TAGGED CAL STATE–CHICO THE CRAZIEST CAMPUS IN THE NATION. CHICO HAS HAD BRAGGING RIGHTS FOR 15 YEARS, CAUSING STUDENTS TO BINGE WITH PRIDE WHILE PARENTS AND ADMINISTRATORS HAVE DRIED OUT FRATERNITIES AND SORORITIES AND CANCELED HALLOWEEN. SOME STUDENTS HAVE SENT US E-MAILS THAT SAY 'DON'T YOU DARE SAY CHICO STATE. I'M SICK OF HAVING TO DEFEND IT. IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF YOUR ARTICLE 15 YEARS AGO!' WHY DO ANOTHER RANKING NOW? THE KIDS DEMANDED IT. OUR PUBLIC RELATIONS DEPARTMENT IS BOMBARDED WITH CALLS FROM STUDENTS WHO WONDER WHERE THEIR SCHOOLS RANK. WE WANTED TO HEAR WHAT GOES DOWN ON CAMPUS—THE GOOD, BAD AND BLURRY—IN YOUR OWN WORDS. MORE THAN 1500 OF YOU WROTE. THESE ARE YOUR STORIES. —ALISON PRATO

1 ARIZONA STATE

"TEMPE HAS DOZENS OF BARS WITHIN FIVE MILES. WE PARTY WITH SUPERSTARS LIKE DEREK JETER AND JENNA JAMESON. WE'RE FOUR HOURS FROM MEXICO, FIVE HOURS FROM VEGAS, THREE HOURS FROM LAKE HAVASU AND SIX HOURS FROM LA."—SCOTT "An Arizona State graduate who says he has never taken a test hungover is a liar."—Steven ➡ ***WHERE THE GIRLS ARE:*** Bar at Dos Gringos Trailor Park restaurant. ***WHERE TO MAKE AN ASS OF YOURSELF:*** Vine Tavern and Eatery. ***BEST CHEAP BOOZE:*** Owl's Nest. ***WHAT TO DRINK:*** Jose Cuervo tequila. ***SCENE THAT RIVALS SPRING BREAK:*** The pool at the Marbaya apartment complex on Fridays.

2 CALIFORNIA STATE–CHICO

"THE DAY I MOVED INTO THE DORMS, 22 FLIERS WERE SLIPPED UNDER MY DOOR TELLING ME WHERE TO FIND THE HOTTEST COEDS LOOKING TO TAKE ME HOME. THAT NIGHT, I DIDN'T SLEEP BECAUSE MY ARM WAS STUCK UNDERNEATH THE GIRL I LOST MY VIRGINITY TO."—BRANDON

"Partying is an everyday thing. Granted, you might have to take a night off here and there for a midterm, but nobody parties harder. It really goes off on Labor Day, Halloween and St. Paddy's, when thousands of people come to this little town in the middle of bum-fucking nowhere to party."—Wes

"I WOULD NEVER SEND MY CHILDREN HERE, BECAUSE I DON'T BELIEVE ALCOHOL CONSUMPTION IS A COURSE OF STUDY. I STARTED TO WORRY WHEN YOU COULD SMELL ALCOHOL PERMEATING FROM MY PORES. I'M ACTUALLY TRANSFERRING SO I CAN FOCUS MORE ON MY EDUCATION. I'M GETTING OUT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, BUT THAT LEAVES 15,000 STUDENTS TO KEEP THE PARTY GOING."—CAREN ➡ ***WHERE TO GET YOUR DRINK ON:*** Riley's, Madison Beer Garden, the Bear, Joe's, La Salle's, the Grad. ***WHEN KEGGERS START AT SIX A.M. AND GIRLS WEAR NOTHING BUT HEINEKEN BOXES:*** St. Paddy's Day. ***NUMBER OF ARRESTS ON ST. PADDY'S DAY 2002:*** 107. ***LOST WEEKEND:*** Labor Day, when 20,000 people float down the Sacramento River to Beer Can Beach on inner tubes.

3 ROLLINS

"Rollins is heavily female. The girls are the hottest and wildest I've come across. Every night is a big party."—Will ***"Winter Park is an affluent suburb of Orlando. Some call it the Beverly Hills of the South. We party seven days a week."—Sam*** "WARM CLIMATE, GREAT ACADEMICS, KICK-ASS PARTIES AND 65 PERCENT TITS AND ASS WALKING AROUND IN BATHING SUITS. WE DON'T FUCK AROUND WHEN IT COMES TO DRINKING THE SAUCE AND GETTING LAID."—MICHAEL ➡ ***NICKNAME:*** Country Club. ***WHERE TO GET LAID:*** Cocoa Beach. ***ROLLING PARTY:*** On a booze cruise on one of the lakes near campus. ***BEST BASH:*** Fox Day.

4 LOUISIANA STATE

"LSU HAS BEEN RANKED THE NUMBER ONE PARTY SCHOOL TONS OF TIMES. COME CHECK US OUT. THERE ARE PLENTY OF GUYS AND HOT CHICKS WHO WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO HAVE A GOOD TIME IN BATON ROUGE."—BRIAN "If you really want a taste of LSU, come for a home football game."—Frank ➡ MOTTO: "Win or lose, we booze."

5 WEST VIRGINIA

"When it comes to drinking, we're professionals. When friends and relatives come from other schools, they complain about how late we run and how much we drink."—Ryen

"YOU CAN GO OUT ANY NIGHT AND HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE. I WENT TO SOME LOCAL CLUBS LAST NIGHT AND HOOKED UP WITH THREE GIRLS."—ZANE "WHEN THE WOMEN GET DRUNK, THEIR SHIRTS GO FLYING."—BRIAN ➡ ***WHERE TO TAILGATE:*** The pit, which is stocked with keg-filled pickup trucks. ***WHERE TO PICK UP CHICKS:*** Lair Plaza. ***COOLEST RIDE:*** The drunk bus. ***WHERE TO DRAIN YOUR BANK:*** Penny pitcher night at Speedy's.

COLORADO 6

"BOULDER CONSISTS OF RICH WHITE KIDS FROM THE EAST COAST AND THE SOUTH, PLUS IN-STATE HILLBILLIES. THE WOMEN ARE BEAUTIFUL. WE'RE TALKING ABOUT NATURAL BEAUTY, NO NEED FOR MAKEUP. SNOWBOARDER CHICKS AND SOUTHERN BELLES ARE THE CREAM OF THE CROP."–CHAD ➥ ***BIGGEST FRAT PARTY:*** Lobster and Löwenbräu at Pi Kappa Alpha, which begins at 11 A.M. with 40 kegs and 300 pounds of Maine lobster. ***IF YOU'RE NOT INVITED:*** Check out Foster's and Fish Sticks, thrown the same weekend by Chi Psi and Alpha Tau Omega. ***BEST LATE-NIGHT CHOW:*** The Smelly Deli on the hill. ***BOOZE IT AL FRESCO:*** The deck at La Iguana. ***DRINKING GAME OF CHOICE:*** Beer darts.

WISCONSIN 7

"THERE'S A BAR IN THIS TOWN TO SUIT EVERY TASTE. THERE ARE BUILDING PARTIES EVERY WEEKEND. WANDER AROUND UNTIL YOU FIND SOMETHING, THEN WALK IN AND GRAB A CUP. EVERYONE IS OPEN, FRIENDLY AND DRUNK. IT'S NOT A SMALL GROUP THAT PARTIES A LOT. IT'S AN ENTIRE TOWN THAT PARTIES ALL THE TIME."–JONAH ***"In Cancún, the Badgers have been banned from participating in beer-drinking contests. Why? We always win. The women drink most guys from other schools under the table. When they throw a couple back, let the craziness begin. When you have the Milwaukee Brewers in your state, you have te live up te the name."—Brian*** "I'm from Los Angeles. Coming to the Midwest to experience something different turned into a drunken blur. To keep warm here, you just have to drink."—Adam ➥ ***NICKNAME:*** Mad Town. ***WHERE TO GET BUSY:*** By the Abraham Lincoln statue in front of Bascom Hall. ***WHERE TO GET YOUR DRINK ON:*** Kollege Klub, Bullfeathers, State Street Brats. ***WILDEST HOLIDAY:*** Halloween. ***REPORTED NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO FLOCKED TO STATE STREET LAST HALLOWEEN:*** 70,000. ***WHERE TO GET FREE BEER ON YOUR BIRTHDAY:*** Marsh Shapiro's Nitty Gritty.

CONNECTICUT 8

"ALCOHOL ON THIS CAMPUS FLOWS LIKE WATER. AND THE GIRLS? GODDAMN. IT'S LIKE A PUSSY PARADE."–MERV **"WE HAVE EVERYTHING YOU COULD WANT IN A PARTY SCHOOL. BARS, FRATS, MIDGET DANCERS. THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT."—AMANDA** "WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF CONNECTICUT FARMLAND WITH NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN GET DRUNK AND GET LAID."–ADAM ➥ ***DRUNKFEST:*** Spring weekend, which attracts thousands and begins with a kill-a-keg party. ***WHERE TO PARTY HOP:*** Carriage House Road. ***BEST PARKING LOT BASH:*** X-Lot.

KANSAS 9

"ANY NIGHT OF THE WEEK, THE BARS ARE PACKED. WE HAVE THE BEST BASKETBALL TEAM IN THE NATION, SO THE PEOPLE HERE ARE ALWAYS PARTYING THEIR ASSES OFF."—KEVIN "One government representative suggested students should not be allowed to live within city limits because we disturb the peace. Isn't that great?"—Jason ➥ ***WHERE TO SCOPE OUT FRESHMAN GIRLS:*** The Hawk. ***HANGOUTS:*** Abe and Jake's Landing. ***STRIP TO CRUISE FOR CHICKS:*** Massachusetts Street. ***BEST PEOPLE-WATCHING:*** The Crossing.

SAN DIEGO STATE 10

"The chicks here are se hot. Some of the frat parties have up to 1000 people. In one week my house went through 45 kegs. We are only 20 minutes from Tijuana, with buses going from campus to Mexico a few times a week."—Sean *"HOT CHICKS, NO HOMEWORK. TIJUANA. SHIT. I'M 29 AND CAN'T LEAVE."–RYAN* ***"We're 10 minutes from the beach. Our women are typical southern California blonde bombshells. Women are known to throw off their bikinis, streak and indulge in group lovemaking."—Mark*** ➥ ***WILDEST FRAT PARTY:*** Sigma Chi's Reggae Sunsplash, an all-day live-music and drinking fest. "We start in the morning and don't stop until all the brothers have gotten laid."—Matt ***WHERE TO PICK UP CHICKS:*** Greek Circle. ***WHERE TO DO SAKE BOMBERS:*** Route.

(continued on page 156)

TRUE TALES OF *debauchery*

"I'VE LIVED HERE THREE YEARS AND HAVE NEVER PAID FOR A BEER. IT'S A GREAT SCHOOL AND I LEARN A LOT, BUT ALL I CAN THINK OF ALL WEEK IS THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHTS WHEN I WEAR AS CLOSE TO NOTHING AS POSSIBLE, GET AS DRUNK AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT PASSING OUT AND GO HOME WITH THE HOTTEST GUY I CAN FIND."—Female student at Chico State

"Wednesday night at Cumpie's bar. I have an eight A.M. lab the next day. Of course I thought I wouldn't get that drunk. Yeah, right. I don't even remember walking home. I passed out on my roommate's bed at 2:30. The only article I managed to take off was my coat. I slept in my fuck-me boots, jeans and sweater, but I still got up to go to class. I almost hurled all over the lab bench, but I got a 10 out of 10 on my quiz. Hell, yeah!"—Casey, Pitt

"ONE NIGHT I GOT TRASHED OFF TEQUILA SHOTS AND WENT DOWN TO ONE OF OUR LOCAL BARS. I RAN INTO A SENIOR FRAT GUY AND ENDED UP GETTING A PERSONAL TOUR OF HIS ROOM. DETAILS ARE FUZZY AFTER THAT, BUT THE NEXT MORNING MY JAW HURT LIKE HELL AND HE WAS SEEN LIMPING."—ALEX, COLGATE

"the parties start at two a.m. saturday and by the time you leave you can stumble into eight a.m. mass."—matt, pitt

"WE BANG CHICKS AND BOOZE ALL NIGHT."
—JOHN, ROLLINS

"AT ONE PARTY, ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE. I DID TWO KEG STANDS AND ON THE SECOND ONE, I THREW UP ON THE KEG AS I WAS BEING LOWERED. GROSS, I KNOW!"—CHRISTINA, NOTRE DAME

"A friend was making out with a girl and went to the bathroom. When he came back he resumed making out with her, but he tasted something weird in her mouth. He later found out she had given another guy a blow job while he was in the bathroom and he was tasting that other guy."—**Nate, Vanderbilt**

"YOUR AVERAGE LOYOLA GIRL COMES FROM A CATHOLIC ALL-GIRLS SCHOOL. WHEN THEY GET AWAY FROM HOME, THEY GO CRAZY. I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY BLONDES IN MY LIFE."—CHRISTOPHER, LOYOLA COLLEGE, MARYLAND

BEST THEME PARTIES

MAFIA WEDDING ♣ **DRESS FOR LESS** *(THE LESS YOU WEAR, THE LESS YOU PAY)* ♦ **DIRTY DOCTORS AND NASTY NURSES** ♥ **CASE RACE** ♦ **PUKEFEST AT TEXAS:** "THE GOAL IS TO SPELL OUT TEXAS LONGHORNS IN SHOTS AND DO THEM ALL."—JONATHAN ♠ **ZBTAHITI AT VANDERBILT:** "WE FILL THE ENTIRE FRAT HOUSE WITH SAND, SET UP TIKI TORCHES, CREATE A WATERFALL WITH MIST ROOMS AND SERVE SANGRIA. LAST YEAR I SAW THE GREATEST SEMINUDE WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN TWO GIRLS IN THE BACKYARD."—MATT ♣ **FOAM PARTY AT WASHINGTON:** "WE FILL A BASKETBALL COURT WITH FOAM, GET A LOCAL RADIO STATION TO DJ AND HAVE 1500 PEOPLE LIVING IT UP."—NIC ♥ **SNOW BOWL AT ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY:** "EVERYONE GOES TO A SLOPE OWNED BY THE SCHOOL. THERE ARE KEGS, A CHILI COOK-OFF, A BIG AIR CONTEST. SLOGAN: JUST BECAUSE IT'S COLD DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE FRIGID."—ANITA ♣ **THE SEMIANNUAL CRAPOUT AT UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS:** "AFTERNOON DRINKING, MAKESHIFT MEALS, MIDNIGHT DRINKING AND TALES AROUND THE FIRE. SLOGAN: SLEEP WHERE YOU FALL, JUST DON'T FALL OFF THE CLIFF."—JONATHAN

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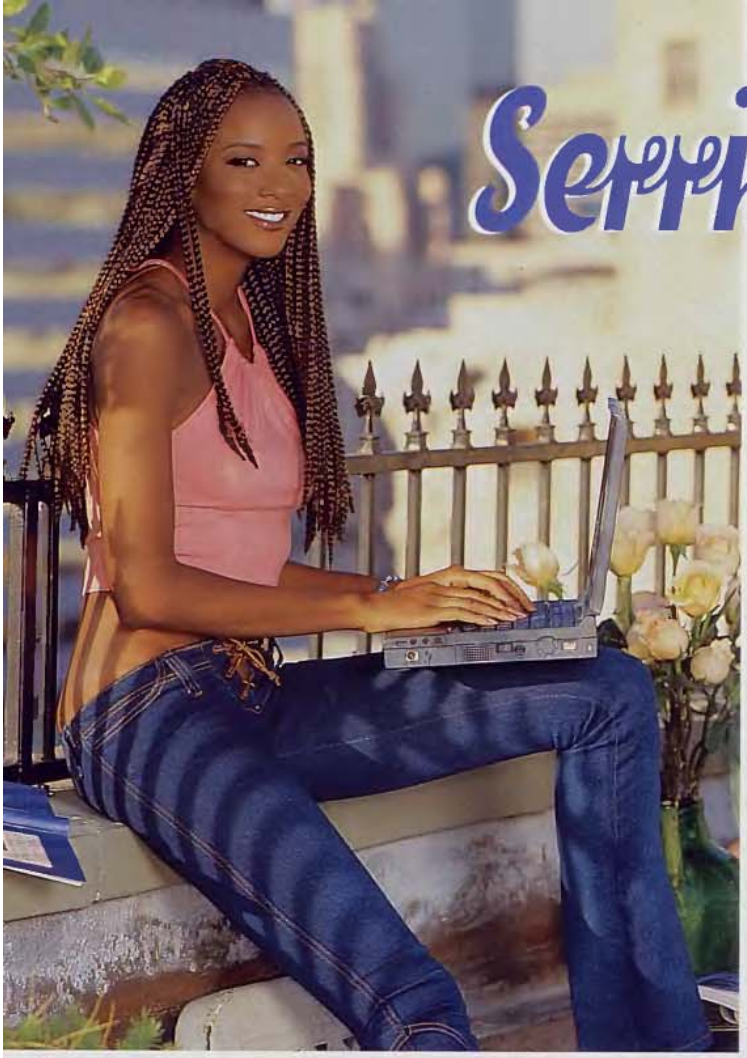
PARTYSCHOOL.COM ➡ ABCMADISON.COM ➡ HAWKZONE.COM/CALENDAR ➡ DRUNKINSD.COM

"Well, that took the frost off the pumpkin. Want to plant a few seeds for next year?"



Serria's on a Roll

miss november makes no small plans

WHEN WE ASK Serria Tawan if her first name has any special meaning, she thinks for a moment. "Yes, it means 'beautiful, gorgeous, sexy one'—in Serria's world," she says, then laughs. "Seriously, my father was trying to name me Sierra, like Sierra Nevada. My mom thought it was too common and put a spin on it." Serria grew up on the South Side of Chicago and moved to Los Angeles two years ago to pursue an acting career. "Chicago has these popcorn shops that you can smell from a few blocks away," she says, sighing. "Butter, cheese, caramel, toffee, fudge—nothing in it is good for you. That's what I like! I want to open a shop like that in Beverly Hills someday." The 24-year-old graduated from college with a degree in finance and is a licensed securities broker. "Being a broker is acting," she says. "You're trying to convince your customer to feel comfortable with you. You just can't win an Oscar for it." After landing small parts in several films, Serria became interested in PLAYBOY when she worked with Playmate Daphnee Duplaix on the set of *The Parkers*. She recently finished what she calls an "action-packed chick

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG

flick" script and got partial funding for a screenplay she wrote with *Drugstore Cowboy* scribe Daniel Yost. "I write short stories and keep a journal that I want to make into a book eventually," she says. "My journal is like a girlfriend—someone I can talk to all the time."

Miss November has a heart as big as her career ambitions. "I'm a philanthropist," she says. "Service, community and family are my three main priorities." Serria is also into self-defense and has a blue belt in karate. "I had to flip a guy once," she confesses. "He was getting too carried away, so I flipped him right on his ass and his eyes got so big. I felt bad, but now he'll think twice about assuming someone is defenseless." Point taken, but what can a guy do to *not* get flipped? "A good date for me is cooking dinner and watching a movie—just sitting back on the couch, talking, whispering and having a good time. I am not materialistic. I'm attracted to someone who might have nothing but is still confident. I also enjoy shaking my ass with the best of them at a club. I don't half-step—if you do something, do it right. If not, stay home."

See behind-the-scenes video of Serria's shoot at cyber.playboy.com.

"I don't believe in monogomy right now," soys Serrio. "I'm dating a few people cosually. Monogamy shouldn't come until you are reody to get married. Until then, I think people should dote whoever they wont ond do whatever they wont, within reason." Do any celebrities get her pulse racing? "I don't think anyone famous is particulorly sexy," she soys. "I prefer regular guys."

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Serria Tawan

BUST: 34 B/C WAIST: 25 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8 WEIGHT: 130

BIRTH DATE: 9/4/78 BIRTHPLACE: Chicago, IL

AMBITIONS: To own a few successful businesses, write great enjoyable movies and novels, and to make a difference in the world.

TURN-ONS: Confidence, sweet colognes, endowed gentlemen, bomb-ass body, and last but not least... good manners.

TURNOFFS: Stinky people, flabby bellies, insecurities, stingy tightwads and people who can't laugh at themselves or at least laugh with me when I laugh at them.

WHEN I GET OLDER: I want a harem of guys like Hef has women. I want them all diverse. Variety is the spice of life for me.

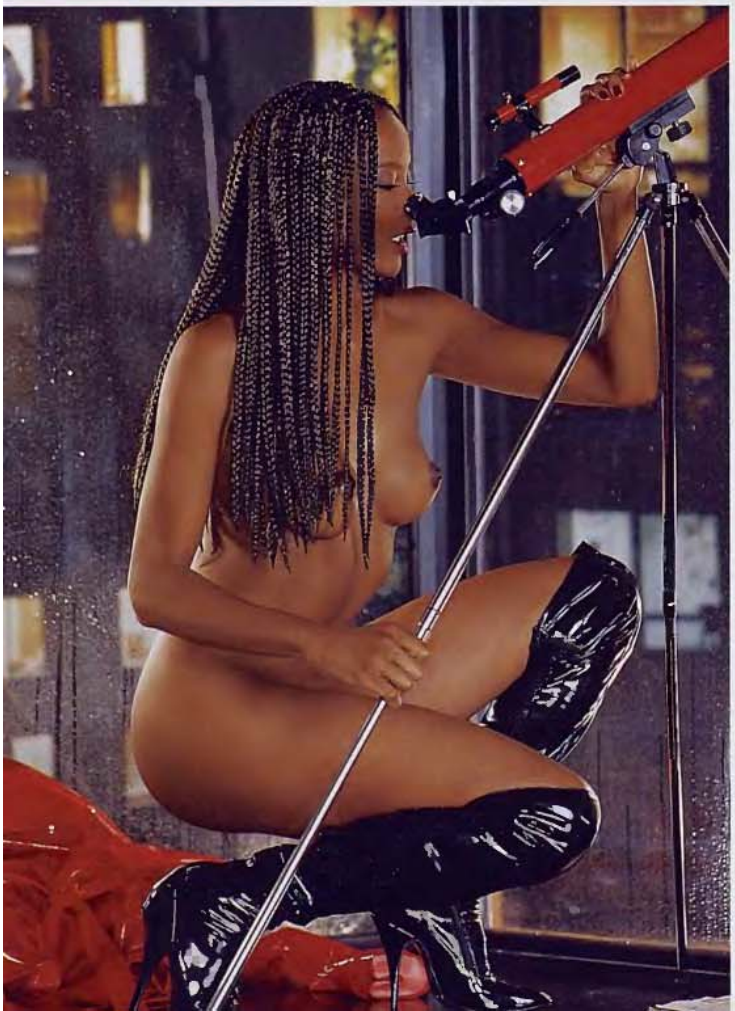
A SILLY CHILDHOOD THOUGHT: I thought wall-to-wall carpet meant carpet on the wall so that you wouldn't hurt yourself when you played. ☺

I'M A SUCKER FOR: Dessert.

Graduation! WOO HOO!!!

Doing what I love to do... LAUGH!

During my short hair days in college.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A distressed man downed several drinks in rapid succession. The bartender asked him, "You trying to drown your sorrows, buddy?"

"You could say that," the guy replied.

"It usually doesn't work, you know," the bartender said.

"No shit," the man moaned. "I can't get my wife anywhere near the water."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What does Shaquille O'Neal have in common with a Catholic priest?

They're both taller than their sex partners.

Two honeymooners asked the hotel clerk for a suite. "Would you like a bridal?" the clerk asked.

The new bride blushed and replied, "No thanks. I'll just hold on to his shoulders until I get the hang of it."

A farmer bought a bucket and an anvil. Then he stopped at the poultry dealer and bought two chickens and a goose. In order to carry everything home, he put the anvil in the bucket and carried the bucket in one hand. He put one chicken under each arm and carried the goose in the other hand. While he was walking home, he encountered a beautiful lady. She said, "Excuse me, sir. Can you tell me how to get to 25 Oak Lane?"

The farmer said, "I'm going that way myself. Let's take a shortcut down this alley."

The woman said, "But how do I know that when we get into the alley you won't hold me up against the wall, pull up my skirt and ravish me?"

The farmer said, "I'm carrying a bucket, an anvil, two chickens and a goose. How could I possibly hold you against the wall and do that?"

The woman replied, "It's simple. Set the goose down, put the bucket over the goose, put the anvil on top of the bucket and I'll hold the chickens."

After getting tipsy during dinner, a wife told her husband, "Tonight you may do whatever you want to me."

The husband thought it over and dropped her off at her mother's house.

BLONDE JOKES OF THE MONTH: The woman was so blonde:

She took a ruler to bed to see how long she slept.

She thought a quarterback was a refund.

She thought Meow Mix was a CD for cats.

She told a friend to meet her at the corner of WALK and DON'T WALK.

She thought she couldn't use her AM radio in the evening.

What do a nearsighted gynecologist and a puppy have in common?

A wet nose.

A man on a road trip stopped at a rest area to relieve himself. The first stall in the rest room was occupied, so he went into the second one. As soon as he sat down, the man in the next stall said, "Hi there. How's it going?"

The man thought it was odd to start a conversation in a toilet, but just to be nice, he said, "Not bad."

Then the voice said, "What are you doing?"

The man reluctantly replied, "Well, I'm on a road trip."

At this, the stranger said, "Look, I'll call you back. Every time I say anything to you, some idiot in the next stall keeps answering me."

When asked by the party host if she would like another cocktail, the beautiful brunette said, "No, thank you. My husband limits me to one drink."

"Why is that?" the host asked.

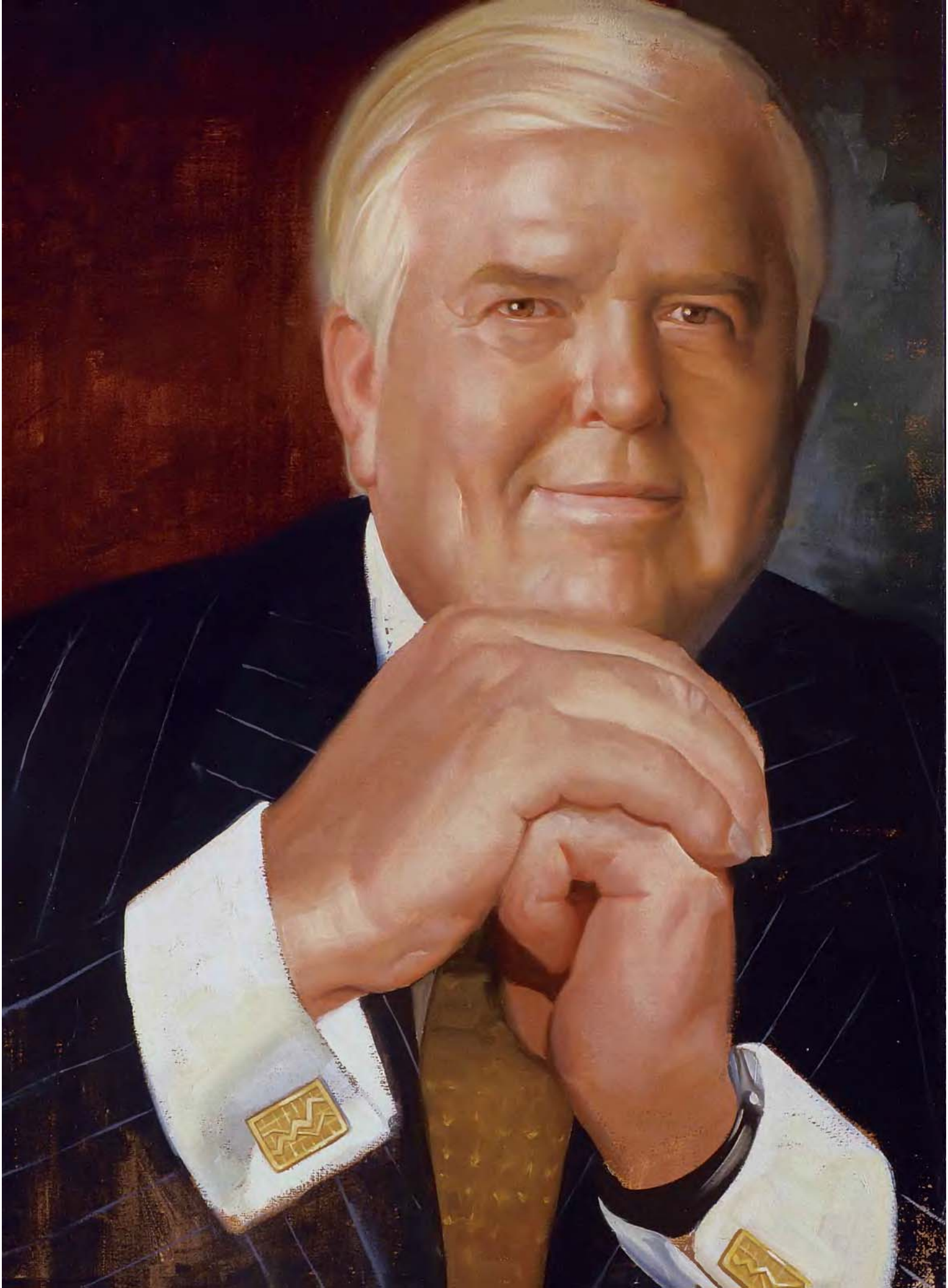
She replied, "Because after one drink I can feel it. After two drinks, anyone can."

How do you know when it's bedtime at the rectory?

When the big hand is on the little hand.

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.

"Twelve o'clock and a-a-all's well!"



LOU DOBBS

Is The Market Hopeless?

confused about the economy? CNN's money man has good news

article

BY DAVID SHEFF

Lou Dobbs, the silver-haired anchor of TV's number one financial news program, CNN's *Moneyline News Hour*, is in the center of the biggest news story of the season. It's Dobbs, not Tom Brokaw, who provides the deepest coverage of the fraud, swindles and greed at some of America's stalwart corporations that shocked the economy. When yet another scandal was revealed, he wrote, "As if the Enron, Merrill Lynch, Xerox, RiteAid, Qwest, Dynegy, Global Crossing, Tyco and ImClone scandals weren't enough, the WorldCom disgrace offers irrefutable proof that corporate America became rife with corruption toward the end of the longest economic expansion in our history." Unless the politicians do something, Dobbs warned the Dow Jones Industrial Average—nearly 12,000 in 2000—will fall to 5000.

Whether Dobbs is reporting a bear or bull market, his *Moneyline* leads—in prestige and ratings—the other cable TV business-news programs, including Fox News' *Your World With Neil Cavuto* and CNBC's *Business Center*. Besides anchoring the show and serving as its managing editor, Dobbs was part of the team that founded the Cable News Network for Ted Turner in 1980. In 1990 he was presented with the Luminary Award by the *Business Journalism Review* for his "visionary work, which changed the landscape of business journalism in the Eighties." Who better to help make sense of our current financial confusion?

PLAYBOY: Do you really think the market will continue to fall? In your newspaper column, you warned that the Dow could drop to 5000.

DOBBS: That was hyperbole—a warning. I believe politicians have been late to understand the seriousness of the situation, but now they're beginning to get it. They're understanding the profound nature of the scandals, and they know something must be done.

PLAYBOY: You've said the stock market has become a barometer for where we are in our personal and national lives. Well?

DOBBS: Other than the corporate scandals, we're doing fine. I'm still optimistic about the market and about this economy. It's shown remarkable strength and resilience, though I'm disappointed in the lack of leadership in corporate America. Investors have weathered the greatest slide in market history over the past two years. The economy, able to recover from a recession as quickly as it did, surprised most of us with its overall resilience, particularly after September 11. But then we were hit by the accounting scandals. The bad news isn't over in terms of scandals and irregularities. President Bush has said that more scandals will be revealed. But a healthy investor skepticism will lead to a more solid recovery. We'll see less froth in the market. Investors will demand real earnings and real reform. That's a solid foundation for prosperity.

PLAYBOY: Did the corporate scandals catch you off guard?

DOBBS: They caught everybody off guard. And so many people were hurt—painfully hurt, including employees, investors and creditors. It's good that the accounting business and the management of 401(k)s will change as a result. *(continued on page 112)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERTO PARADA

new malt beverages

compete with bottled

beers to be club cool

Party Tray

We'd like to meet the sassy 20-year-old trend tracker who persuaded all the liquor companies to push bottled malt beverages. Everybody knows that the quality of a cocktail depends on its ingredients. That goes for the simplest of drinks—a cuba libre is better than an ordinary rum and Coke just because of the squirt of fresh lime. And that's why there are bartenders. So it's baffling when drink manufacturers bottle cocktail-like concoctions, but there is an explanation, and it has everything to do with club cool. For one thing, you can't dance with a highball glass of vodka and tonic in your hand. Hell, it's hard enough just to bob your head without spilling. (That's why clubs don't serve draft beer.) According to U.S. liquor laws, the new bottled drinks are in the category of flavored beers. That's right. Even though they carry familiar names like Stolichnaya, Smirnoff, Sauza, Jack Daniel's, Captain Morgan, Bacardi and Skyy, these potions don't contain liquor. Apparently, to qualify as malt beverages and to be advertised on TV, the alcohol must be brewed, not distilled. Smirnoff recently took over an old Pabst Blue Ribbon brewery in Fogelsville, Pennsylvania to meet the demand for its Ice (which has already made a sizable dent in the American beer market). Still, most bottled drinks are intended to taste like familiar hard-alcohol favorites—a watered-down kamikaze, a mule, a Jack and Coke. Some are better than others. The ones that we like the best, the driest ones, are Skyy Blue, Stoli Citrona and Smirnoff Ice. For an extra kick, you can toss in a shot of the real thing. Give the "malternatives" extra credit for their television ads, which are sly pitches to clubgoers. Consider this one: Two chuckleheads are at the bar of a club, listening to a Brazilian pretty boy wow a gaggle of eurotrash models. The boys at the bar pull their scam: "Sergio? From Rio?" they say. "You know Sergio!" says the Brazilian excitedly. Our boys have instantly elevated themselves to the level of steakheads (a cut above meatheads) with this brainy ploy to get in on the good life. Bottles of Smirnoff Ice are raised and a legendary night of partying ensues, complete with a private jet and—like Jan and Dean sang—two girls for every boy.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.

LOU DOBBS

(continued from page 109)

We'll fix some of the problems, and at some point we'll learn that someone has come up with a clever new way to screw a lot of people. It's regrettable, but that's the way it is.

PLAYBOY: Should Wall Street have realized earlier that there were problems in these companies?

DOBBS: Some of the best analysts on Wall Street said they had no idea in hell how Enron conducted its business and made that much money. People didn't know and they shrugged their shoulders. Now we know how Enron did it.

PLAYBOY: Did you own Enron stock?

DOBBS: I never invested in Enron, not out of any great foresight but because I couldn't figure out their business. I couldn't find anybody who understood their business.

PLAYBOY: What needs to be done to solve the problems we've encountered?

DOBBS: More disclosure for investors. You have to feel encouraged by the Senate and House legislation for greater corporate responsibility, but it doesn't go far enough. We need to expense stock options in corporate America, but we have at least turned the corner and are beginning to see real reform.

PLAYBOY: Should American investors be protected in ways they aren't?

DOBBS: Because of 401(k)s, three quarters of the workforce is invested in the stock market. That's not a bad thing. The problem is that companies began to push their employees to buy company stock and put the investment in their 401(k)s. That's double jeopardy. If you have stock options in your company, your other investments should be diversified. Diversification is the surest way to protect yourself.

PLAYBOY: The counterargument is that employees invested in their company have more skin in the game.

DOBBS: That's great if you're managing the company. But what were the people with skin in the game doing at Enron? They were selling their stock while talking to their employees about buying it.

PLAYBOY: Would you be in support of regulations?

DOBBS: The only protection for an investor is education. You can regulate until hell freezes over. Intelligence and diversification are the simple watchwords. You may not get rich overnight, but you won't go broke, either. As I said, there should be reforms to stock.

PLAYBOY: Should people hurt by the Enron, WorldCom or other collapses be able to recoup their losses?

DOBBS: It's unfortunate, it's painful, but I don't see how you make them whole. This is a system about risk and reward. It is not about mitigating risk after the damage is done. At the same time, where there is evidence of wrongdoing, the criminal prosecution should be aggressive.

PLAYBOY: How much of an impact will the scandals have on the Bush White House?

DOBBS: Many Democrats want this to be a nightmare for the Bush administration, and it may well turn out to be one. The Republicans would love for it to go away. It certainly will not do that. The Democrats aren't in much better shape, though.

PLAYBOY: How has President Bush handled the scandals?

DOBBS: I give him mixed reviews. He was late and weak in addressing the issues of corporate integrity and reform. He chose to call the people responsible "a few bad apples" and "bad actors" instead of "crooks," which they are. But the administration is finally showing signs that it wants to deal with the problems. So far there's been no action against Enron, which is regrettable. We need action.

PLAYBOY: How serious are the accusations related to Bush's own insider trading?

DOBBS: The president has been investigated three times in two campaigns. I believe there's very little there. It's a diversion. It's mostly payback for Whitewater, which is fair.

PLAYBOY: How about the charges related to Vice President Cheney and his stint at Halliburton?

DOBBS: Those hold potential for further examination. We'll see.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect Cheney will be part of the next ticket with President Bush?

DOBBS: I think we'll see someone else on the ticket.

PLAYBOY: You once donated to the Bush campaign. After that, how can you be objective?

DOBBS: I did it when I wasn't at CNN. Anyway, I've always been straightforward about my political views.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't it filter into your reporting? If you're a Bush supporter, you're likely to ask him different kinds of questions than you would ask someone on the opposite side.

DOBBS: I don't think so. I would ask the same questions. My hope is that I'd ask the right questions. I've covered five presidents and their administrations and have seen as much stupidity, tomfoolery, mistakes and gaffes under one as the other. I'm not biased when it comes to my job, even if I vote for one guy over the other. The audience is better served if it knows how an anchor or interviewer votes. Anchors and reporters should fully disclose their political leanings and their votes. I have been open about it whenever it has come up.

PLAYBOY: But a Republican and Bush supporter would probably wish the Enron and WorldCom scandals would go away.

DOBBS: I don't wish they would go away at all. For the sake of the people who were hurt, I wish it had never happened. But I am callous about this in another way: It is an incredible business story. The way we cover it defines our news organization.

PLAYBOY: You buy and sell stocks. Isn't that also a potential conflict of interest?

DOBBS: I have a number of investments that are static and private. I can't just go out and trade stocks, although it would be a lot of fun. I was never involved in day trading. I'm very careful.

PLAYBOY: Behind the scandals, how has Bush handled the economy?

DOBBS: As for the recession, he did the right thing with tax cuts. They helped curtail the slowdown. I marvel at the luck of this administration—having put that economic stimulus package through Congress when they did. I am not a fan of economic stimulus. I don't think it's required. We've had a record number of interest rate cuts by the Fed. We have tremendous stimulus built into this economy through extra government spending, through the support programs for the airline industry and the war against terror. I would argue against those in the administration who have pushed for additional economic stimulus.

PLAYBOY: What about the Fed? Did Alan Greenspan begin his interest rate cuts soon enough?

DOBBS: There's no question that he was too late, and he was too exuberant raising rates in 1999 and 2000. But don't misunderstand me. Greenspan is one of the best Fed chairmen in history.

PLAYBOY: Where will rates go from here?

DOBBS: My guess is the rate cuts are finished for quite a while. If solid signs of growth continue, rates will be kept stable.

PLAYBOY: Does the Fed have too much power?

DOBBS: No, but the Fed could be more forthcoming and timely in revealing the reasons for its decisions. It should give the public the minutes of its meetings. This is not a nation of ignoramuses who have to be protected from information. We're a country of smart people who deserve to know as much as possible as soon as possible. I resent the Fed's policy of secrecy.

PLAYBOY: Was it easier working with the Bush or the Clinton administration?

DOBBS: They have been similar. Clinton and Gore were extraordinarily accessible. They were good for business, too. Bob Rubin was probably the best

(continued on page 144)

"I don't know if this forest is enchanted or not, but it's a great place if you're looking for a piece of ass!"

BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE

A Team of MIT Students Challenged Vegas With a Method to Beat the Casinos. They Walked Away With Millions. It Was Great While It Lasted

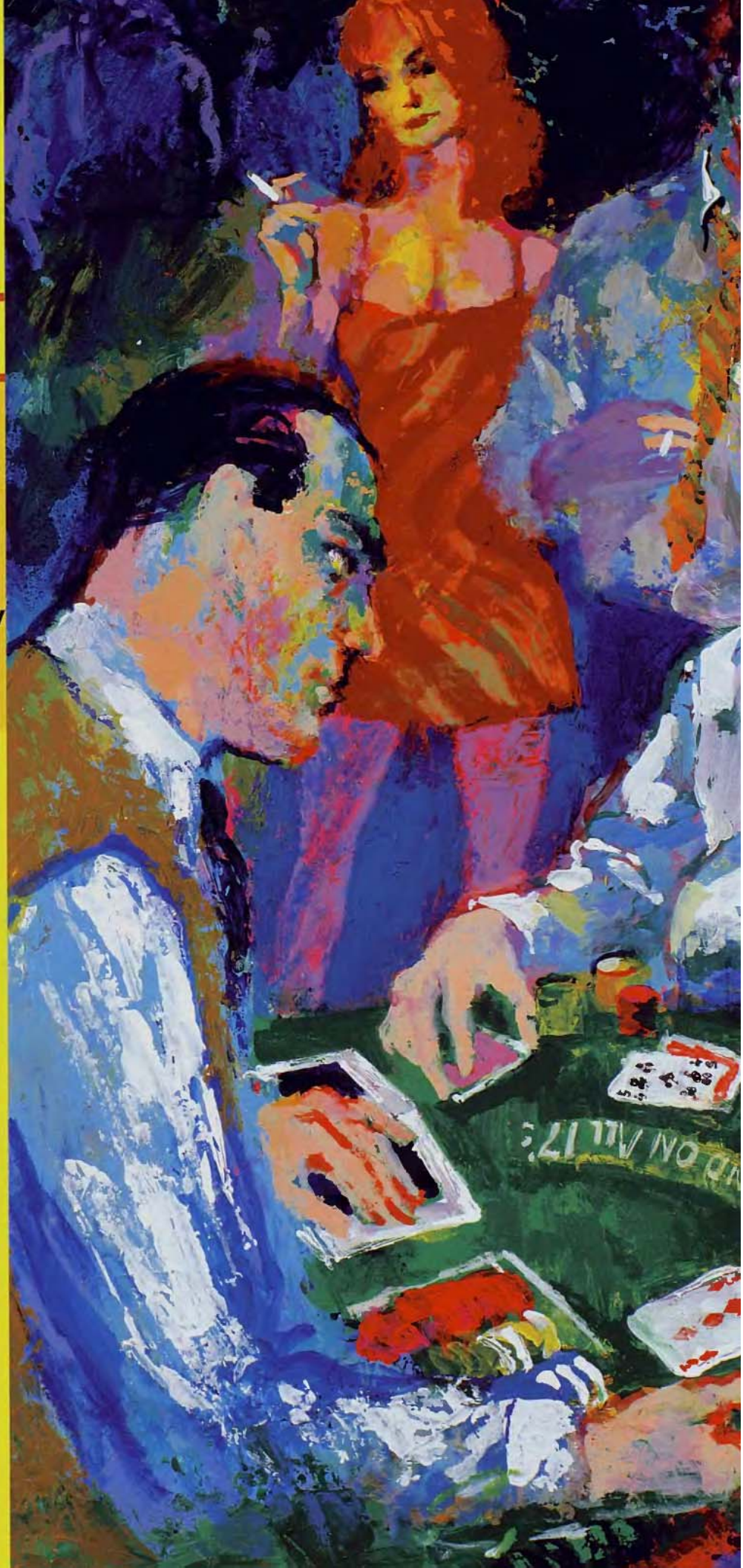
article by Ben Mezrich

At 3:10 A.M., Barry Chow looked like he was about to pass out. Three empty martini glasses sat on the felt in front of him. He leaned forward on both elbows, staring at his cards. Truth be told, his name wasn't Barry Chow. It was Kevin Lewis. And he wasn't drunk. The splotches on his cheeks had been painted on. His pile of chips—$30,000 worth—wouldn't impress the people who knew him well. They'd be more interested in the ratty duffel bag under his chair.

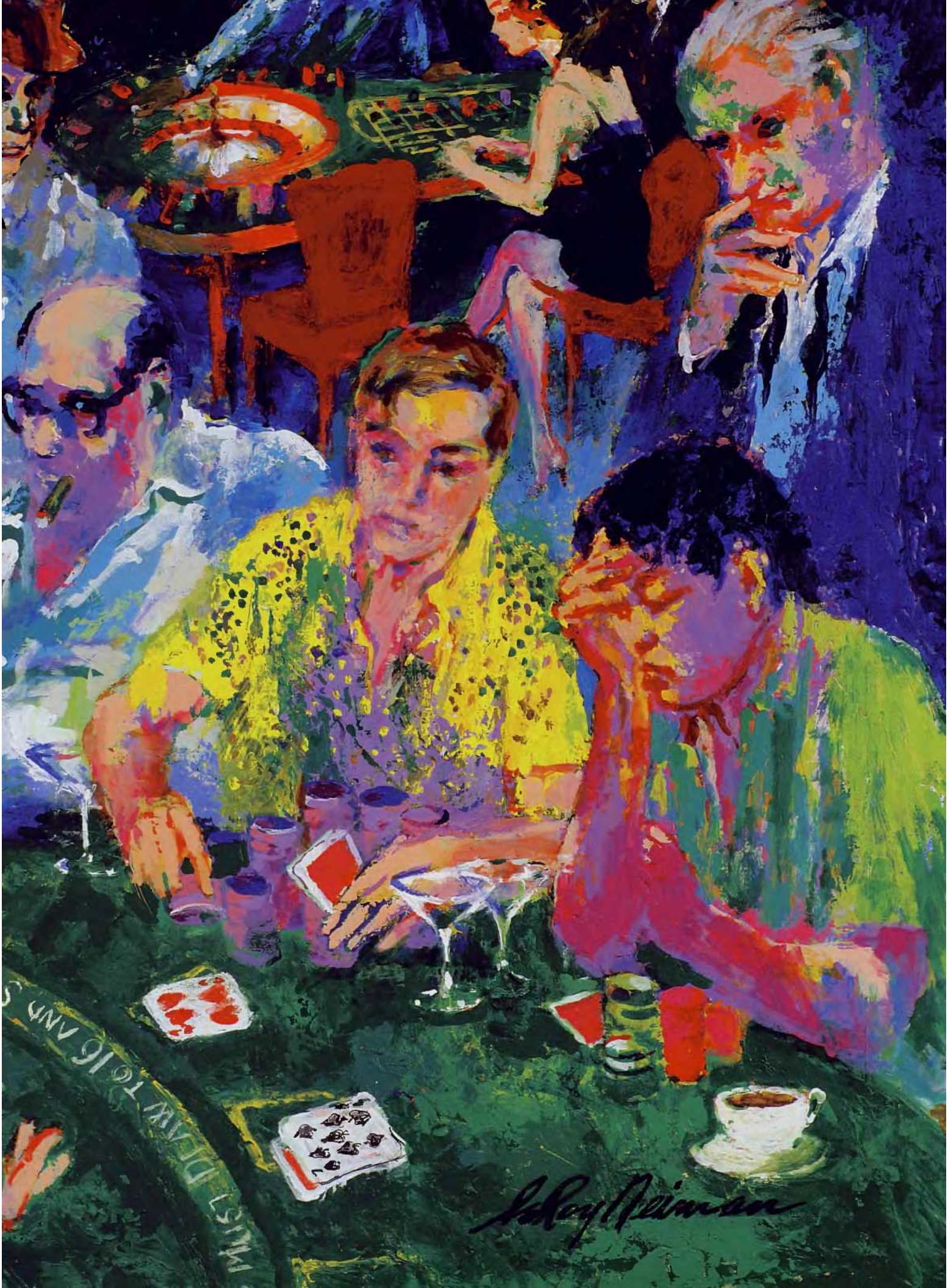
Kevin breathed deeply, calming himself. He'd done this a hundred times.

He reached for three purple chips, worth $500 each. Out of the corner of his eye he found his spotter—a redhead wearing a low-cut blouse and too much makeup. Nobody would have guessed she had studied electrical engineering at MIT and now was an honors student at Harvard Business School. He watched for her signal. A bent right arm would tell him to double his bet. Both arms folded and he'd push most of his chips into the circle. Arms flat at her sides and he'd drop to the lowest possible bet.

She didn't (continued on page 136)



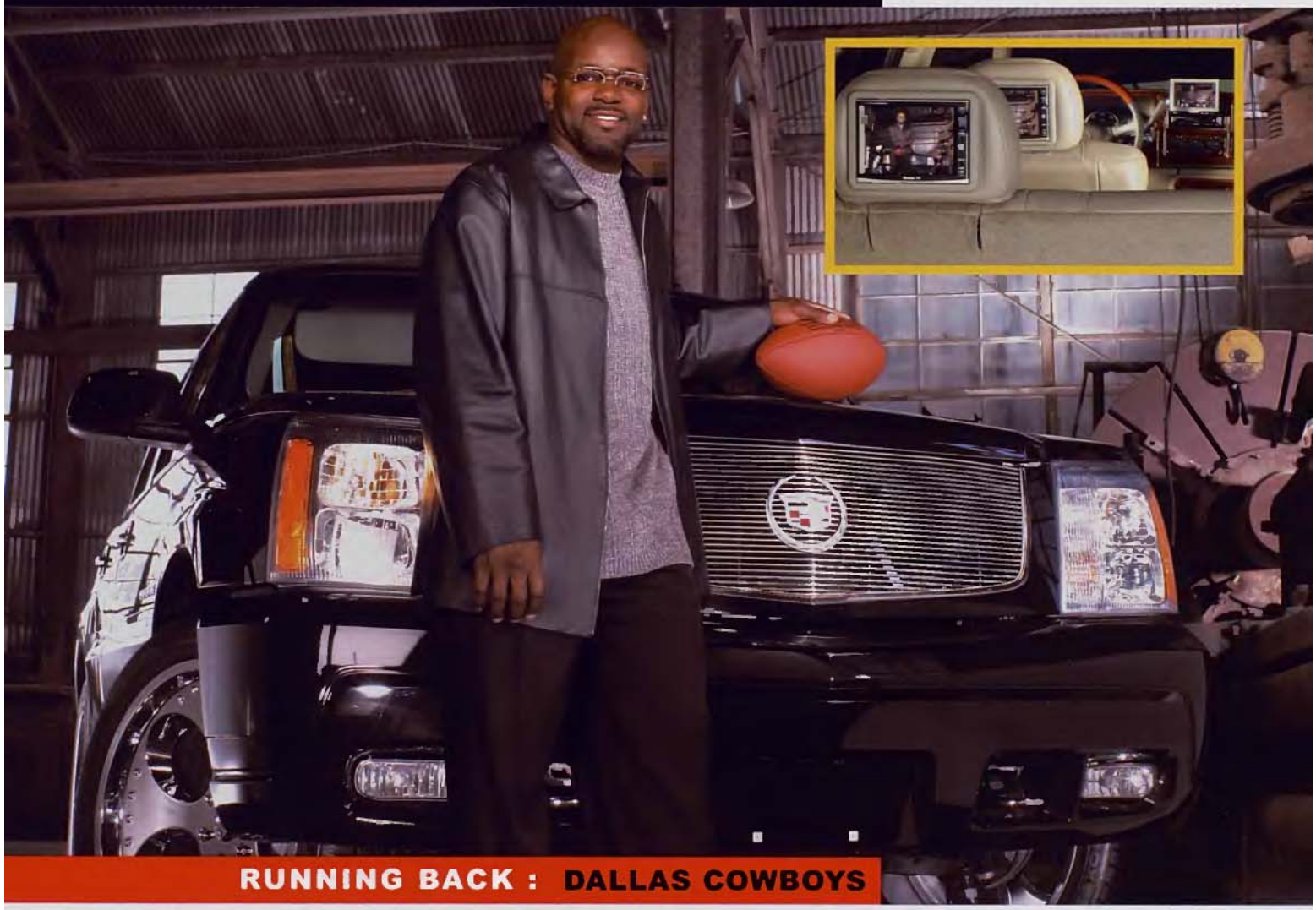
PAINTING BY LEROY NEIMAN



DRIVING IN A LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN

BY KEN GROSS

CRIBS ON WHEELS



RUNNING BACK : DALLAS COWBOYS

Think pro athletes are competitive on the playing field? Check out their choice of cars. Bold and flamboyant don't begin to describe the vehicles these guys stash in their garages. None stay stock for long. Sophisticated audio and security systems are just the start. DVD TV with multiple monitors, exotic leather upholstery and navigation systems resembling something used by Norad are mandatory add-ons. Performance enhancers include superchargers with stainless steel exhausts, suspension upgrades, oversize alloy wheels, Brembo disc brakes and anti-roll bars. Cost isn't an issue. Individuality and self-expression are. Gary Payton of the Seattle Supersonics ordered an Alpine F1 sound system with a custom speaker enclosure, twin 10-inch TV monitors, two seven-inch headrest DVD TVs, Sony Playstation 2, VCR and rearview camera monitor for his 2002 Cadillac Escalade. No mention of a kitchen sink. Bentley Motors builds fewer than 500 Arnages

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARO IZUI

EMMITT SMITH

Smith owns a 2002 Cadillac Escalade that's been upgraded by JR's Custom Auto in Dallas. Perched on tall Giovanni Capri 23-inch alloy wheels, Smith's 345 hp Caddy features a Flowmaster stainless steel exhaust. The car's sound comes from a Kenwood 911 DVD and navigation unit powered by a 1600-watt JL Audio system that drives multiple MB Quart and Kenwood speakers in the car's kick panels and front doors. Also in the Escalade are six DVD TV monitors. If you want the same package for your Escalade, figure on spending about $30,000. It's called the Emmitt Smith 22 Conversion.

RIGHT WING : NEW YORK RANGERS

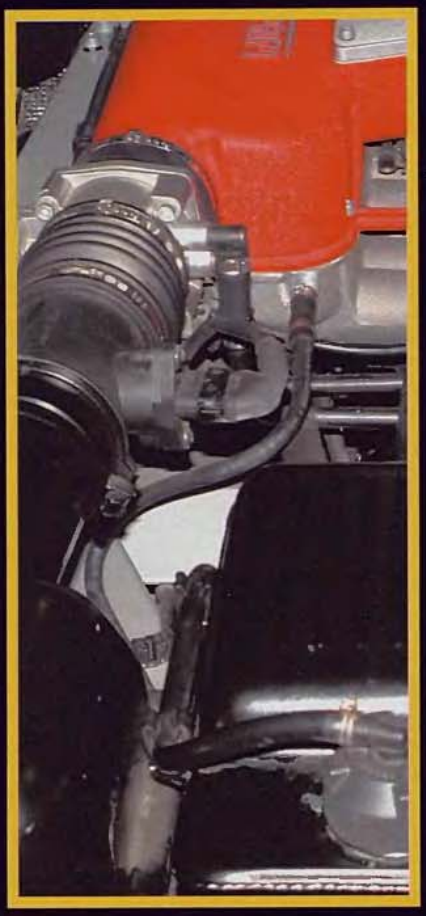
PAVEL BURE

This hard-charging right wing chose virtually everything on the extensive Mercedes-Benz option list for his 2002 S600. Along with its 362 hp, 12-cylinder engine, Bure's Benz has a wood-grain steering wheel, a digital wood-trimmed dashboard, GPS navigation and Distronic, a device that automatically slows the S600 if Bure gets too close to another vehicle. Plus, voice recognition changes radio stations and the navigation system. Bure also owns a 2000 Bentley Arnage, fitted with custom embroidered headrests and lamb's-wool rugs, and a 1999 Ferrari 550 Maranello. He leases a Grumman G3 jet.

PUDGE RODRIGUEZ

Behind the wheel of a 5800-pound 2000 Bentley Arnage sedan that can go from zero to 60 mph in less than six seconds is where you'll often find Rodriguez. What's under the car's hood? A 400 hp engine coupled to an automatic transmission with a sport mode for kick-ass acceleration. The Arnage's interior is amazing. Bentley craftsmen mirror-matched wood grains so the trim looks as though it came from the same English walnut tree. The car is upholstered with Connolly leather and there's parking distance control that warns if you're too close to an object. Special order wheels are additional accents.

CATCHER : TEXAS RANGERS



GARY PAYTON

When he isn't shooting hoops, the Seattle Supersonics guard tools around town in one of his many custom cars and trucks, including the Ferrari 360 Modena pictured here. The engine is stock, but the sound system isn't. It includes MB Quart speakers, JL Audio subwoofers and crossfire competition amps in a custom enclosure. Payton also owns a 2002 Cadillac Escalade that has custom engraved headrests and 24-inch alloy wheels. Inside, there are four captain's chairs, Mercedes-Benz carpeting and lots of other neat paraphernalia. The aftermarket specialist who worked on his cars is Dornell Griffin's 310 Motoring in Los Angeles. "They know what I like and the sound I want." Which player has the best ride on the Sonics? "I haven't seen what everybody's driving," says Payton, "but I would have to put my wheels right at the top."

Top: The motor for Gary Payton's 1999 Ferrari 360 Modena is stock, but when he steps on the throttle the siren song of its exhaust is as beautiful to the ear as the car is to behold. Right: Captain's chairs front and back, a custom suede interior and an Alpine F1 stereo sound system that has speakers (above) bearing Payton's nickname, "Chocolate Thunder"—which is also imprinted on the car's floor mats—are all incorporated into his 2002 Cadillac Escalade.

annually. Despite its $200,000-plus sticker, the luxurious Arnage has become a favorite with professional athletes who appreciate its roomy interior and anti-intrusion door beams. Los Angeles' 310 Motoring (which is part-owned by former New York Knick Chris Mills) is a top choice among pro basketball players who want to add edge to their wheels. Dornell Griffin, another owner of 310, told us that "we did a Mercedes-Benz interior in ostrich hides for about $60,000 cash. It took two birds just to do the headrests." J.R. Reeves of JR's Custom Auto says, "We've done conversions for athletes in all four of Dallas' sports franchises. There isn't anything that we can't or won't do."

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.

GUARD : SEATTLE SUPERSONICS

"I think we all have something to be thankful for this year."

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

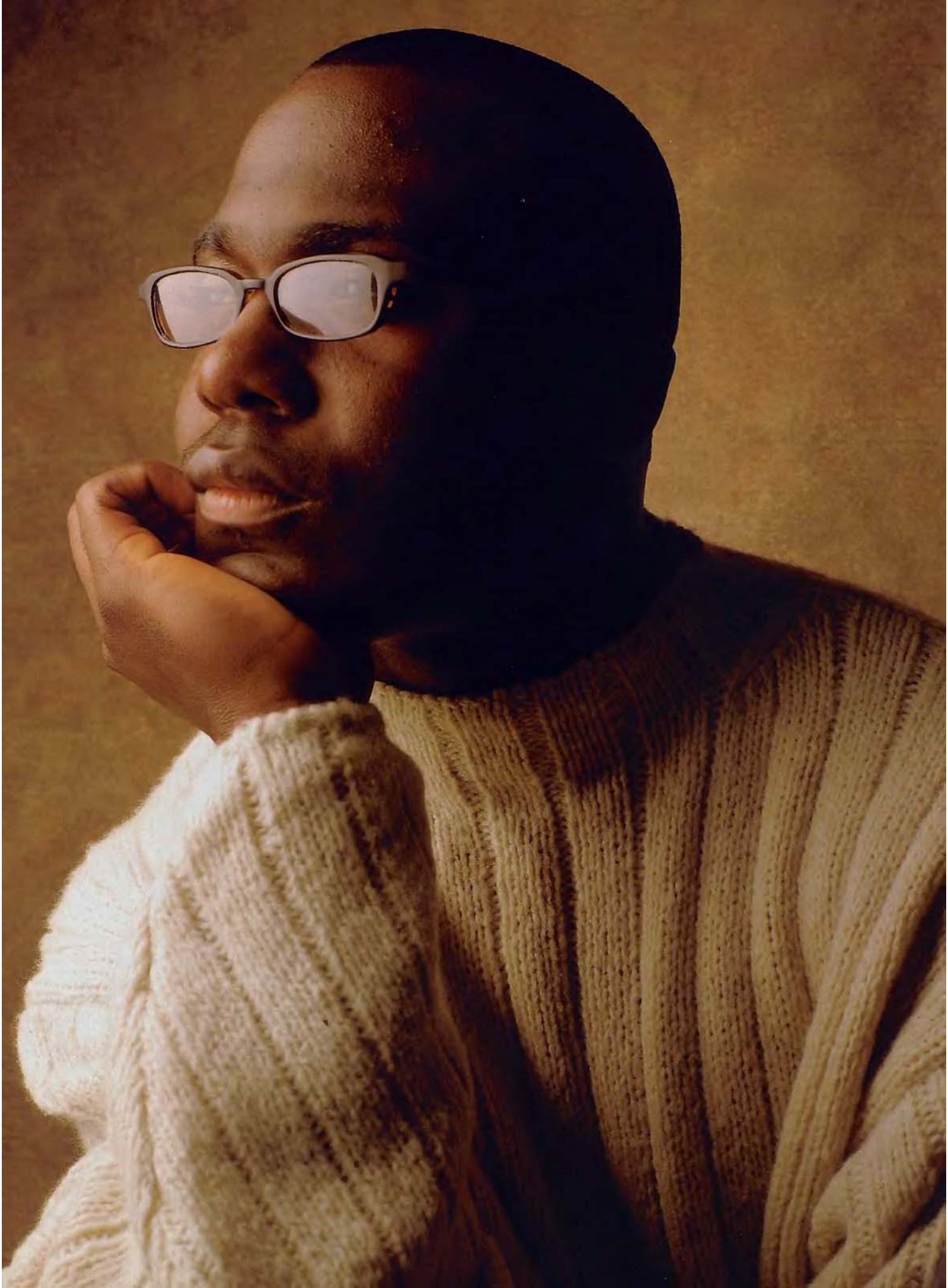
Jodi Ann PATERSON

THE SORT OF MAN I NOTICE: SAY I'M AT A CLUB AND PEOPLE ARE DANCING. THE MAN WHO SITS BACK AND WATCHES IS THE ONE I'LL NOTICE FIRST. I LIKE AN EASY-GOING KIND OF GUY, CASUALLY DRESSED. ABSOLUTELY LAID-BACK. I LIKE THE PANTS A LITTLE LOW, NOT FALLING OFF, BUT CLEAN, NEAT AND LOOSE FITTING—WITH BOXERS SHOWING. THE MORE CASUAL A GUY IS, THE MORE RELAXED IT MAKES ME FEEL. ARMANI SUITS ARE TURNOFFS, AND I HATE JEWELRY ON MEN—MAYBE A WATCH. I DEFINITELY NOTICE A MAN'S SMELL. I LIKE A FRESH, CLEAN SMELL. LATER I NOTICE THE WAY HE TOUCHES ME. THAT FIRST TOUCH IS IMPORTANT. WHEN HE TOUCHES MY HAND, I LIKE HIM TO BE SOFT AND GENTLE. BUT WHEN HE HUGS ME, I PREFER A BIT MORE AGGRESSION.

the kind of sex i like

Although I can have orgasms from oral sex, I prefer a man's penis. And I think there's a big advantage in being particular about who I have sex with, because then my imagination can go wild. When you're selective, you really feel it when you do it. Most of the time, it's just imagination anyway. I've just started to learn how powerful the mind is. I like it when a man is completely focused on me during sex, when he's in the moment and nothing else matters. When he touches me, it makes me want him even more. He should be spontaneous, like, "My God, I want to pull you over here and fuck you right now because you look so hot." Yeah, I like that. Pull me into the bathroom, the kitchen, anywhere. Favorite position? Missionary. I like being on the bottom, for the eye contact.

SEE MORE JODI ANN AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.



PLAYBOY'S

Marshall Faulk

20Q

the nfl's top back on ufos, gays and choosing between a 200-yard game and halle berry

When he dons the blue-and-gold Rams uniform with number 28 on it, Marshall Faulk is transformed into our newest superhero—Total Yardage Man, a bolt of lightning and a rumble of thunder. The NFL's Most Valuable Player in 2000 and its Offensive Player of the Year for the past three seasons, Faulk is at times a sylph, at other times a battering ram. Last year the six-time Pro Bowler became the first player in NFL history to gain more than 2000 yards from scrimmage four straight seasons. In 1999, he compiled a record 2429 total yards. In 2000, he set another record, for touchdowns, with 26.

Faulk's career numbers have grown fat and sassy after nine seasons (the past three with the Rams): 9442 yards rushing, 5447 yards receiving and 110 touchdowns, the ninth most in history. Among running backs who have gained 9000 yards or more, Faulk's 548 career pass receptions coming into this season were second only to Marcus Allen's 587, a figure he should exceed by early December. How unique is the 29-year-old Faulk? Last year he caught 83 passes—the most for any running back in the league.

Now if only his coach, Mike Martz, would remember that Faulk can do all this. After the Patriots' last-minute field goal gave them a 20–17 upset victory over the heavily favored Rams, the main question for Martz was why he didn't call more plays for Faulk. It's a question Martz still hears, and probably will forever.

Faulk grew up in the notorious Desire Housing Project in New Orleans' Ninth Ward. His parents divorced when he was four and his mother had to work hard to support a large family. Faulk played in streets teeming with crime and guns. One of his five older brothers went to jail for armed robbery; a similar fate might have been Marshall's had not a high school coach encouraged him to continue to play football, which kept him in school and off the street. Heavily recruited as a defensive back, Faulk chose to go to San Diego State in 1991, where he set scads of records as a running back in three all-American years: Faulk was the first freshman to lead the nation in rushing and scoring and, in his second college game, he rushed for an NCAA-record 386 yards and scored seven touchdowns.

Faulk turned pro after his junior year and was drafted with the second overall pick by the Colts in 1994. In Indianapolis he won offensive Rookie of the Year honors and went on to break most team records for total yardage. At the same time he acquired a reputation as a me-first, team-second player, a reputation that was worsened by run-ins with coaches and with the front office over money. A change was inevitable. After the 1998 season he was dealt to the Rams, who rewarded him with a seven-year, $45 million contract. It turned out to be the fork in Faulk's road. In 1999 he helped the Rams go from worst to Super Bowl champs, and his bad reputation evaporated. But the episode made him wary of fame and success. In fact, Faulk is wary of most people and most things. Writer Mark Ribowsky asked about last year's showdown with the New England Patriots.

1

PLAYBOY: Are you still angry about the Super Bowl?

FAULK: It's over with. Media people always think players are ruined for life when they lose. No, it's just another game. It was a great opportunity for us, but we fucked up. It was over, and we moved on to this season.

2

PLAYBOY: Kurt Warner said that the Patriots didn't win, you guys lost. Would you agree?

FAULK: We were the better team, but being the better team on paper doesn't mean you're going to win anything. They won that game because they executed better and made more plays than we did. They made adjustments quicker and did some things differently from the first time we played them last year. And they followed the oldest rule in football: Do everything you can to win, whether it's by the book or not. They held me, grabbed me, pushed, shoved and tackled, and the only time it was called was when we were down near their end zone and the playing area was smaller, so everybody saw it. I don't begrudge that. That was their plan, and 100 million fans don't give a shit if I got held. It's who's the champ that counts.

3

PLAYBOY: Were you pissed about not running enough?

FAULK: I don't second-guess. I was OK with the game plan. It just didn't work. No, it's not that it didn't work, we just didn't execute. How about that?

4

PLAYBOY: Not very convincing. Did you go to Mike Martz during the game and say, "Run me more"?

FAULK: It doesn't work that way. I don't call the plays. I just try to make things happen when it comes to me. It's Mike's ball. He gets to shuffle it around to who he wants. And when things don't go right, he'll say, "If you want to fault me, then fault me." It takes balls for a coach to do that and not point blame at the players. I thought I was doing enough. What fans don't see is that when I'm not in the play I'm doing other things. In my first Super Bowl, three years ago against the Tennessee Titans, I ran only 17 yards on 10 carries, but I did a lot of little things that nobody noticed. I study this game, I work at it. I'm already prepared for most of the things that happen during a game. I see the whole field, know the tendencies of the linebackers and defensive backs, and if my number isn't called I'm going to make myself useful. So when defensive end Jevon Kearse broke into the backfield late in that game, I got a piece of him [giving Warner time to hit Isaac Bruce with the 73-yard touchdown pass that clinched the 23–16 victory]. That

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM COUPON

was one of the biggest plays I've ever made, and nobody knows it.

5

PLAYBOY: Colts running back Edgerrin James—who's been called a young Marshall Faulk—has said, "Marshall has the game figured out to where it's easy." Is it easy?

FAULK: It is when I work at it, when I'm focused, which I usually am. When I get to the game I know what I'm looking for, so when I'm out there I'm not thinking at all. I'm totally relaxed. Before the game I listen to music on headphones and I'm just running to that groove in my head. I'm having fun. People talk about my eyes being bionic or my physical abilities, but that's not it. We all have talent in this league. I'm nothing special. I just want it more, so I work at it. It's not that other guys can't do what I do. They're just too lazy to do it. Like taking game film home at night and being clued in, so that if a linebacker lines up in a certain way, you know he won't be physically able to play a deep, outside coverage. One time I saw [49ers safety] Lance Schulters hiding behind an official, so I figured that he was going to blitz and I changed up on my pass route and was wide open for a touchdown. You even get to the point of giving fake reads, to throw a guy off, screw with his head. That's when it's fun. And easy.

6

PLAYBOY: Your offense uses a lot of space-age gobbledygook, like "Max Q performance arcs." What the hell is that?

FAULK: Mike once brought in a NASA scientist to explain how a spacecraft gets off the ground and into space. A lot of things have to happen to clear the *g* forces and reach critical mass. What it meant for us is that each guy has to do his part and not worry about doing anybody else's job. Then everything comes together. It made me wonder: If it takes all that to get a rocket to the moon, how can it get off the moon without the same forces it has on earth? I asked the guy about it and he had no explanation. But then, I don't think we've been to the moon. Things just don't add up. Look at the pictures of those guys walking on the moon. Astronauts wear helmets with these big-ass UV reflective masks. Look at the mask of one astronaut looking into the camera. Why can't we see the guy who took the picture? Why is that flag they planted on the moon flapping in the wind when there's no wind on the moon? I don't know if they staged it for propaganda like in the movie *Capricorn One*. I just don't think it happened, any of those moon landings.

7

PLAYBOY: What else is the government lying about? UFOs?

FAULK: Well, I've never seen one. But we're talking about the government. Why would they tell us the truth? Have they lied to us before? Why believe anything they say? Why would they tell the truth about UFOs? There's a definite evil side to the government. They've got to have an evil side to deal with countries who want to harm us. We can't be a doormat. But that attitude carries over. They do pretty much what they want to do. They've been tapping people's phones for a long time, not just recently. They might even be tapping mine. That's OK, I've got nothing to hide.

8

PLAYBOY: Were you influenced more by your mother or father?

FAULK: My mother. My father was a good guy, but my mother worked her ass off for me and my brothers. When my parents divorced, my mother told my father, "If you leave, I don't want a thing from you. I'm going to raise these kids on my own." I think she passed that attitude on to me, because I don't want a thing from anybody. All I want is to play, then to be left alone. Also, my high school coach, Wayne Reese, was very important in my life. He got me off the street and made me focus on the big picture of life earlier than most kids do. He had to because it was touch and go with me. He didn't give me a chance to keep making mistakes. And when I got into schoolwork, that was my sanctuary, along with football. I used to sit in the bleachers in the gym after school doing homework until eight o'clock, when they closed the doors. My house was right across the street, but I knew if I went home I'd never do the work, because I'd be right back on the street again, doing the same shit, like busting windows and taking stuff to sell. It wasn't pretty. I'd do things like hit a girl in my class in the face for no reason. That got me suspended. If I hadn't cleaned up my act, they would have expelled me.

9

PLAYBOY: Were you ever arrested?

FAULK: I'm here. That's all I'll say. If I'd done anything really terrible, I would have gone to jail and I wouldn't be here. Or maybe I just got away with it.

10

PLAYBOY: Was Jim Mora, your last coach with the Colts, fair with you?

FAULK: He got on me harshly in 1998 when I didn't make a catch because I was in the wrong place and the ball went through my hands and was intercepted and cost us a game. He said, "You gotta run the right fucking route, Marsh!" Maybe he was out of line, maybe he wasn't. Maybe he should have said it to me in private instead of in front of the whole team. But the thing about it was that he was right. I remember sitting in the assistant coach's office that day and crying because I realized I was accountable, I'd let down my teammates. I'd probably done that in the past but didn't realize it. I mean, I don't accept that mistakes are made. I'm harder on myself than anybody else is. I get paid to run the right route and make the catch. But before that day I would have gone right back at the coach, because I came into this league as a hothead. I wanted the ball all the time, and if I didn't get it I wouldn't accept it. All that has changed. It's not about me anymore. It's all about the team.

11

PLAYBOY: You may be the NFL's most eligible bachelor. You can get laid any day of the week, can't you?

FAULK: Probably. But that's for when you're 21, 22. Now I'm pushing 30, when you start to think about seriously dating a woman. You look for intelligent conversation. Like this thing about moon landings. It would be nice to find someone who knows there *is* a moon.

12

PLAYBOY: Pamela Anderson or Jennifer Lopez?

FAULK: Pamela. That video with Tommy Lee put her on top, so to speak.

13

PLAYBOY: Are you a porn watcher?

FAULK: Well, I watched that one. I have no problem with porn. Porn is part of your freedom, if that's what you want. And it's not like I'm gay, man.

14

PLAYBOY: Who else do you find sexy?

FAULK: Mariah Carey. A lot of guys don't like her because she's skanky. But all women have that in them. Hers is just out-front. It's like, "You know I'm a skank, so you can't be mad at me for it."

15

PLAYBOY: Would you rather have a 200-yard game or sex with Halle Berry?

FAULK: [*Long pause*] Are we talking about a playoff game? Man, Halle Berry! You had the wrong choices because Halle Berry rules. I recently saw her on television, just back from doing the new

(concluded on page 156)

"The thing I like about Monday Night Football is it always drives my wife out of the house."

THE HOT AND HUMID

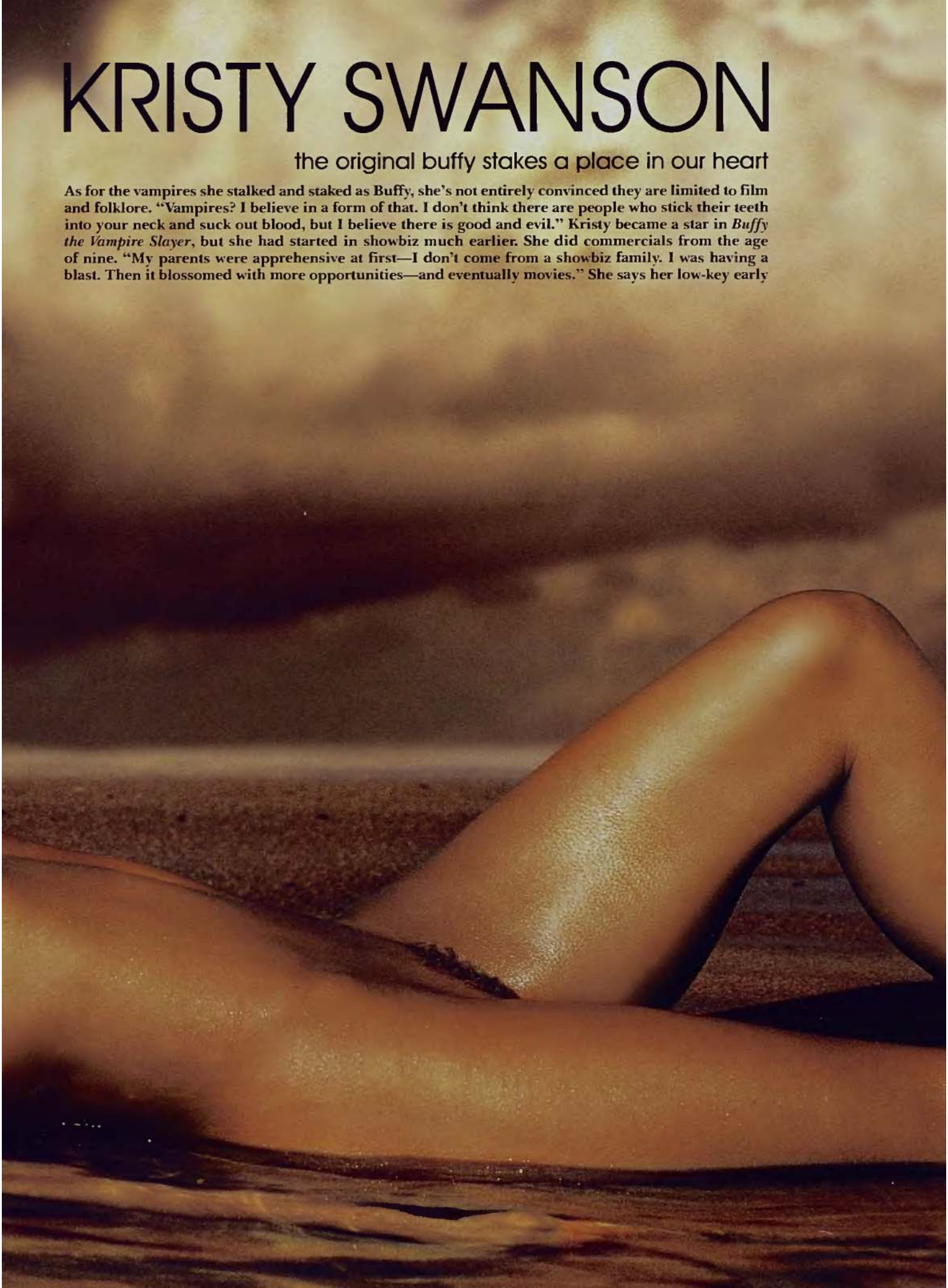
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON

Kristy Swanson has the look that kills. It must have helped her get the part as Buffy the Vampire Slayer in the movie that started the Buffy phenomenon. At the time, Kristy was something new—beautiful, smart and athletic. She's glad to have helped pave the way for the TV show. "When it came out and it was successful, I was thrilled. During that era, there were no shows on the air where girls had a heroine to look up to—a Nancy Drew sort of character, like I grew up with. So I thought it was a great thing."

KRISTY SWANSON

the original buffy stakes a place in our heart

As for the vampires she stalked and staked as Buffy, she's not entirely convinced they are limited to film and folklore. "Vampires? I believe in a form of that. I don't think there are people who stick their teeth into your neck and suck out blood, but I believe there is good and evil." Kristy became a star in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, but she had started in showbiz much earlier. She did commercials from the age of nine. "My parents were apprehensive at first—I don't come from a showbiz family. I was having a blast. Then it blossomed with more opportunities—and eventually movies." She says her low-key early

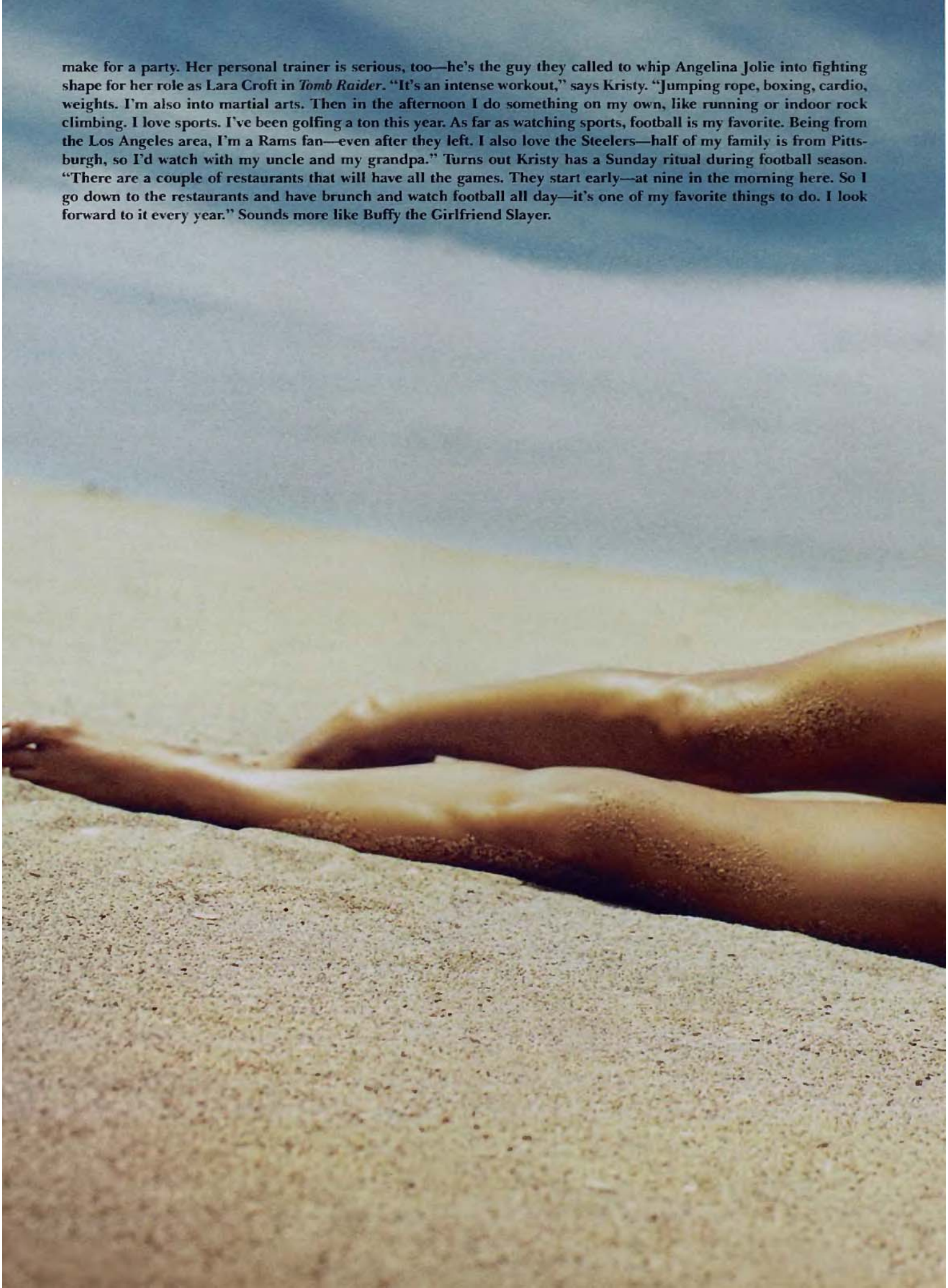


experience was crucial. "I wasn't an overnight success. Even though I was a child actor, I was never a child star. There was nothing that made it difficult to make the transition to an adult career. I worked hard and was able to get a ton of experience, but it was easy to move on to other things." Here's a trivia nugget: Kristy made her feature movie debut as Simone Adamlee in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. (She is the one who reports to a teacher that Ferris is out sick: "My best friend's sister's boyfriend's brother's girlfriend heard from this guy who knows this kid who's going with the girl who saw Ferris pass out at 31 Flavors last night. I guess it's pretty serious.") Since *Buffy*, she has starred in dozens of movies and played alongside Joe Pesci, Charlie Sheen, Ice Cube, Michael Madsen, Laurence Fishburne, Joe Pantoliano and Billy Zane. Most recently Kristy teamed up with Adam Sandler in *Big Daddy*, and with Seann William Scott—we just call him Stifler—in *Dude, Where's My Car?* Our favorite Kristy Swanson movie is the John Singleton–directed campus drama *Higher Learning*. The reason is simple—Kristy smooches Jennifer Connelly. "And, yes, of course, Jennifer is a good kisser, but that doesn't make love scenes of any sort any easier," says Kristy. Still, Kristy is not your typical Hollywood glamour girl. "I don't read *Elle* or *Vogue*. I love my jeans and T-shirts. I have family that I visit all the time. I have friends I hang out with. We go out to dinner. We hang out at each other's houses. I have a dog and I go hiking. I work and do my thing." One of her things is maintaining her famously taut body. She would rather head for a park than

(text concluded on page 134)

For the pictorial, we spirited Kristy away to a secluded Mexican beach. "I've never been nude in a movie or magazine before. This was my first experience. I'm not a big fan of putting a nude body in an environment where it doesn't belong. I just don't look natural sitting on a motorcycle naked. That's not my thing. Maybe that's why my body has always been behind closed doors. But I was extremely comfortable. The beach, the sand, the water—it's a natural environment to be naked in."

make for a party. Her personal trainer is serious, too—he's the guy they called to whip Angelina Jolie into fighting shape for her role as Lara Croft in *Tomb Raider*. "It's an intense workout," says Kristy. "Jumping rope, boxing, cardio, weights. I'm also into martial arts. Then in the afternoon I do something on my own, like running or indoor rock climbing. I love sports. I've been golfing a ton this year. As far as watching sports, football is my favorite. Being from the Los Angeles area, I'm a Rams fan—even after they left. I also love the Steelers—half of my family is from Pittsburgh, so I'd watch with my uncle and my grandpa." Turns out Kristy has a Sunday ritual during football season. "There are a couple of restaurants that will have all the games. They start early—at nine in the morning here. So I go down to the restaurants and have brunch and watch football all day—it's one of my favorite things to do. I look forward to it every year." Sounds more like Buffy the Girlfriend Slayer.



HOUSE *(continued from page 114)*

Martinez tossed something onto the table. It landed with a soft thud. A hundred hundreds. Ten grand.

do any of these things. Instead, she ran her hand through her hair.

Kevin gathered his chips. "That's it for me," he said, slurring his words.

Her signal had nothing to do with the deck, or with the running count that had won him 30 grand in less than an hour. A hand in the hair meant only one thing. *Get out. Get moving. Now.*

Kevin slung the duffel over his shoulder. He was about to toss the dealer a tip when he caught sight of the suits. Three of them, rushing around the craps table. Big, burly men with narrow eyes. He darted toward the door.

A minute later he was on the Strip, safe among the crowd. He sat on a bench and put the bag on his lap. A few minutes later, the spotter dropped down next to him, lighting a cigarette. Her hands were shaking. "Think we should call it a night?"

"Let's try the Stardust. My face is still good there."

He put both hands on the bag, feeling the bills inside. A little over $1 million, all in hundreds: Kevin's bankroll.

Most of his friends were back in Boston at school—taking tests, drinking beer, arguing about the Red Sox. He was in Las Vegas, living large. A math whiz, Kevin had gone to MIT to study electrical engineering. But during weekend excursions to Vegas, he partied with the likes of Michael Jordan, Howard Stern, Dennis Rodman and Kevin Costner. He met a former Rams cheerleader and flew her in whenever he came to town. He had been chased off a riverboat in Louisiana. He narrowly escaped being thrown into a Bahamian jail. He'd been tailed by private detectives with guns holstered to their waists and had his photo faxed around the globe by agencies hired to protect their employers' money.

Along the way, Kevin amassed a small fortune, which he kept in neat stacks in a closet by his bed. Although nobody is sure how much money he had made, it was said to be between $1 million and $5 million—all of it legal.

IN THE BEGINNING

Kevin's blackjack education had begun three years earlier. He had stayed in Cambridge during the summer after his junior year to work in a chemistry lab. When he wasn't shuffling test tubes or working out at the campus gym, he hung with two classmates who shared an apartment near campus. Jason Fisher and Andre Martinez were a study in contrasts. Fisher was a hulk of a guy, while Martinez was barely five-foot-four and couldn't have weighed more than 130 pounds. Both had dropped out of MIT the previous year; Fisher because of a family emergency and Martinez because, as rumor had it, he'd been expelled. When Kevin teased his friends about being slackers, Fisher replied: "We think of ourselves as emancipated. We're working our way up to slacker."

Although they didn't have jobs, the roommates always had cash. One day Kevin said, "If I didn't know any better, I'd think you two were selling drugs."

"White slavery," Martinez replied.

"Seriously," Kevin said. "Where the hell do you guys go on weekends? You have been gone every Friday this summer."

Martinez looked over at Fisher, who shrugged. Martinez reached into his back pocket and tossed something onto the table. It landed with a soft thud, a stack of cash about two inches thick. Kevin picked it up and flipped through the bills. Hundreds. A hundred hundreds. Ten grand.

Kevin's eyes widened.

Martinez smiled. "Blackjack," he said. "It's the only game worth playing."

QUICK STUDY

Martinez and Fisher agreed to let Kevin accompany them that weekend to Atlantic City. After they had settled into their luxury suite at the Tropicana, Fisher wandered off and Kevin walked with Martinez to the blackjack tables.

"Do you know basic strategy?"Martinez asked.

"Keep hitting until you get 17 if the dealer's showing a high card," Kevin replied. "When the dealer is showing a weak card, stick with your first two cards. Double down on 11, hoping to draw a face card for 21."

"That's a start," Martinez said. He extended his hand, offering Kevin half of his stack of bills. Five thousand, cash.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Kevin asked.

After the first few hands, Kevin's nerves settled. The shuffle of the chips lulled him. Although he was a whiz with numbers, his entire knowledge of basic strategy had come from a cable TV special: It was a framework of plays developed in the Fifties by four Army mathematicians. They had played 10s of thousands of hands and published their results in the *Journal of the American Statistical Association*.

Kevin had never bothered to study basic strategy because he gambled only occasionally—and he wasn't sure how much of a difference it made. Was skill that much of a factor in a game like blackjack? Didn't it boil down to luck of the draw?

Martinez played smoothly, barely looking at his cards. He kept his bets around $200, but every now and then jumped to $500 and once even laid down $1000, getting lucky with a pair of kings. He never celebrated when he won, never complained when he lost. His play seemed to follow basic strategy, except for a few odd executions. Once, with a $200 bet, he hit on a 16 against a dealer's two. He drew a two for an 18 to win the hand. Another time he doubled on an eight, managing to draw an ace. Toward the end of the shoe, he began raising his bets, taking advantage of a hot streak. Kevin began to win himself. When the shuffle card came out, signaling the end of the shoe, the dealer raised her hands.

"That went well," Kevin said. He and Martinez were up a few thousand dollars. It was time to get a drink and celebrate. Martinez caught his eye.

"You see that last run?" he whispered.

"We got lucky. A lot of high cards."

"Actually, it was 19 face cards and three aces set among eight unremarkable lows. So now, near the top of that stack of unshuffled cards, there is a string of predominantly high cards, about 30 deep."

"I don't follow."

"You know that high cards favor the player, right?" Martinez said.

"Sure. Because the dealer has to hit up to 16, with more high cards, she'll bust more often."

"That's one reason. So if you knew that a run like that was about to come out of the deck, couldn't you take advantage of the situation? Raise your basic bets, change your strategy, win a lot of hands with a lot of money on the table?"

"But she's shuffling the cards."

Martinez smiled. "Right in front of us."

"There's no way to track them."

"There isn't?"

The play went quietly. Kevin and Martinez remained about even with the house. As the shoe reached the halfway point, Kevin relaxed, assuming that Martinez had been screwing with him.

Over the next four rounds, Martinez won nearly $6000. After the shoe emptied, Martinez scooped up his chips and stepped away from the table. Kevin followed him. When they had passed out of the high-stakes area, he grabbed

(continued on page 151)

All in a Day's Work

HELP PLEASE! THE TURKEY... THE OVEN'S ON FIRE!
LOOK, A FIRE TRUCK! THAT'S LISA'S HOUSE.
YOU'RE OK, IT'S ALL OVER NOW.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU.
OR MAYBE I DO...
THEY STILL HAVEN'T COME OUT. POOR LISA, WHAT ROTTEN LUCK.
WHAT A THANKSGIVING DAY!
FIRE ON HOLLY ROAD.
BUT WE WERE THERE JUST A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO. WHAT'S ON FIRE NOW?
THREE OVENS...
JUAN ALVAREZ · JORGE G

SWALLOWING

(continued from page 88)

"Jesus Christ," she said. "It's gone!"

Stamping over to the wall switch, she threw on the lights and pawed around on the bedspread till she found the other end. "Wait! OK, here it is!" She had the barbell pinched between her fingers and she set it into her open palm and held it under the lamp. Then she turned back to the bedspread. "Where's the cap? The little ball that screws on the end?"

I showed her where, thumping my chest.

"How did you do that?" she asked. "What were you trying to do?"

I thought it was obvious what I had been trying to do, but apparently she was looking for an answer more complicated than *Trying to give you an orgasm.* What did she think I was trying to do? Defuse a bomb? She was spared the sarcastic comments, as I was still too busy banging my chest and gasping for air.

"I've *never* heard of this happening, OK? This is, like, not normal." I could see where this was going now. It was an interesting tack to take: Clearly it was all my fault. I was the old square boring guy who didn't know how to work a simple clitoris. At least not the late-model ones.

I could have pointed out that when you put a piece of metal jewelry through your genitalia, there can't really be anything remotely resembling normal. But I didn't. It was all I could do to rasp out, "Water——"

She understood, but hesitated, not immediately signing off on the plan. "Really? You want to swallow it farther? Maybe you ought to try puking it up." She got behind me on the bed and jammed her fist under my ribs, trying to Heimlich me. I was surprised how strong she was. The pain was sharp; much worse than before. Now I had two separate pains and the ball wasn't budging. I could've told her—*if* I could have told her—that the Heimlich wouldn't work. The obstruction was deeper than that. It wasn't caught in my throat, but farther down.

She went and got the water. "So you're planning on passing it, is that it?"

I didn't answer, as I was busy gulping from a plastic Snoopy drinking cup.

"You mind crapping into a colander or something? I kind of want it back."

The water didn't help. It hurt. I felt like there were small mechanical parts in my chest that had broken off. It put me in mind of that doomed rattle you get when you try to repair a VCR yourself.

She offered to get me some bread. This was so absurd, I tried ignoring it, concentrating instead on trying to swallow and breathe. Unsolicited, she launched into a long story about how her grandmother always gave her a slice of white bread when she was choking. I couldn't imagine a dumber proposal—even if I were actually choking and trying to push it down into my stomach, which I wasn't. "Lung——" I rasped, pointing to one side of my chest. "Stuck. . . ." I then pointed to the center of my chest. "Na' here. . . ."

She wasn't buying it. Rolling her eyes and sighing, she announced fine, she would go make a pot of coffee. "That ought to help get things moving." I snatched a copy of *Bust* and a lipstick from the floor, knocked off the dust bunnies and scribbled, over an Absolut ad on the back cover: *I can't pass it. It's stuck in my lung or something!*

She told me that I was being dramatic, made a sour face and marched into the kitchen, still nude, to brew the coffee. "I think I have some bran cereal," she said. "You should eat a couple handfuls of that. Get things moving."

So I drank the coffee. I ate the bran cereal. And I lay flat on the bed, waiting for things to stir. But only after getting dressed. Because I knew this wouldn't work and we'd eventually have to go to the hospital.

•

I didn't know Tiff very well. We'd only met earlier that week, while I was looking to rent a costume for my editor's

Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

hot spot

the inside story on healthy sex

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas, about a "little secret" that has made her love life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month, my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion and sexual energy than he'd had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples. That's what I thought, too. But his newfound vigor and excitement stimulated me, too, and before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives.

We'd tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking, and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip, my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband.

The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out, and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Tina C.
Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about *the ropes*, and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Mioplex Pure Extract. It's a supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Mioplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term *simultaneous climax*.

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as *ropes* because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals, Inc. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-MIOPLEX or Mioplex.com. Mioplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the one-a-day tablet has led to the *roping* effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

"Come as Your Favorite Failed Dot-Com" party. Shooting for obscurity, I had settled on vetshrink.com, a little-known blip on the radar screen that attempted to provide online advice for animals. I was contemplating the dog suit, actually, which happened to be right next to a cat costume. I didn't even hear her slip up behind me.

"I see you're thinking about pussy, aren't you?"

She was so obviously the kind of girl I'd begun to doubt existed when I was with Neva.

Neva. God. This was a woman who refused to have any sort of sex outdoors—even when we were alone in a remote rental in Michigan for an entire week in early September, post-tourists, surrounded by nothing but pine trees, water and stars. Not even out on the deck—she'd made it clear the beach or anywhere on the ground was out of the running. There were Adirondack chairs, which she said would be too hard, so I drove into town and bought a cushioned chaise at Kmart. No good. Still too close to the ground: Nonspecific bugs would crawl up the chaise and enter her "hoo-haw." *Believe me*, I wanted to tell her, *it's not that easy to enter your "hoo-haw."* Then I suggested—foolish me—maybe standing against the railing, looking out at the twinkling lights on the distant peninsula. Or, if she required even more bug-height from the ground, with her sitting on the rail and me standing. But no, we'd have to put on repellent for the two or three geriatric mosquitoes still kicking beyond Labor Day and wouldn't we taste the repellent from kissing each other's neck?

She went back to reading *Bridget Jones' Diary*; I went skinny-dipping.

Neva tried. She tried to be bold and unencumbered. But she had her issues. With everything, but particularly with sex.

Particularly oral sex. Neva seemed to think the goal was the actual swallowing. The ingestion. Which is probably why she felt completely incapable of getting to that level. To someone for whom the idea of *anything* happening, ejaculation-wise, was freaky and upsetting, the idea of then proceeding to gulp it all down probably seemed to her like a paraplegic hoping to not only walk one day but to walk on the moon. I was torn: On one hand I could tell her it wasn't the swallowing so much as just the riding it out—not switching gears and leaving me hanging out to dry, twisting in the wind. Lower the bar. Spit it into a potted plant.

Except I did sort of care. Because spitting makes you feel crummy and toxic, like you've just had a rattlesnake bite sucked clean by your "pardner," who, except for the danger of your dying of rattler venom, would not be doing this. I never spelled it out for Neva because I wanted more. I wanted down-the-hatch.

And I didn't want it to feel like bartering, like we were hammering out a labor negotiation. I wanted more than a muted sex life, one in which everything had become sanctioned and expected, rehearsed and preordained. Bottom line? I wanted dirty, I wanted wild, I wanted fun. So the one time, very near the end of our relationship, when Neva pointed out, pathetically, "Look. I got some," and indicated, without touching it, a drop of jizz glistening along her jawline, far from the target, I did not point out that it was only there because she had panicked, once again yanked me out of her mouth prematurely, that she was, at the time of my throbbing, midair orgasm, cowering against the pillow, twisted away from it as if from a botched chemistry experiment and muttering, "Sorry! Sorry!" eyes squeezed closed, hands up and shielding her face. Because I wanted more. I wanted the continued contact, true, but I also just wanted her to swallow.

So I was encouraging instead. I told her, "Good, honey," like we had accomplished something together, like we were starting to make progress. It was pathetic. On both sides.

And now here I was, lying next to exactly the type of wild young woman I'd wondered about, and she was naked and ready and now I was mainly just wondering if I was going to die. It was two hours after she'd removed the dress. She was clearly beginning to regret wasting something "dry clean only" on me.

"This sucks," she said. "I was so close to coming."

I chose to be gallant and said I was really sorry. I think she understood me.

"Seriously. I was. You should take that as a compliment. You weren't down there all that long."

I decided to lie there and not respond. She said she still wanted to, that if she were alone, she would probably finish herself off.

"'Da lemme st' ya . . . ," I mumbled. "Kna' y'seff ow. . . ."

"You're here," she said. "I'd have to go do it in the bathroom or something."

The bathroom wasn't an option. I'd made two trips already and was about to make my third. And it wasn't pretty.

I elbowed her, lying there next to me. "G'head. . . ."

But she wouldn't do it. "I'm shy," she said.

It was such a ridiculous claim that I wasn't about to expend any more breath trying to respond.

I made my fourth run to the bathroom somewhere around 1:15. The pain in my chest was growing worse and it was starting to scare me. I remember being on the toilet, thinking how this would be such a stupid way to die.

That's the last thing I remember.

•

I came to with an oxygen mask over my mouth. In the hospital. There was a guy in a white coat who looked like an actor, standing over me, scribbling on a clipboard; a curtain nearby keeping me from some scenario involving a wet

"You have unusually low blood pressure, but the cost of this prescription should take care of that."

sucking sound and a female voice that kept repeating, "Oh baby, oh baby, oh baby." Only not in a good way. And Tiff was there, not looking real thrilled, her mouth pursed in a little balloon knot. She was seated in the corner, out of the way, and she gave me a halfhearted wave when she saw I was conscious. She was back in the cocktail dress. She hadn't thrown on the nearest sweats or jeans but put it all back on. Including redoing the makeup and Jackie wig. I guess I found that odd.

The oxygen was helping. Or maybe it was calming to know I was finally getting some help. Either way, I found that if I pulled the mask away, I could speak more clearly, between gulps of air. "I swallowed this . . . little metal ball. I think it's in my lung. Is that possible?"

"It's not in your lung," Tiff said, rolling her eyes. I have to say I was getting a little sick of that eye-rolling business.

The doctor asked how big. "Tiny," I said. "Like a BB. Smaller, probably."

"You swallowed a BB? Please don't tell me you put a BB gun in your mouth."

"It's not a BB." Tiff sounded really annoyed now. "It's the cap on my clit ring, OK? The little ball that screws onto the end."

The doctor swiveled on his stool now, all ears. She unfolded a wadded napkin and showed him the remaining part that we'd found in the bedspread. "Like this end, OK? Only it screws off?"

"I see," he said. "I think. Still——"

"It was an accident," I said.

He looked at me like I was a moron. "Of course. But are we certain you actually swallowed it? Perhaps the end piece came loose somewhere, and the pain you're feeling could just be anxiety."

I held up my hand, trying to put an end to this. "I swallowed it."

He looked to Tiff for confirmation. She nodded. "I'm pretty sure he swallowed it. I don't think it's in his lung."

"Couldn't you feel it was loose in your mouth *before* you swallowed it?"

Tiff jumped in to explain. "It fell, like, straight down? He's on his back and I'm on top and he's, you know, eating me."

"OK," the doctor said, getting the picture, then demonstrating with his hands, "so his head's tipped back, his mouth's open, and the epiglottis is relaxed and probably flopped open. . . ."

Tiff shrugged. "I don't know if he was fiddling with my epigloppis or what. He was just eating me. It was normal, regular, plain old eating my pussy."

"I meant *his* epiglottis, not yours." He took a moment to consider, as if finally picturing it, and drew a deep breath, letting it out so evenly, with such control, I almost felt jealous. "Yeah, OK. Then I think we better get some shots of this. I guess it very well could be in your lung."

Hadn't I been saying that for the past four hours?

While we were waiting for me to get X-rayed, Tiff announced she was bored out of her skull. (Understandable, since nothing was lodged in *her* lung.) "I'm serious," she said. "If we're still here in five minutes, I may have to kill myself."

I muttered a suggestion that she go find a rest room and "finish herself off." You have to understand, I was scared and she wasn't really helping. But rather than taking offense, she seemed to be considering it. "I could do that again, I guess. But I already took care of it. Before."

I realized then we were talking about two entirely different ways of finishing oneself off. I asked her when she'd managed to do this.

"After you passed out. Before the ambulance arrived."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"What?" she said. "I called *first*, OK? I didn't start diddling myself till *after* I called 911. So don't get all outraged."

•

Two hours later, Tiff had still not killed herself. We were looking at my X rays.

The doctor actually said, "There it is." This I felt was unnecessary. There were no other little round balls in my lung.

"Great." Tiff sounded extremely bored. "Now can you do something to make him cough it up? Or do you have to cut him open, or——"

I told her to shut up. I didn't mind the coughing-it-up idea, but not if it came paired with the other suggestion.

"No," he said. "That's a sterile area, the lungs. Or it's supposed to be. You get anything in there, we're looking at pneumonia. Now, normally, at your age, with modern medicine, that's not going to kill you. When it's dust, fluid, stuff like that. But what you've done here, that's not normal. There's no amount of penicillin that can destroy a metal ball." He took another long look at the X ray and said, "Man——"

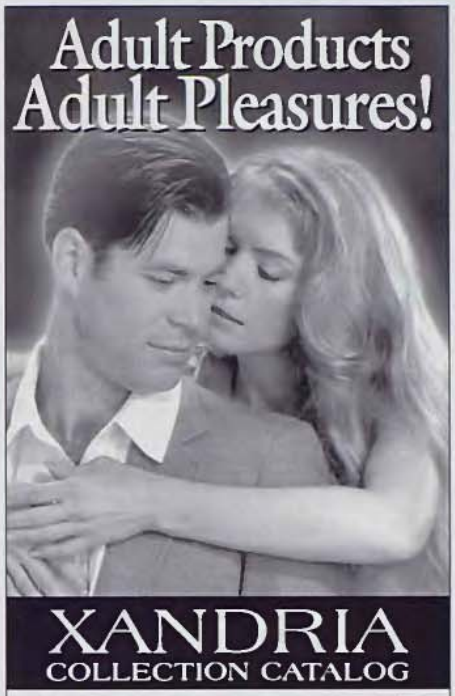
I hated the way he said it. "So I'm dead. That's what you're saying."

"You're not dead," he told me, "we just have to do a little procedure. A bronchoscopy. Not a big deal."

He explained how it would work, how it wasn't, strictly speaking, surgery. They had a thing he called the FOB—the flexible fiber-optic bronchoscope—that he could insert down my throat with a tiny camera and alligator forceps and retrieve the ball without cutting me open. He went on to explain about the anesthesia, but I was still stuck on the idea that it wasn't a big deal. Maybe this is a guy thing, but anytime someone says he's going to stuff something down your throat, that is, by definition, a big deal.

When I came to, the nurse told me they'd successfully removed the foreign object but wanted to keep an eye on me.

Hours passed as I fell in and out of sleep, the waking moments finding me



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alone in the room. I wondered if she had gone off somewhere to masturbate. It had been about 12 hours since the time when she was waiting for the ambulance—she was probably due for a refresher. Finally, the nurse came in with my clothes and told me they were going to release me as soon as they found my friend. I got dressed and waited in the wheelchair, as instructed, feeling ditched. After a while, the nurse announced that they'd called my emergency contact. I've had the same insurance policy for years and had no memory who that even was. When the nurse came in again, she was followed by Neva. Brow knitted, just the way I remembered her.

Before I could get my drowsy brain around an alternate plan, she got behind the wheelchair and pushed me out to her car. She tsked as she negotiated the maze of parking lots and exit signs out to the main road. "I imagine this is from wolfing down steak. You never did chew your food properly. Didn't I always tell you—30 times for each piece?" I wasn't about to start reeling off the details, so I allowed her theory to stand undisputed: I'd choked on food.

She said she was taking me home and I nodded off and woke to see she meant *her* home. I'd never seen Neva's place, new since we split up. She'd never seen my apartment, either. This was probably the first long-term relationship I'd ever had that didn't end with a slow weaning of sex, a wind-down period. With Neva, it just ended, cold, any booty-call action out of the question.

Her bedroom looked a lot like our old bedroom would have looked if I hadn't been there to veto some of it. I tried to imagine walking in and seeing Schwinn handlebars mounted over the bed.

She told me she would stay home the rest of the day. She owns a little boutique called Scrappy's where she sells scrapbooks and photo albums, though most of her income comes not in retail sales but from the consulting side. She helps clients design and organize their photo albums. For a while, she tried to get her friends to call her Scrappy, but that never really took. She's not exactly "scrappy," if that means, as I think it does, someone who's tough and feisty and resilient. Don't get me wrong—I still really love her in a lot of ways, but she's not some sort of pioneer woman fighting off the Sioux.

She doled out sedatives from a little manila envelope as I drifted through the rest of the afternoon, a misty parade of scornful TV judges in faux courtrooms. I vaguely recall her returning in the twilight blue, with two more pills and a glass of milk and her rubbing my back in a simple circle and her fingers stroking my hair, momlike.

Next morning, less drug-fuzzy, my tongue capable of Ps and Ts and having had enough time to get my story straight, I confirmed Neva's accusation of the day before: I'd choked eating steak. It had partly obstructed my windpipe. They had to get in there and yank it out. Part of me, the bravado part, felt the story was pretty chickenshit—the lousy windpipe?—but I kept my mouth shut and then she asked if it was a date. I told her it was.

"First date?"

I nodded.

She winced. "Ooh. Not a great first date, I imagine. And this happened at dinner? So probably no kiss, huh?"

Even though Neva wasn't my girlfriend anymore, I didn't like the idea of lying to her. So I didn't say anything either way.

"I'm sorry, sweetie. Was she all right about it?"

"No, not really," I murmured. "She definitely could have been much more—understanding."

"Maybe you two can start over," she said. "Just act like the next date is your first date."

I told her I didn't think there'd be a next date.

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The third day, with the pain and sluggishness waning, I found forming complex sentences more manageable. When Neva came in with juice and to rewrap the ribs Tiff cracked, I thanked her for rescuing me and told her how embarrassed I was that I'd made things worse by struggling during the procedure. I said, "I guess I was being a real baby about it."

She dismissed that, saying it was nonsense. "Please. Who wouldn't be upset when they're jabbing some long poky thing down your throat?" She told me to relax, take all the time I needed. But I decided it was time to go home.

•

Of the dozen calls on my answering machine, only one was from Tiff. It was this: "Hey, it's me. Call or whatever." I didn't call anyone back. I took the painkillers. When she called again later, I expected some concern, some apologies, some explanation of her ditching me. But there wasn't any. All giggles and fun, she moved on to another topic: Was I up for company? I had to marvel at her ability to ask this without actually asking how I was doing.

I thought about how tender Neva had been with me, how she'd insisted that I take it easy. I told Tiff I thought I'd better pass on company.

"But couldn't you learn to love me? Kind of like you learned to give good head?"

"I'm not talking about the kind of company in the hospital, dum-dum—reading magazines and watching you lie there drugged out."

But I knew what kind of company she meant. It just no longer sounded like such a swell idea.

She said, "We've got some unfinished business, remember?"

I laughed rather weakly. It still hurt my throat. I told her, again, not tonight. I told her thanks, but I really had to pass. I was sure she'd heard me.

She was at my door 20 minutes later.

•

It's amazing how easy it is for a woman to barge in when she's kissing your neck and gripping a shopping bag that she claims contains a "special outfit." She just kept coming, shepherding me back into the living room, murmuring some pouty-lipped baby talk about how she'd been looking for me at the hospital and couldn't find me and then they said I had checked out and she just was *so* worried. It made no sense, of course, but there was this thing she was doing to my neck, grazing her lips down the length of it, and she did have my fly unbuttoned. Then she stopped as if she'd heard a noise and said, "Oh!" like she'd just remembered something and reached into the bag for what looked like a fax. "I probably ought to get this out of the way."

A "friend" (how she put it, though I smelled ex or sometime boyfriend), who was a law student, had drawn up a "silly little" disclaimer for me to sign, which stated that Tiff was not in any way liable for the "accident." She said she knew it was lame but this guy would really yell at her if she didn't cover her bases. I wasn't sure about all this. Not because I was contemplating suing her, but just where the hell had she been the past couple of days when I needed some comfort?

"Hurry up and sign it," she said, "so we can get that out of the way and I can put *this* on——" She flashed open the bag for an instant and I caught a glimpse of white cotton and that familiar Red Cross on the peak of a cap: a nurse's uniform. There was a downshift in her voice to husky vamp, "and we can *play* with your *bronchoscope*. I think I *need* you to *perform* a bronchoscopy on *me* with your *big . . . long . . . bronchoscope*. I think you better *explore* my throat, *Doctor*." The way she dragged it out, lingering over each word, made me squirm. I admit it. But not completely in a good way. A little more wince than squirm. It was dumb and embarrassingly cliché and transparently manipulative: Sign this and I'll dress up like a nurse and blow you. I mean, how obvious can you get?

Still, I signed. She went to the bathroom with her shopping bag and came out looking like a cartoon nurse straight out of a vintage pin-up calendar: clipboard, Red Cross cap, big thick shoes, her hemline far from AMA-approved. "I suppose you'll need to hear what my symptoms are first, won't you, Doctor?" I just sat there on the couch and watched. Not enough participation, I guess: She stood over me, eyebrows raised, and handed me the clipboard. "Come *on*. Ask me what my symptoms are." So I asked. She said, "My nipples are *very* hard and my pussy's *very* wet."

I really thought I'd be enjoying this, but the little speech was starting to feel like a telemarketing pitch, someone trying to convince me I'd won a free trip to the Florida Keys.

"It *is*," she insisted. "Check." She bent at the waist slightly, arching her back, the hem rising enough to prove that she wasn't wearing panties. As instructed, I slid my hand up her thigh and found she was right. It made me grin. Despite the clowning around, it wasn't all an act: I did something to her. It was corny, but I could get into this, play my part.

I said, "Thank you for bringing this to my attention, Nurse. I'll get right on it." She giggled. I moved up to her clit and yanked my hand away: metal.

"I can't believe this," I said. "You just go right out and get another one? You don't even care that——"

"I didn't go out and——"

"You're not even sensitive to the fact that——"

She frowned. "It's not another one. It's the old one." She leaned closer, into the pool of lamplight, lifted the white hem. I tipped the lampshade, caught the glint. She spread her hood and I peered closer. It was the old one. The original. I was very familiar with the original, believe me, and this was it.

"It's clean and all," she said. "Totally. It's fine." I just stared at it, not believing this was happening. Then she added, "Danny gave it to me."

It was a personal history I hadn't heard the other night, but I didn't really care. Danny, Kyle—the emotional value of the thing didn't enter into it. Not for me, at least. "Oh, so because it's some keepsake from an old boyfriend, I'm supposed to——"

"Some old boyfriend? What are you talking about? Your doctor Danny?"

She told me how, while I was still out cold, the doctor took her down to the cafeteria for lunch and they talked about local bands and nightclubs, and then he slipped it to her in a paper napkin. He told her they should go ballroom dancing sometime.

"I'm not going to do this," I told her. "There are certain things I'm just not doing, and this is one of them." I handed her the clipboard.

"This is so lame," she said. "You try to make it special for a guy. . . ."

I tried to remember when I'd ever encountered any clitoris that made me think, *Nope! Not special enough! It needs something*. Her bag was over by the bathroom door. I got up off the couch to get it and hand it to her. She took the waiver out and gave it the once-over, as if making certain I'd signed.

"Why do you have to be such a baby?" She had disdain in her voice again. I was an old fogy, stodgy, an amateur. She rolled her eyes once more, but I didn't really care. I'm sure, to some, my life could be seen as boring and tame, but, hey, at least I'm breathing.

Besides, the phone was ringing, the answering machine was about to pick up, and I knew before hearing her small voice that it was Neva, just checking up on me.

MEATY Myths
AT THE DUCK HUNTERS' DANCE.
I FIND YOUR OUTFIT SEXY. DO YOU HUNT HERE OFTEN?
EVERY YEAR.
I ALSO SENSE SOMETHING BETWEEN US. PERHAPS I SHOULD DO SOME HUNTING OF MY OWN!
HOW ABOUT BACK AT MY CABIN?
BULGE
SOON...
HEY! THAT'S ONLY THE TOP OF A MOP HANDLE IN YOUR PANTS! I THOUGHT IT WAS YOUR DICK!
NOPE... IT'S JUST A DECOY.

LOU DOBBS

(continued from page 112)

Treasury secretary this country has had in a century or more. We'll see how Bush and Cheney play out. The Bush cabinet is outstanding.

PLAYBOY: What would be different if Gore had won the election?

DOBBS: I believe that Bush has shown himself to be a hell of a leader in the most difficult of times. I can't say whether Al Gore would have risen to that occasion, though I'm satisfied with the way things turned out.

PLAYBOY: In spite of your support for Bush, your network is attacked by conservatives for its liberal slant while liberals attack Fox for being conservative. Are the attacks warranted?

DOBBS: There is a basis for those views. There was a reason CNN was referred to as Clinton News Network during that administration; I had misgivings about some of the programming that made its way on the air during Clinton's presidency. On the other side, despite the protestations of Fox chairman Roger Ailes, there is no question that Fox is appealing to a conservative audience. Our hour on CNN doesn't easily fit into either camp. We work mightily to maintain balance.

PLAYBOY: That's Fox News' slogan.

DOBBS: For us, it's not just a slogan. We dare to be dull because some of what is necessary for our audience simply does not give itself to partisan rancor. There is an objective standard of truth and facts. The "he said, she said" trend is terrible. It is not sufficient to achieve balance by putting on a Republican screaming that Clinton is an idiot and a Democrat screaming that Bush is a fool. It may make for good TV and it may make for bigger audiences, but at the end of the day the audience is not well served. If that achieves higher ratings, they are ratings I don't want.

PLAYBOY: Is there pressure to go in that direction?

DOBBS: There's always pressure to get higher ratings.

PLAYBOY: Is it particularly dangerous to "dare to be dull" with Fox News beating CNN in ratings? Fox' Neil Cavuto isn't far behind you.

DOBBS: There's a difference between sensationalism and drama. I don't mind making interesting and exciting television. We do things here to draw an audience and make decisions to appeal to an audience. But our standards win out. Even if Fox is beating CNN in many areas, we're the top business-news show. I've been doing this a long time, and a sufficiently large number of people trust me to report the news that matters to them.

PLAYBOY: What's the long-lasting economic impact of September 11?

DOBBS: September 11 obviously had a horrible effect on hotels, tourism, the travel industry and, of course, the New York economy, but I don't think that it is significant of either the depth of the recession or its duration.

PLAYBOY: How did it affect your job?

DOBBS: Prior to that day, the most demanding times were the stock market crash of 1987 and the Gulf war—but nothing compares with September 11, which changed everything. It was a war story, an economic story, a story about the market and a human story both with its tragedies and heroics.

PLAYBOY: Did you anticipate the market crash that followed the attack?

DOBBS: Of course, but the more dramatic surprise was the reaction on Wall Street: the great insistence on the part of Wall Street and the financial district to reopen the market. It was a mark of honor to get it open. It could have dropped 1000 points and anyone would have called the day it opened a success. If it hadn't been hurt by the corporate scandals, the market could well have rebounded. Now I think things will grow slowly. The days of buying a stock based on Wall Street hype or propaganda

forecasts are behind us. Investors have to be careful. There are real values in the market now, but we have to adjust our expectations—single-digit returns are going to be the order of the day for some time. We have to expect that. We have to take long views in our investing, which is appropriate and healthy.

PLAYBOY: But not back to the levels of 1999 and 2000. Was it more fun having your job throughout the late Nineties when the stock market was racing?

DOBBS: I always have fun with what I do for a living, though it's more fun to see smiles on people's faces knowing they're secure in their jobs and their financial outlook. On the other hand, the real heavy lifting starts when things aren't going well.

PLAYBOY: Was it possible not to get caught up in some of the giddiness of the Internet boom?

DOBBS: I never did. I may have gotten caught up in the absurdity of it. We reported the absurdity of it.

PLAYBOY: You were not only a reporter on the dot-com boom but, as founder of Space.com and president of CNNFN.com, a participant.

DOBBS: I was as committed to the new economy and the Internet as anyone. I truly believed then and I believe now that the Internet is the future.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that before.

DOBBS: The development of the Internet is not unlike previous developments, whether it was the railroads or the telephone. It's going to take longer than anyone thought. Its impact has been immeasurable, but it will be more significant in the future. There will be further consolidation and far more care on the part of investors—as there should be. The Internet's promise does not, however, mean you can avoid the fundamental rules of business. The main lessons from the period are for investors. The underwriters and private-equity businesspeople making millions of dollars by taking companies public in the late Nineties bear the greatest responsibility for the public who lost money. But there is a solid industry to come out of this.

PLAYBOY: Will there be more consolidation? Who will survive?

DOBBS: Obviously AOL and Yahoo as the principal Internet services. In terms of the technology infrastructure of the web, we're watching that occur now. Consolidation is rampant and it's far from over.

PLAYBOY: E-commerce was supposed to change the way we shop, but most people still buy the old way. Will that change?

DOBBS: Every year people become more comfortable buying online. E-commerce will be a truly significant part of our real economy over the course of the next decade. The product has to improve a lot. There will be more e-commerce when a high-speed Internet connection is ubiquitous. It has far more to do with the quality of the experience, and speed is essential.

PLAYBOY: Those Internet analysts who championed the dot-coms, including Morgan Stanley's Mary Meeker and Merrill Lynch's Henry Blodgett, have been blamed for cheering on the insanity. Do you hold them accountable?

DOBBS: In many cases they screwed the investor, yes. But there still is the simple role of individual responsibility. I always tell our audience never to invest if they don't know all about the company they are investing in. If you don't understand the business and the product and management and its market, you have no business investing in the stock. I don't care how many analysts are telling you to buy or sell. I don't care how many brothers-in-law or uncles or nephews are telling you it's a great buy. It's foolish for the individual investor to act without understanding an investment.

PLAYBOY: Recently brokerages have been chastised—and financially penalized—for misleading customers.

DOBBS: Yes, and the conflict of interest on the part of Wall Street analysts and their investment banking arms is disgraceful. The firms have gone a long way toward fixing the problem, but I still say to you and any investor today: Don't buy on an analyst's recommendation without knowing what you're doing with your money. Do your own research.

PLAYBOY: Do you admit that you helped make stars of many analysts?

DOBBS: It's far easier to reach out to an expert than develop expertise yourself. Yes, we in the media are responsible for some of that. We show the record of every analyst we put on our show. We let our viewers know as much as possible. Also, we don't have analysts on who have an interest in the stock. Period. That's one of the first questions we ask.

PLAYBOY: But you editorialize on *Moneyline*. You're not simply reporting the news.

DOBBS: You're right. I give far more opinions on the air today than I did 20 years ago. People ask me for my opinion about stocks, however, and I decline.

PLAYBOY: How about some picks for us?

DOBBS: I *always* decline, though when it comes to the larger issues—regulations, Enron, WorldCom—I give opinions. Is it appropriate? So long as my opinion is offered as an opinion and interpretation of the news. I certainly don't think anyone in my business should offer an opinion just to hear himself speak or to try to influence a viewer. I never do that.

PLAYBOY: Yet some of the biggest names in television news do. Our recent *Playboy Interview* subject Bill O'Reilly has become the most-watched newsman on cable precisely because of his opinions.

DOBBS: He and I are about as different as any two people you could run into. What Bill does is terrific, but it's not what I do. I wouldn't be comfortable offering some of the views he does. He probably wouldn't be comfortable offering some

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of the views I do.

PLAYBOY: Though to gain audience, isn't there a temptation to sensationalize?

DOBBS: Sure, and we sometimes will give too much attention to Prince Harry and his pot experimentation and not enough to the state of the infrastructure and how many investment dollars are required to bring America into the 21st century in terms of its sewage, transportation and mass-transit systems. Prince Harry will always get higher ratings. The fortunate thing for me is that I anchor a show and I also make the ultimate decision about what does or does not appear on the air. We won't touch Harry and his pot.

PLAYBOY: Have things changed at CNN since Ted Turner left? You once said that Turner protected the news department from corporate influences. Were you worried that would change when he left? Did you worry that Time Warner would attempt to influence the coverage of news?

DOBBS: In all the time I worked for Ted—over 20 years—he never once tried to influence our coverage. There aren't many people who work for a magazine or a newspaper or even another television network who can say that. I'm proud of Ted for that, and he left a strong legacy of autonomy—at least in terms of my role at this network—and it's been honored. I couldn't work under any other circumstances. But I don't think AOL Time Warner would attempt to influence the news. Our credibility is at stake.

PLAYBOY: Yet would you be reluctant to go after AOL, for example, if the company were doing something wrong?

DOBBS: Reluctance? None whatsoever. Covering your own firm is difficult, but you have to do it with the same standards you apply to anyone.

PLAYBOY: When did you meet Turner?

DOBBS: It was in Atlanta to talk about whether or not I would join CNN in late January or early February 1980. He was asking me about boating.

PLAYBOY: When Turner decided to make the Time Warner deal, he appeared on your show to discuss it. It was the famous episode during which Turner cried.

DOBBS: Here was a man who had just made a deal that put more than a few billion dollars in his pocket and assured the future of his company, but he was in tears. You expect that on *Oprah*, but not on our show. That's a side of him that is not well known.

PLAYBOY: Was he crying because he regretted selling CNN?

DOBBS: In his heart, if not his mind, he knew he had let go of something precious. But he was securing the future of the company. It was bittersweet.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by the AOL Time Warner deal?

DOBBS: Mightily surprised.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about the implication of this deal and mergers and acquisitions of media companies?

DOBBS: I've been worried about the size of media companies for years. General Electric owns NBC, Viacom owns CBS, AOL Time Warner owns CNN, Disney owns ABC. These are gigantic corporations. It may be that my concern about scale and size is misplaced. I acknowledge that. It may be that in a perverse way we have more autonomy because we're such a small part of something huge—more so than if we were totally independent. The question remains whether there will be a place for alternative voices and alternative perspectives to be heard.

PLAYBOY: You recently were in the center of controversy when you announced you were going to replace the phrase "war on terrorism" with "war on radical Islamists." Why is the distinction important?

DOBBS: In the course of reporting on this conflict we found that 28 U.S. military operations around the world are targeted against groups or organizations that are radical Islamists—groups that have taken a system of personal religious beliefs, created an ideology and now employ terror as their action of choice to achieve their ends. I am not talking about Muslims or the Islamic religion; I am talking about a relatively small group of Islamists around the world who use violence to try to overthrow governments and to create Islamist states that would be authoritarian in nature. I believe we should name our enemy. In this global conflict, the world's only superpower should not have to whisper the name of that enemy.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by the reaction—both at CNN and throughout the nation?

DOBBS: My audience expects me to talk straight. Their support of the language "radical Islamists" was overwhelming. My audience is smart and sophisticated, and I would have been surprised—hell, I would have been shocked—if they did not support the truth and a straightforward description of our enemy. Their support and that of my management in the firestorm that was created by simply confronting political correctness has been gratifying. It's an important issue at an incredibly important time in human history. In the middle of that war, and with the enormous questions about the future of our economy and now with Enron, WorldCom and the other scandals, there's so much at stake. What a time to be a business journalist.

"The locals seem to think he was some sort of vampire."

AL QAEDA (continued from page 74)

Al Qaeda anticipated that passengers might attack. So the hijackers were ordered to build body strength.

and Chechnya. Before he left for Pakistan, where he now lives, this man founded another charity, Nasr Trust, also in Chicago. Although BIF's funds were frozen, its office in Chicago continues to function. BIF raised $3.6 million in 2001.

PLAYBOY: That's pretty amazing.

GUNARATNA: The Global Relief Foundation is another Islamist organization that had its funds frozen. The GRF had an employee, also a U.S. citizen of Syrian descent, who was responsible for processing documents for Arab volunteers fighting the Soviets in Afghanistan.

PLAYBOY: You've said Abdullah Azzam had 30 offices here to support the mujahidin in their war against the Soviets. Do these offices still exist?

GUNARATNA: They do not exist as Al Qaeda offices or as Afghan relief offices. But there are certain mosques and Islamic institutions in this country that still pledge allegiance to Osama's ideology. They advance those themes and objectives in a clandestine or deceptive way. They are clandestine even as far as the larger Muslim population is concerned.

PLAYBOY: As you've said, the executive director of the BIF in Chicago is a Syrian American. What about the Syrian community in Chicago?

GUNARATNA: Many Muslims in Chicago support various Islamic charitable organizations without knowing they may be linked to Al Qaeda. I doubt that most people who support the BIF know its political mission. They just don't know.

PLAYBOY: You've reported that 20 percent of Muslim charities have been corrupted. How has this been accomplished?

GUNARATNA: When Al Qaeda identifies a nongovernmental organization, an Islamic registered charity, for instance, they send one or two of their people to join. Gradually, those people become prominent members of the organization. Eventually, they control the funds. They largely work through deception in the U.S., but in the Philippines, for example, they use intimidation. If one man says, "We have to be more accountable," they intimidate him. They will coerce him until he's scared for his life, for his children. Most of the Al Qaeda–infiltrated charities—most of the front and sympathetic organizations of terrorist groups in the U.S.—are still operating. They work as human rights organizations, humanitarian or cultural organizations, social or educational groups.

PLAYBOY: Who contributes to these charities? In 2001, Illinois state tax filings for the BIF cite an $80,000 donation from someone who is listed as unknown and $225,000 from a person identified only as Muhammad. Shouldn't that arouse suspicion?

GUNARATNA: Well, that doesn't conform to proper administrative and financial regulations, at least in spirit. The U.S. government has belatedly taken action against BIF. But there are several organizations like it. We know of several other terrorist groups operating here.

PLAYBOY: You've said donors in Saudi Arabia and Kuwait also don't know where their charitable money is used.

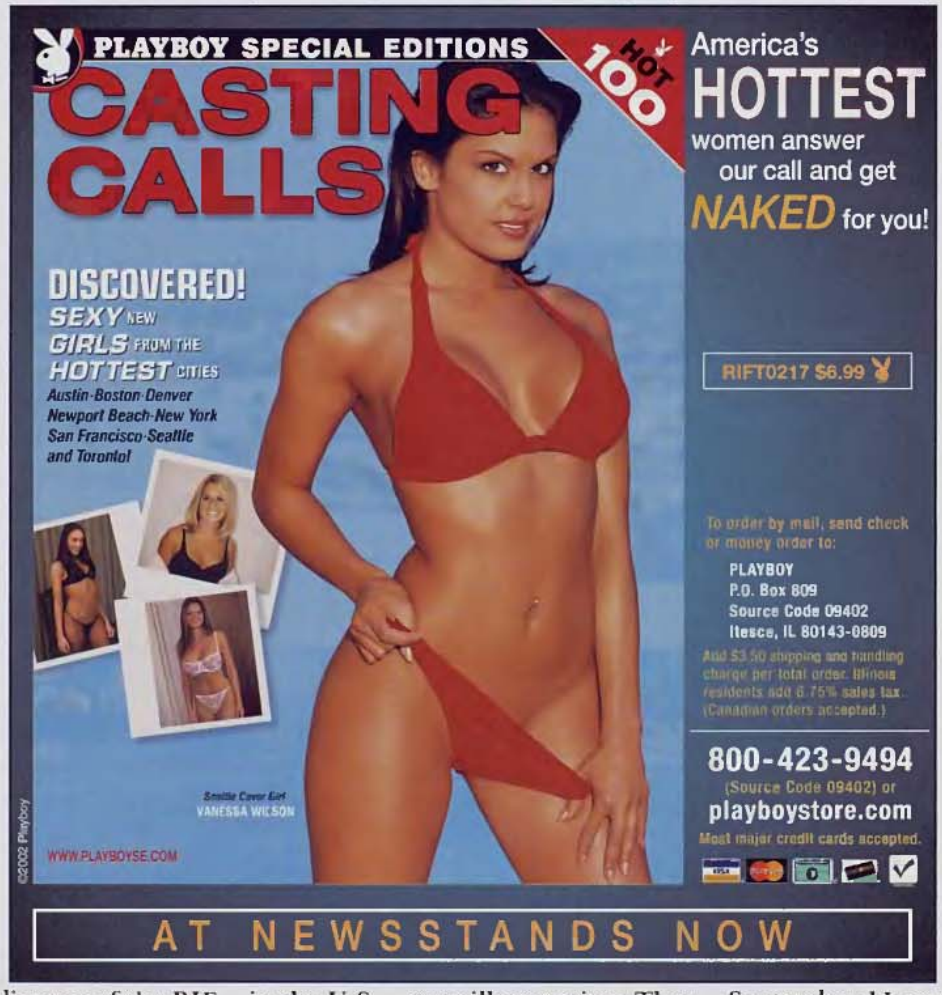
GUNARATNA: That's because they don't have a proper system. American and other Western institutions have procedures for accountability. Charities account for every cent. They maintain books here, but not in those countries.

PLAYBOY: Why have Americans become so vulnerable to attack?

GUNARATNA: Americans were lulled into a false sense of security. Their isolationist mentality focused on guarding borders, not on strategic threats. Sheikh Kabbani of the Islamic Supreme Council of America said in January 1999 that "extremist Islamists took over 80 percent of the mosques in the U.S." He said that the ideology of extremism has been spread to 80 percent of the Muslim population, mostly the youth. Because of the radicalization of some American Muslims by Islamist preachers, and because of the penetration of Muslim diasporas by foreign terrorists, the FBI infiltrated several American Muslim communities. But the prevailing view in law enforcement was that if American Muslims who support or participate in terrorism elsewhere didn't harm American interests, nobody would act against them. Al Qaeda knew U.S. intelligence was monitoring Muslim communities here, so they moved the September 11 operational team away from Islamic strongholds in New Jersey and Illinois. They built a new network that had no connection with any of the U.S. networks that Bin Laden believed had been compromised by the FBI.

PLAYBOY: Should the U.S. government have had an inkling about what was going on?

GUNARATNA: Certainly. Mohammad Jamal Khalifa, for example—Bin Laden's brother-in-law—visited the States. When U.S. immigration detained him in San Francisco in December 1994, they found documents in his luggage that detailed the "outline of the institution of jihad." These papers had titles like "The Wisdom of Assassination and Kidnapping,"



"The Wisdom of Assassinating Priests and Christians," "The Wisdom of Bombing Christian Churches and Places of Worship." Khalifa was held without bail before he was subsequently extradited to Jordan for allegedly financing the 1994 bombing of a cinema there. He was later tried and acquitted on that charge. As Al Qaeda's reported chief for Southeast Asia in the Nineties, Khalifa reportedly helped finance a plan to destroy 11 U.S. airliners over the Pacific, to crash an explosives-laden aircraft into the Pentagon and to assassinate President Clinton and the Pope in Manila. But until Khalifa was acquitted in Jordan, U.S. intelligence had no knowledge of his role in the plan. After the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, intelligence authorities arrested Khalifa in Saudi Arabia and later released him.

PLAYBOY: How has Al Qaeda altered their approach since the mid-Nineties?

GUNARATNA: The quality of the September 11 operations was markedly different from earlier U.S. attacks. Without exception, the hijackers were handpicked for their willingness to kill and die for Allah. When you compare September 11 with the unsuccessful attempt to bomb Los Angeles International Airport in December 1999, Al Qaeda has improved in almost every aspect. Realizing the threat of terrorist infiltration from Canada, with its relaxed immigration policy, the Americans tightened security along the border and instigated measures to protect key public buildings from car bombs. So Al Qaeda got their operatives into the U.S. by commercial airline, carrying correct identity papers and with sound alibis for their presence. Al Qaeda had originally planned the attack for September 9, but because of unknown operational constraints, the attack was postponed.

PLAYBOY: Were any future Al Qaeda members trained at the John F. Kennedy Special Warfare Center and School in Fort Bragg, North Carolina?

GUNARATNA: Ali Mohamed was. He was a captain in the Egyptian military who came to the U.S. for advanced training. He received training at the John F. Kennedy Center. He came back again and joined the U.S. Army and attained the rank of sergeant in the Special Forces. He was a member of Al Qaeda. As I pointed out, he trained Bin Laden's bodyguards. He trained the teams that operated in Somalia, Bosnia and Afghanistan.

PLAYBOY: Did the hijackers follow their instructions?

GUNARATNA: To the letter. Being advised to keep physically fit and mentally alert, they joined gyms. Mohamed Atta and Marwan al-Shehhi went to a health club in Decatur, Georgia. Ziad Jarrah did likewise in Florida, where he took martial arts lessons, including kickboxing and knife fighting. Al Qaeda anticipated that passengers might attack. So the hijackers were ordered to build body strength. Until a month before the operation, the hijackers had planned to threaten or, if necessary, use knives to gain control of the aircraft. An Al Qaeda group had used a knife to seize an Indian Airlines plane in 1999. Al Qaeda realized that the scheme could be compromised if team members were caught trying to smuggle knives aboard. So they carried box cutters that were less than four inches long, which were permitted by the Federal Aviation Administration. Other than pepper sprays, the box cutters were the only weapons carried by the hijackers.

PLAYBOY: How else did they prepare?

GUNARATNA: All the cells independently acquired flight deck simulation videos. Atta bought videos and other items from Sporty's, a pilot store in suburban Cincinnati. Nawaf al-Hazmi also obtained flight deck videos from the same store. Rehearsing was another central precept of Al Qaeda doctrine. Atta and al-Shehhi took a flight-check ride around Decatur in February 2001, and Jarrah did likewise at a flight school in Fort Lauderdale. They repeatedly took the same flight to familiarize themselves with airport security and cockpit access.

PLAYBOY: Did all the hijackers come from abroad specifically for the attack?

GUNARATNA: No. Al Qaeda recruited and trained Hani Hanjour, a Saudi national who had come to the U.S. in 1996 to study English. In 2001, Hanjour attended pilot-training courses in Arizona and Maryland.

PLAYBOY: How did Zacarias Moussaoui's arrest affect the operation?

GUNARATNA: It forced them to move up the schedule. Although Al Qaeda strives to train agents who disclose nothing to captors, they were aware of the danger to the operation. Moussaoui was one of the few suspected terrorists who knew about both the Hamburg and the Kuala Lumpur cells. But the FBI failed to examine his computer before September 11. With the imminent threat of being compromised, Al Qaeda's cells stepped up final preparations within a week of Moussaoui's arrest. On August 22, Fayez Ahmed used his Visa card in Florida to get the cash that had been deposited in his Standard Chartered Bank account in the United Arab Emirates the day before. That same day, Jarrah purchased global positioning equipment and schematics for cockpit instruments. From August 25 to August 29, the hijackers got their airline tickets with credit cards or online—except Khalid Almihdhar and Majed Moqed of American Airlines flight 77. Their Visa card didn't match their mailing address, so they had to drive to Baltimore–Washington International Airport and pay cash for two one-way tickets.

PLAYBOY: Good to see the security worked. Did these men know they were going to die?

GUNARATNA: Well, Atta sent a Fed Ex package from Florida to Dubai in early September. It's likely that it contained his farewell message to the head of his Al Qaeda family.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like they covered all the bases.

GUNARATNA: Al Qaeda also prepared a backup team to attack the World Trade Center, and had two other teams of trained pilots and hijackers poised to strike targets in India, Britain and Australia as well.

PLAYBOY: In helping the anti-Soviet jihad, did the CIA help Islamic radicals here? As you point out, Abdullah Azzam came to lecture in America. Did U.S. intelligence sponsor radical lectures in American mosques?

GUNARATNA: The Afghan Service Bureau didn't receive any money from the CIA. Its office got money from the Gulf countries and from Muslim immigrants.

PLAYBOY: What about through Pakistani intelligence, the ISI?

GUNARATNA: The ISI did give assistance. The CIA gave weapons to the ISI, and the CIA gave millions of dollars to Pakistani intelligence. The ISI did the training. I know this because I've spoken to the ISI. I spent a lot of time with them. People say the CIA supported Al Qaeda. But the CIA never did. The CIA gave assistance to ISI. And the ISI gave money to all these groups.

PLAYBOY: Has Osama bin Laden's family really disowned him?

GUNARATNA: Absolutely—except for one member, his brother-in-law Khalifa. No one else in the family supports him.

PLAYBOY: You said it's unlikely Al Qaeda could mount a biological or nuclear attack but that it could mount a chemical or a radiological attack. Is that still true?

GUNARATNA: Yes. Al Qaeda has tried to acquire chemical, biological, radiological and nuclear weapons. But as a terrorist group, it's difficult to get nuclear and biological material. So it's likely they will acquire and use chemical or radiological weapons.

PLAYBOY: How much did the Afghan war hurt Al Qaeda? How much did the bombings and the U.S. military intervention affect it?

GUNARATNA: They completely destroyed Al Qaeda's infrastructure. Training infrastructure is critical for the continuation of any terrorist conflict, because you have to constantly train members, both ideologically and physically. We know the bombs destroyed the infrastructure. When the quality of the Al Qaeda fighter becomes poor, he is vulnerable to detection. His operational security will be poor, so the efficiency of operations goes down. Also, the bombings have already demoralized Al Qaeda supporters, sympathizers and many of its members.

PLAYBOY: Are there currently any native-born Al Qaeda members?

GUNARATNA: Yes. We know there are from

several interrogation reports and arrests. Even before September 11 we knew from the East Africa bombings that there are Americans in Al Qaeda. We know some of them even trained Bosnian Muslims.

PLAYBOY: If that's the case, wouldn't it be possible for Americans to infiltrate? If it's conceivable that John Walker Lindh can become a Taliban member, can't the FBI recruit infiltrators?

GUNARATNA: Yes. But the FBI and the CIA lack creativity. They don't want to take a risk. When you are working with clandestine agents, sometimes you have to terminate them. They don't want to dirty their hands. I was a foreign-policy fellow at the Center for International and Security Studies at the University of Maryland. My faculty adviser was Stansfield Turner. I love the man. I respect him because he's an honest man. But the only disagreement I ever had with him was why he got rid of various clandestine programs when he was director of operations in the CIA. He later realized what he did was a mistake. America lost its eyes and ears.

PLAYBOY: Has the FBI or any other intelligence agency infiltrated Al Qaeda?

GUNARATNA: They're trying their best now, and they will.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you think the French have infiltrated Al Qaeda.

GUNARATNA: They have. They have infiltrated Al Qaeda for a long time. The French are good. Of all the Western intelligence agencies, they're the best on Al Qaeda. Among Arab countries, Jordan and Egypt have the best intelligence.

PLAYBOY: In *Inside Al Qaeda* you write about the lifespans of terrorist groups. How long will Al Qaeda survive?

GUNARATNA: It depends on how the U.S. and the international community respond. If you rigorously pursue a group, you can destroy it. I'd say in five years we will be able to destroy Al Qaeda. Five years is average. The CIA infiltrated Hezbollah in five years, although that was peripheral infiltration. But now, with so much energy going into counterterrorism, I believe that in the next one or two years there will be good infiltration of these groups. That will enable us to destroy them.

PLAYBOY: How long should it take the FBI and CIA to catch up in terms of human intelligence? How long will it take the FBI to get Arabic-speaking agents?

GUNARATNA: Since September 11 they have started to recruit immigrants as well as Americans skilled in languages. They hadn't done that before in sufficient volume.

PLAYBOY: How reliable is Abu Zubaydah, who's now in custody?

GUNARATNA: He'll never tell the truth. I know him. I listened to his communications before he was captured. He will never compromise his organization. Even if he's cut into small pieces, he won't. But, also, it's in the interest of federal agents to say Abu Zubaydah is cooperating. If you say one of the key guys in Al Qaeda is cooperating, it demoralizes others. It drives fear into others: Oh, our leader is exposing us.

PLAYBOY: Why has there been so little effective counterpropaganda?

GUNARATNA: Americans are clean people. They think black propaganda is something bad. It's a big mistake. The American people themselves killed the Pentagon's Office of Strategic Influence. They should never have done that. That office would have been central to fighting Al Qaeda. Americans must understand that when you deal with a secret organization, a terrorist group that has no principles, you have to undertake black operations—especially when you face a high threat.

PLAYBOY: How long would it take for an OSI-type office to be effective? Could it be done quickly?

GUNARATNA: The people who know the threat want to do it. But there is some resistance. In five years you will produce world-class intelligence operatives, because young people have seen the suffering of Americans.

PLAYBOY: Considering the presence of Saudis in Al Qaeda, especially in the September 11 operation, is there any connection between terrorist supporters and U.S. financial interests? Quite a few major American corporations have longstanding relationships with Saudi Arabians.

GUNARATNA: Well, the Saudi system tacitly aids terrorism in a big way. Naturally, the organizations that work with the Saudi system indirectly, without their knowledge, contribute to this. Think about it: American troops kill three to five Al Qaeda members a week in Afghanistan, but the Saudi system produces maybe two dozen Al Qaeda members every week.

PLAYBOY: The Sudanese government supposedly offered to turn Osama bin Laden over to the U.S.

GUNARATNA: Yes.

PLAYBOY: And the feds said no?

GUNARATNA: They said no because they didn't have sufficient evidence to prosecute him. It's very unfortunate. And, of course, a year before, the Sudanese offered Carlos the Jackal to the French government. And Carlos the Jackal is now in France in custody. Bin Laden was afraid to stay in Sudan after that. He was worried the same thing would happen to him.

PLAYBOY: You say that American troops should leave the Arabian peninsula. But aren't the troops there to protect the Saudi royal family as much as they are to defend American interests? Would the regime be at risk from theocratic forces if the soldiers left?

GUNARATNA: The regime will definitely be threatened, but not now. Maybe in five years, if the Saudis don't do a proper job cleaning up. More than catching the terrorists in Saudi Arabia, you must restructure a system that produces terrorists, that produces youths vulnerable to propaganda and indoctrination. Saudis are becoming sympathizers, supporters, collaborators and members of terrorist groups.

PLAYBOY: Has Al Qaeda been successful in bridging the Shia–Sunni divide?

GUNARATNA: Yes. To target a common enemy, Al Qaeda has gone beyond the ideological divide, which is unprecedented. In fact, the world's two most dangerous

"Oh, of course, the turkey! Yet another reason to be thankful!"

groups are Hezbollah and Al Qaeda, a Shia group and a Sunni group that now work together.

PLAYBOY: Is there any potential for disunity—ideological, factional or political—among Al Qaeda?

GUNARATNA: As long as Osama bin Laden is alive, there will be unity. When he's removed, there will be so much infighting. Bin Laden is a good diplomat. He can bring people together and give them a dream to follow, a vision and a mission.

PLAYBOY: There are a lot of disenfranchised youths in the Islamic world. How much does demographics—a surfeit of people under the age of 20—help Al Qaeda?

GUNARATNA: The young are most vulnerable to radicalization. Even if they're educated, they can't find employment. Or they will be underemployed. These are the people who join Al Qaeda. They want to attack, attack, attack. We see that mentality: Kill the Americans; Death to America. Those kinds of slogans come mostly from young people. In the case of Al Qaeda, the demography will not change in the Middle East.

PLAYBOY: Do you see a possibility for a reform movement in the Muslim world?

GUNARATNA: The fight against Al Qaeda and other Islamist terrorist organizations and Islamic radicalism should, essentially, be waged by moderate Muslims, because moderate Muslims are the most threatened. They are in danger of having their values taken away. But they don't have the willpower or the ability to do it. That's why the West must work with moderate regimes and people.

PLAYBOY: Is there a reform movement that would be able to counter the radical Islamist tendency, a counterreformation away from the Wahhabi, away from fundamentalism?

GUNARATNA: The Saudi royal family is under pressure to change that system now, because they know their system spawns and sustains terrorism. But will they be able to do it? That's the biggest question. Can the West persuade them? We have not seen signs of their doing it.

PLAYBOY: Can the madrassas be changed?

GUNARATNA: Egypt is reforming its madrassas in a big way. And Algeria has reformed. Algeria says every madrassa and mosque must be registered. Pakistan has also started to do this.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the encryption systems. Al Qaeda's e-mails were secure. How did they know the National Security Agency couldn't break their encryption software?

GUNARATNA: I don't know how Al Qaeda knew. But less than five percent of their communications are decipherable, because they're using the commercially available Pretty Good Privacy. Al Qaeda had a special school in Afghanistan to train people to use computers, to use encryption. Terrorists have produced many computer viruses, especially in Afghanistan and Pakistan, and they continually target European and North American countries. They are waging a war against the information infrastructure. Al Qaeda does this with simple means, buying programs off the shelf.

PLAYBOY: What's your personal impression of Al Qaeda members who you've interviewed? Are they wild-eyed fanatics? Are they zealots?

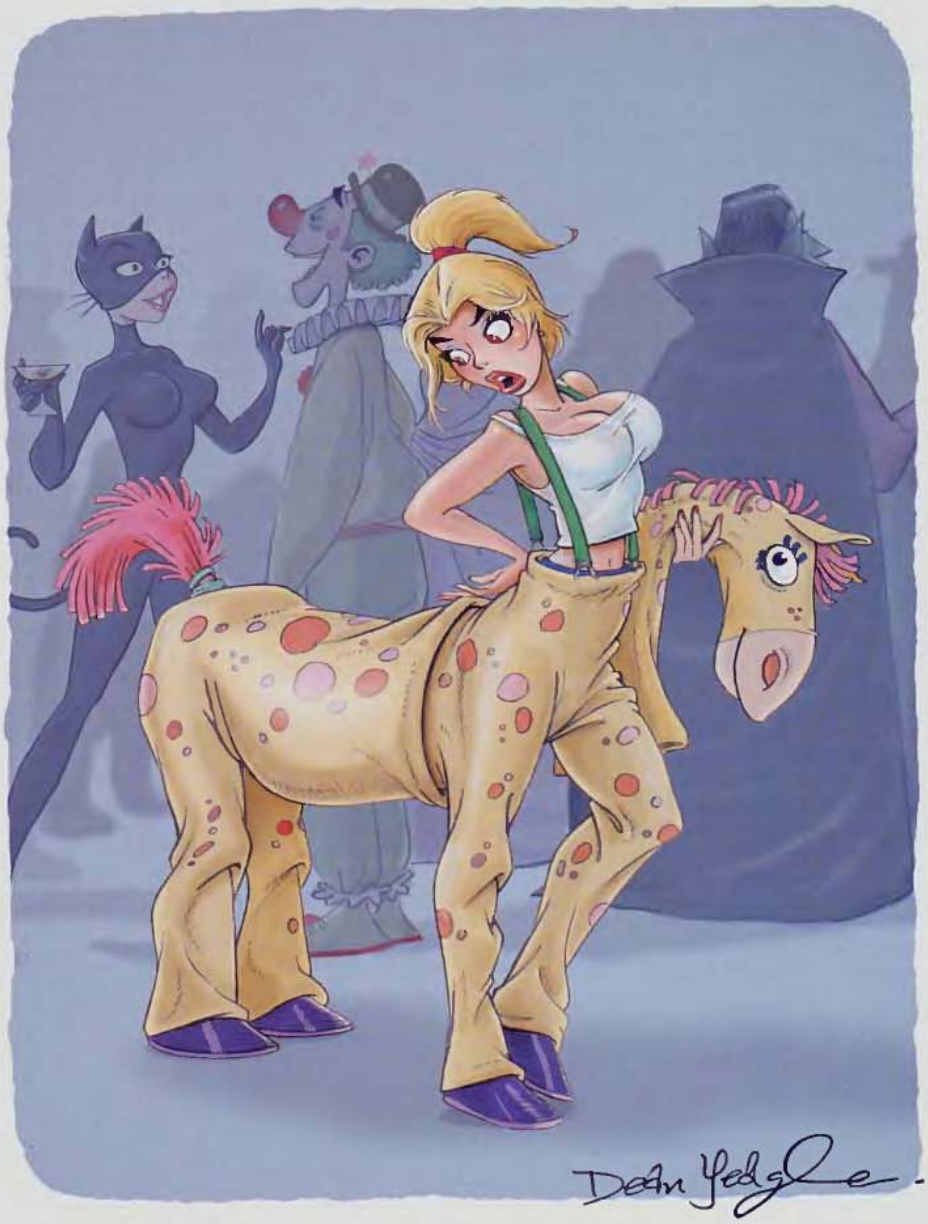
GUNARATNA: Actually, there is an A team and a B team. Members of the A team are the highly trained, highly motivated cool guys. They are icemen. The B-team guys are hotheads. Al Qaeda doesn't care for them. They are expendable assets. The Al Qaeda manual for explosives says you must never give explosives training to a hothead, because he will blow himself up and blow up other Al Qaeda members and supporters. Always pick the right man for the right job. One category is expendable, the other is not.

PLAYBOY: But you wouldn't want to mess with either of them.

GUNARATNA: The ones you have to watch out for are the Takfirs, who came out of Egypt in the late Sixties. Takfir believers can deviate from Muslim practices to blend in with infidels. They will drink scotch with you, go to topless bars.

PLAYBOY: How safe are we now?

GUNARATNA: The U.S. remains a vulnerable society. The threat of terrorism is still high. The only sure way to protect America—short of destroying Al Qaeda's entire infrastructure abroad, an objective likely to remain unattainable—is for the FBI and other agencies to step up recruitment of agents from migrant Muslim communities. That's how they can penetrate Al Qaeda's core leadership.



"Damn it, Frank—quit that or we're changing places!"

HOUSE

(continued from page 136)

Martinez by the shoulders.

"How the fuck did you do that?"

BLACKJACK 404

The answer is known as counting cards—keeping track of the high and low cards in a shoe to give a player an advantage. After they had returned to Boston, Kevin read up on blackjack theory at the MIT library and confirmed much of what Fisher and Martinez had been telling him. The game was beatable. But as Kevin understood it, counting had two major flaws. First, a player's percentage over the house was too low. Even the most complex systems aimed at an edge of, at most, two percent; to make any money, you needed an enormous stake, and moving that kind of money around would draw attention. Because counting cards doesn't affect the outcome—i.e., it's not technically cheating—a casino couldn't have you arrested. But it could banish you. In the end, card counting was a neat parlor trick, but it didn't seem like a way to make money. At least not the kind of money his friends threw around.

Three weeks into the fall term of his senior year, Kevin was taking a late-night swim when Fisher and Martinez showed up at the pool. "There's someone we'd like you to meet," Fisher said.

They walked together to a classroom located halfway down the Infinite Corridor, the long hallway of rooms that runs through the center of campus.

"Kevin, this is Micky Rosa," Martinez said. "He used to teach here, back in prehistoric times."

"I still teach here," Micky said as he shook Kevin's hand. "But now I teach for profit."

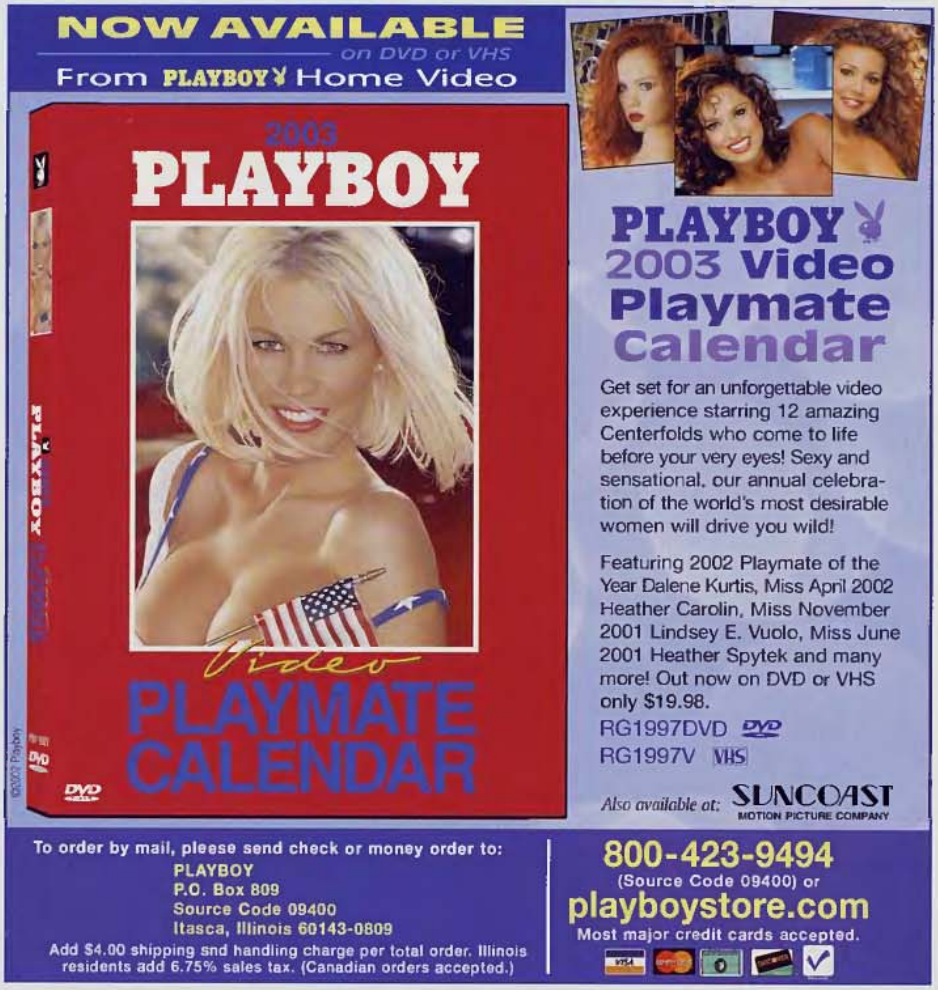
Micky introduced each of the seven people who filled desks at the front of the room. Kevin recognized three of them. There was Kianna, a beautiful Asian who also majored in electrical engineering and was the only woman in the group; Michael, a blond tennis jock; and Brian, a senior who, like Kevin, had grown up near Boston. The others were strangers; three appeared to be Chinese. They all had the MIT aura about them: studious, awkward and slightly superior.

"This is the MIT Blackjack Team," Micky said. "It's been around for two decades. We want you to come aboard."

WHAT'S THE COUNT?

As a member of the blackjack team, Kevin would earn a cut of the total winnings. He also could invest his own money, once he had earned some. Everyone gambled except Micky, who organized weekend excursions to Vegas and raised cash from investors who had come to expect returns of 30 percent or more.

Before he could travel, Kevin had to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prove he could count cards well enough not to be detected. Over the next few weeks, Micky and the others guided intense practice sessions while sequestered in empty classrooms with the shades pulled. This not only ensured privacy but also simulated the poor lighting of smoke-filled casinos.

"Have you heard of the high-low method?" Micky asked during the first session.

Kevin had read about it. In his 1962 book, *Beat the Dealer*, former visiting MIT professor Edward Thorp outlined a counting method that allowed players to keep track of the number of high cards left in a shoe. Instead of counting individual cards, players kept track of a single number, known as the running count. This number was added to every time a low card came out of the deck, and subtracted from every time a high card hit the table. The higher the running count, the more high cards were left in the shoe—indicating that the player should raise his bets. When the running count went negative, the player lowered his bets. Depending on the initial stake and the number of hands played, a player could gain a significant advantage.

Kevin had been correct to recognize the flaw in the system—to take advantage of the highs and lows, a player has to drastically raise and lower his bets. That makes it easy for a casino to spot counters. But the MIT players overcame that by working as a team.

Martinez explained the system. "You'll start out as a spotter," he said. "A spotter's job is to find a table with a hot deck. He plays the minimum bet as he counts. Nobody suspects him because he's like everybody else—losing a bit, maybe getting lucky but never varying his bet.

"When the count gets good, the spotter signals a call-in. The call-in is either a gorilla or a big player. A gorilla stumbles over like a drunk rich kid and starts throwing down big bets. He doesn't count the cards, he just bets and waits for the spotter to signal him that the run is over. He's a gorilla, brain-dead. Then when the signal comes, he wanders off in search of his next call-in."

"And a big player?"

"A big player does it all," Martinez said. "It's acting and counting and betting. It's tracking the shuffle and cutting to aces. You carry the big money, and you get yourself known by the casino personnel who will give you a luxury suite, champagne and other goodies to keep you coming back. You get called in by the spotter, but you take over the play. You do things the gorilla can't, like raising the bet as the deck gets hotter, but you have to do it with style so the casino doesn't nail you."

The spotter signaled the gorilla or big player with physical movements such as crossing his arms or putting his hands in his pocket, then passed the count with code words that could be used in a sentence without raising suspicions. For example, glove indicated a count of five (for five fingers), cat was nine (nine lives), football meant 11 (think goalposts) and sweet was 16.

To Kevin, the elaborate signals seemed overly dramatic, especially the fingers-through-the-hair move that indicated danger. What could possibly go wrong?

"You need to understand something," Martinez said. "From the moment you walk into a casino, they're watching you. There are cameras everywhere. There's also a face book put together by this detective agency hired by the casinos, Griffin Detective Agency. Certain card counters have found their way into the book."

"Is your photo there?"

"Not yet. But Micky's on the first page. If they see us with Micky, they might try to back-room us."

"What the fuck does that mean?"

"Nothing, really. They try to get you to come to a back room, usually in the basement. It's an intimidation thing. If you go down there, they take your picture, make you sign something. At that point, if you return, you're trespassing. Once they have your photo, you're done."

"Well, I intended to complain about the noise you were making, but on second thought. . . ."

INTO THE PIT

Kevin made his debut as a spotter at the MGM Grand. On the second night, Micky assigned him to play the gorilla. As Kevin staggered through the crowd, he located his spotters. Kianna had a seat at the table closest to the elevators. Michael and Brian played near the back of the pit. Martinez sat at a central table next to two black men in silk suits. Kevin

was about to start a second pass when he saw Martinez fold his arms.

Clutching his drink, Kevin pushed through the crowd and wedged himself into first base. He jammed his hand into his pocket, pulled out $10,000 in cash and plopped it down on the felt. As the dealer counted out the chips, Kevin offered a wide smile. "How's everyone doing tonight?"

Martinez grunted. "Getting crushed like a carton of eggs."

Plus 12. The three other players nodded amiably, and Kevin was struck by how huge they were. A lifelong sports fan, he had no trouble recognizing them: Allan Houston, John Starks and Patrick Ewing of the New York Knicks. Houston had $300 down. Starks was betting $250. Ewing had $500 in front of him.

Kevin pushed forward two $500 chips.

Houston shook his head, impressed. "Hey, Big Money. That's how it's done." He took a handful of cigars out of his pocket and offered them to the table. Ewing and Starks each took one. Martinez declined. Kevin shrugged. Hell, why not? He could be back in Boston pounding beers at a frat party. Instead, here he was smoking cigars with the New York Knicks.

The cards started to come out, but Kevin barely noticed them. He kept one eye on Martinez, waiting for signals to guide his play.

Over the next hour, Kevin led the table in an impressive slaughter. As the gorilla, he racked up $10,000 in profit, earning applause from the crowd by splitting 10s twice and doubling down on an eight. By the time he rose from the table, the players had invited him to party in the celebrity suite at the Mirage. Kevin's head spun. This was better than he had imagined.

BIG PLAY

Kevin quickly proved to be a skilled counter, so on a return trip to the MGM Grand a few weeks later Micky assigned him the role of big player. Kevin was about to take a break when he was called into a plus-14 deck by Michael. Kevin was up $8000 on the weekend; he slid into the table cocky. The count rose. After three rounds, he had moved up to two hands of $10,000 each. A crowd gathered. He drew an 11 and a pair of nines against the dealer's five. It was the most beautiful two hands he had ever seen. He doubled the 11, raising that hand's bet to $20,000. He drew a seven, making a hard 18. Then he split the nines—$10,000 more on the table—and drew a two on one, an eight on the other. He doubled the first hand, drawing an eight. He left the last hand alone.

Now he had $50,000 on the table and three good hands: an 18, a 19 and a 17 against the dealer's five. The odds were enormously in his favor. He leaned back and smiled. He was about to score the biggest win of his life.

His stomach dropped as the dealer turned over his bottom card to reveal a six. The dealer flipped the next card, a 10, for a 21. Kevin's ears rang. The dealer swept the $50,000 off the table.

"Oh my God," somebody said. Kevin clenched his teeth. He could hear Michael breathing heavily. He thought about getting up, but the count was still in double digits. And now the deal was further into the deck.

He moved three stacks of chips—worth $10,000 each—into the playing circles.

The dealer dealt Kevin an 11, a 14 and a pair of sevens, then pulled the worst card in the deck, a six.

Kevin took a deep breath. He doubled down the first hand, adding $10,000 more. He drew a nine for a solid 20. He left the 14 and split the sevens. He got a 10 on each, two 17s. Now he again had $50,000 on the table, betting on a 20, an ugly 14 and two 17s.

The dealer flipped his bottom card, revealing a queen. He now had a 16, the worst possible hand. Kevin was smiling as the dealer drew his next card.

The crowd groaned.

A five. The dealer flipped a goddamn five. On a plus-14 deck, Kevin had lost $100,000 in two hands.

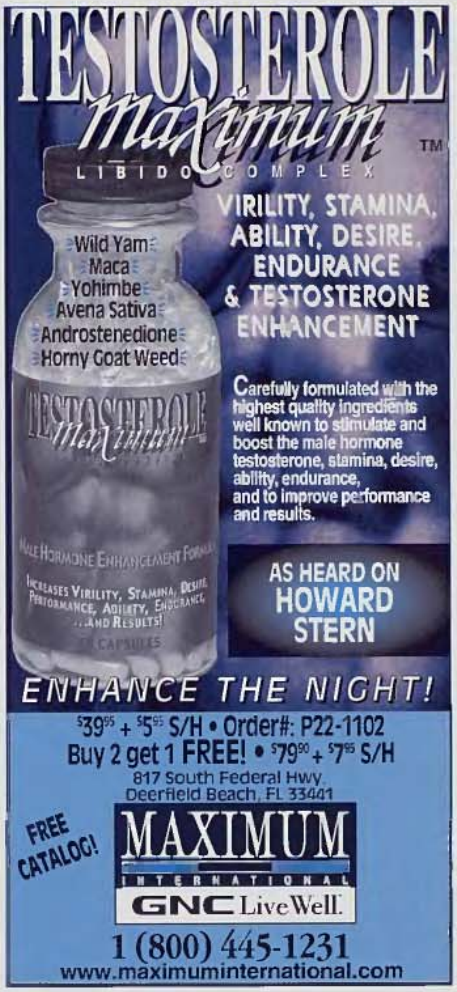
Kevin got up and pushed through the crowd. By the time he reached the elevators, his face had gone numb. Back in his VIP suite, he lay down on the shag carpet, arms outstretched. Overall, the team was way ahead for the month. But it was a painful lesson. No matter the count, the cards could go bad. Even math left room for luck.

ON A ROLL

Play continued through the winter and spring. In June, Kevin graduated from MIT and found a well-paying job in Boston as a software engineer. But that was largely for appearance. He hadn't told his parents about his gambling; he knew they wouldn't take it well. As far as they knew, he had to travel every few weekends for work. In reality, he and the rest of the team would spirit off to Vegas. They would land in the evening, play all night, crash in their free luxury suites, eat their free gourmet meals, lounge by the pool, watch a prize fight, party with celebs, hit the tables for another shift into Sunday, then fly home on Sunday night, their wads of cash strapped to the bodies of team members assigned to play the mules.

It was great while it lasted.

The first sign of trouble came at New York–New York. Like the city, the casino is a nightmare of pedestrian gridlock. It was hard enough to gamble there on your own; team play was almost impossible. Still, Fisher wanted to give it a shot. He felt that Kevin had played the MGM Grand, the Stardust and the Mirage so heavily in the past year there was a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chance that security personnel watching through the overhead cameras (the Eye in the Sky) would put things together. Kevin thought Fisher was being overly cautious but went along.

Partially because the crowds and the layout limited his movement, Kevin lost $7000 in the first hour of play. Inside, he cursed Fisher for making him play this amusement park. He caught sight of one of the new spotters, Jill, who had crossed her arms. He ambled over. "I sure hope my sister remembers to feed my cat," she said. Plus nine. Kevin bet $700 and followed the cards up to $2000 a hand. In 10 minutes he won $17,000. Maybe New York wasn't so bad after all.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Jill run her hand deep through her red hair. *Shit.* Too late. A barrel-chested man in a dark suit stepped from behind the dealer and leaned over Kevin's shoulder.

"Sir, a word, please?"

Kevin could tell from his tone that the man wasn't about to offer a free room. Kevin reminded himself to stay calm. He scooped up his chips. "Actually, I was on my way out. That goddamn roller coaster is driving me nuts."

The man blocked his path. His name tag said "Alfred, Shift Manager."

"Sir, you are no longer permitted to play blackjack at our casino."

Kevin could feel the other players staring at him, a few of them wide-eyed. Only Jill continued to study her cards.

"That's fine," Kevin said, his stomach tight. "If you don't want my action, I'll leave."

"Before you go, there are a few questions we would like to ask. If you'd come downstairs. . . ."

Kevin started for the door. He was trying hard not to panic. As he pushed through the crowd, Alfred stayed one step behind him.

"Sir. Sir. Sir!"

Kevin kept moving. Alfred followed all the way to the exit, stopping only when Kevin stepped through the glass doors to the sidewalk.

BETRAYED

When Kevin arrived at Micky's apartment, Fisher and Martinez were already there. They didn't look good. After the incident at New York–New York, Kevin had been chased out of Bally's, and Fisher and Martinez had taken to wearing disguises after similar brushups. The team had figured that eventually a few casinos might dissect their security tapes and get wise, but suddenly all of them seemed to be, and even excursions to outposts such as Shreveport, Louisiana and the Bahamas had been disasters. Today Martinez was wearing a hooded gray sweatshirt, and his face was so pale it almost blended into the material. Fisher looked more angry than tired.

"Somebody has sold us out," he announced as Kevin walked in.

Micky rested heavily on the couch. "I got this directly from a source at the detective agency. Someone from MIT sold a list to the agency. Names, yearbook photos, Vegas gambling schedules, estimated profits—everything."

Kevin sat down. "Jesus Christ."

"They sold us out for 25 grand," Martinez said.

"Who——" Kevin said.

"We don't know who—just that it was someone from MIT," Micky replied. "It could be someone on the team or someone who knows about us."

Micky tossed a sheaf of papers into Kevin's lap. It was 20 pages thick. On the top of the second page, Kevin found his photo and vital statistics. Kevin Lewis. Born Weston, MA, 1972. Graduated MIT 1994. Then his home and work addresses, phone numbers and a list of his many aliases.

"They have everything," Kevin whispered. "They know where we live."

WALKING AWAY

The team could continue to hit casinos outside the Strip that hadn't hired Griffin, but they would have to work much harder for much less money, and eventually their reputations would catch up with them. Like Micky, they had been forced into early retirement. Kevin's secret life slowly gave way to his real one. But he didn't leave the team for good until another member had $75,000 in cash stolen from a home safe during a break-in. Though by now he had moved his cash to a bank, Kevin rushed back to his own apartment. The door was locked and everything undisturbed—except for his kitchen table, where an intruder had placed a $500 chip. Kevin got the message: We know where you live, and we're watching.

Kevin still gambles alone and occasionally counts cards at smaller casinos that haven't installed continuous-shuffling machines. Most of his savings have gone into a downtown bar he opened with friends. Martinez and Fisher continue to attack the tables from a base on the West Coast. Because the Griffin betrayal turned the MIT veterans into dinosaurs, the roommates recruited a new crop of fresh-faced whiz kids—16 in all. Last year the team won more than $500,000. The Eye in the Sky is watching.

"Going down?" *"Oh no, I just dropped an earring."*

Are you losing your hair?

The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia

R. Ortiz, M.D., D.J. Carlisi, M.D., A. Imbriolo

These studies (condensed version) were made possible by a collective effort of The Hair and Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic

ABSTRACT

This data represents the results of a 24 week controlled study which shows the positive biological effects, efficacy and safety of a combined, unique herbal oral therapy and topical solution on hair regrowth. Two hundred subjects (100 males and 100 females) were enrolled in our study. A combination of herbal oral therapy and a special complex topical formulation was evaluated. The topical formulation has special enhancers that significantly increase the rate of penetration into the scalp. On the average, active hair regrowth was noted with the combined therapy in over 80% of the patients as early as two to four months. No further hair loss was reported as early as one to two months. Long term follow up has shown no side effects and/or unwanted reactions. The results presented here provide evidence of the effectiveness, safety and the high degree of success achieved with this revolutionary modality. This therapeutic approach represents advanced treatment in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair loss) in both men and women.

HERBAL ORAL FORMULATION

Testosterone is a naturally occurring sex hormone (androgen), normally produced, mainly by the male testis with a small contribution from the adrenal glands in both men and women. For this reason it is found in higher concentrations in men as compared to women. It is the compound solely responsible for the male sex characteristics in man as opposed to estrogen and progesterone, the androgenic hormones determining the female sex. Through very complex biochemical pathways in the body some of Testosterone undergoes a series of transformations resulting in various compounds each with a different physiologic function in the body than the original hormone. One of the main compounds produced is dihydrotestosterone also known as DHT.

Accumulation of DHT within the hair follicle is considered to be the hormonal mediator of hair loss through its direct action on the androgenic receptors in human scalp tissue. Through an unknown mechanism, DHT appears to interrupt the normal physiologic environment and function of the hair follicles in the scalp resulting in the alteration of the general metabolism (normal hair growth). The final outcome of this interaction ranges from the partial destruction to the complete obliteration of hair follicles resulting in an increase dropout in the number of functional hair cells.

The organic extract of the herbal formulations tested acts at the level of the cytosolic androgenic receptor of the scalp in a direct competitive manner with DHT. It works as a natural androgenic blocker, by inhibiting the active binding of DHT to the hair follicle receptor thereby modulating its effects and decreasing the amount of follicle damage and hair loss.

TOPICAL FORMULATION

A special topical medication was exclusively designed by experts in our institution. This new development represents an advanced treatment modality for pattern baldness. This blended hair-growing medicinal complex contains a variety of penetrating agents (enhancers) which improves the penetration rate to the affected site.

MATERIALS AND METHOD

Two hundred volunteer patients consisting of one hundred men and one hundred women exhibiting pattern baldness were enrolled in the study. The severity of hair loss ranged from stage I to the most advance stage IV on the Hamilton and Ludwig scales. Each participant was subjected to a thorough physical examination and a complete medical history was taken. All patients were in apparent good health and none have been previously involved in any studies or treatment as this type. The age range was 18-65 years. The mean age for men in years with their standard deviation was 32.1 + 9.1 and 37.7 + 12.9 in women. The total duration of the study was six months.

RESULTS

The overall outcome of this therapeutic modality has proved to be an extremely beneficial treatment approach in the management of androgenic alopecia (hair loss). There was a significant difference in the rate of hair loss and regrowth noted between males and females. A dramatic decrease in the rate of excessive hair loss and fallout was noted in most patients after the first 1-2 months of treatment. In women exclusively, this was evident as early as 2-4 weeks. Actual regrowth of hair was usually seen on the average starting within 2-4 months in both males and females. Thickening and lengthening of hair throughout the scalp occurred in all patients over the course of the study.

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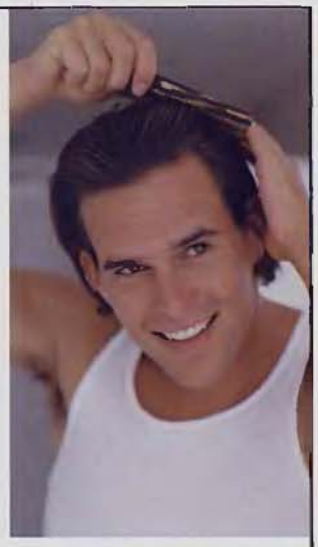

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Marshall Faulk

(continued from page 124)

James Bond movie. That is sweet stuff. She would make me enjoy missing a 200-yard game. I think she's done with athletes after David Justice, but if she isn't, my door is open.

16

PLAYBOY: Speaking of not being gay, Mike Piazza had to call a press conference to deny that he's gay. Are there guys in the league you're suspicious about?

FAULK: Uh-huh. I'd have nothing against anybody if they were gay, but really, I don't want to know. I don't want to know what so-and-so did with his wife last night, so why would I want to know if he's smoking the pole? Just keep it quiet. What's coming out going to prove? Is it going to make you catch the ball better or throw it any better? The only thing it would do is bring a team down, because the media would have a feeding frenzy. Someone would need attention really bad to do that. I mean, I could see coming out to make a statement if the league had a rule that gays couldn't play or something like that. But that's not the case. So just shut up.

17

PLAYBOY: When you're not wearing your football pads, you look more like a sportswriter than a player.

FAULK: That's low. But it's true. I'm not the typical football player. You'd think a guy who runs as much as me and takes the punishment I do would be a monster. I can't explain it. I work out in the gym, but only as much as I have to. I save everything I have for the game.

18

PLAYBOY: Nobody would accuse you of using steroids, but do other football players?

FAULK: You can't do it in football. This isn't baseball. They'll catch you. It can be anytime. They'll call you at home or when you're on vacation and say, "We have a place 20 minutes from where you are. How soon can you be here to piss in a cup?" It's good they do that, but they also banned ephedrine after [Minnesota Viking lineman] Korey Stringer died in training camp last summer, like that was really the cause. That didn't kill Korey. Some coaches push guys and they don't know when to stop. I'm not going to take a shot at Mike Tice, but he was Stringer's line coach and when Tice played back in the old days, linemen were maybe 260 pounds. Now guys go 320, 330, and they're not equipped to be out there in the heat without rest or water. In a game we might have the ball two or three minutes, on a good drive four minutes. You have to have some of that, you have to get out in the heat and mix it up. But there's a fine line between mixing it up and killing a guy. So it wasn't ephedrine—that was a cover. I use ephedrine and don't have a problem with it.

19

PLAYBOY: You use it? It's banned.

FAULK: Well, I used it, I should say, and never had a problem with it.

20

PLAYBOY: What do you use now?

FAULK: My mind. The mind is the greatest stimulant of all. Especially if I'm thinking about Halle Berry.

"Perhaps the game ran into overtime?"

PARTY SCHOOLS

(continued from page 91)

(11) GEORGIA

"I've seen 250 people crammed into a ridiculously small frat house. I've seen so many drunken loiterers downtown that there aren't enough police officers to handle it. I've watched as a drunken brawl between two girls turned into a handshake, then a kiss, then an orgy that the whole party got into. I know this town like the back of my hand, and I've still gotten so drunk that I woke up in a place I've never been. The bars are small, the clubs are packed, the energy is endless."—Greg

"With bars galore and one of the best music scenes around, Athens is a mecca for those who love to indulge."—Will

What's their poison? Smirnoff Ice, Miller Lite.

(12) OHIO STATE

"There's something in the air at Ohio State that makes the spring quarter wild. The women turn into these sex-crazed animals. If you graduate in four years, you've missed out on partying for an extra year."—Sam

"One party had 69 kegs and one had 100. Both of them were shut down rather quickly. It was amusing to see the police getting U-Hauls to carry all of the kegs."—Nathan

"The parties never stop. Girls drop their panties on every possible occasion. Anyone can get laid. Anyone. I had sex during a planetarium demonstration in an astronomy class."—Daniel

"Ohio girls are easy."—Eric

Hangouts: Four Kegs Bar and Grill. **Best excuse to wake up early:** kegs and eggs.

(13) IOWA STATE

"Iowa State tailgates include keg grills, one-gallon partner beer bongs and a mini goalpost and turf to kick empty beer cans through."—Lindsay

Where to get freaky on campus: The tiers in the library. **Wildest football rivalry:** Iowa State versus Iowa. **Tailgating team that doesn't fuck around:** Team Beer. **Where to cut a rug:** Sips. **Who to find when you're drunk and hungry:** Gyro Man.

(14) FLORIDA STATE

"We know how to party. Every night there is a spot in town that has amazing girls drunk and looking for a good time. The biggest thing to do is to get all your friends together and rent a stretch Navigator for the night. You get VIP treatment in all the clubs. And best of all, how many girls wouldn't want to party in a limo?"—Mike

"Seeing girls get on the bars and strip is all too common."—Alberto

Where to hang out: Bullwinkle's Saloon.

(15) COLORADO STATE

"My fraternity is alcohol free, though we're still known for our crazy parties. Our motto is, We may be dry but the girls are wet."—Matt

"We will absolutely blow away any party that CU will ever throw. And the girls? I have never seen so many Barbies in my life."—Troy

Where to watch girls shake it: Zydecos. **Neighborhood hang:** Suite 152.

(16) FLORIDA

"We run the city. The highlight of our year, of course, is football season. We've been ranked in the top 10 for the past decade."—Will

"The swamp is home to some of the most beautiful and playful girls in the South."—Robert

Where to cruise for chicks: University Avenue.

(17) TULANE

"Tulane is a bunch of academics who do their homework in the afternoon and get blasted at night. Kids from universities two hours away drive in to spend their weekends in our bars."—Eric

"It's an all-year Mardi Gras."—Evan

"Every year 2000 18-year-old freshmen leave home for the first time and go to a city that's known for partying. It's a nonstop party."—Adam

Where to get buzzed: Columns Hotel, F and M Patio Bar

(18) WASHINGTON STATE

"We live in a small college town in the middle of the wheat fields. That leaves little to do except get hammered and screw. Once there was a horrible snowstorm and it still took me half an hour to get into the bars because they were so damn packed."—Scott

"There's nothing else to do in Pullman, Washington. We've mastered the art of partying."—Sara

School nickname: Wazzu. **Where to watch girls dance in cages:** Shakers.

(19) EAST CAROLINA

"We have the sexiest women with the best Southern hospitality."—Stephanie

"We do it all, from tailgating at football games to drinking in the jungle during baseball games. We were already ranked for having the prettiest girls on campus, and those girls know how to party. Trust me!"—Kelley

Where to see girls dance on the bar: Coyote Ugly Night at Pantana Bob's. **Rowdiest holiday:** Halloween. **Wildest frat:** Tau Kappa Epsilon. **Where to pick up chicks:** The Paddock.

(20) MICHIGAN STATE

"Any given Thursday through Sunday you will find naked drunken people running down fraternity row, partygoers hanging out of apartment windows and thousands of students groping one another in various states of intoxication and undress. We're unrivaled in lasciviousness and unparalleled in lust for drunken misbehavior."—Joe

"The Greeks do a good job rounding up the quality tail."—Matt

The wildest hangout: Grand River Avenue.

(21) MISSISSIPPI

"No school has produced as many Miss Americas as Ole Miss."—Matt

"We're often overlooked as one of the top party schools because we're too busy partying to take the Princeton Review's survey."—Heath

Off-the-hook street bash: The Double Decker Fest.

(22) CALIFORNIA–SANTA BARBARA

"Where else can one go to school with sunshine all year round and blonde bombshells walking around wearing miniskirts and bikini tops? That's just class on Tuesday morning. It isn't called the University of Casual Sex and Beer for nothing."—Chris

"People come from all over to party. It goes off. Kegs at every house, bands at every other house. Typical southern California hotties? We have them. Surfer beauties? Our specialty."—Brett

(23) LEHIGH

"Lehigh parties every night. There are never breaks. After the normal party ends, another begins and lasts until morning."—Michael

"We are a little school, but we know how to do it right. People think that a school of our academic caliber would be full of dorks who sit in their rooms all day doing equations. It's the complete opposite."—Deborrah

(24) VANDERBILT

"Vandy is for people who are smart enough to slack off all the time and party like there's no tomorrow."—Matt

"Our academic reputation in obvious ways hinders our party scene, in that we actually study sometimes. But in some ways, we party harder because of our insane workload. Partying is how we stay sane."—Nate

Three nights of sex, drugs and rock and roll: Rites of Spring. **Where to shake your ass:** Liquid Lounge. Yes, it's true: Only one bar on campus.

(25) JAMES MADISON

"Any night of the week you can find a party with multiple kegs, beer pong and girls dancing on tables. We party harder than any other school. If you're looking for hot girls who can hold their alcohol, stop by."—Dan

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WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 23–30, 32, 33, 47–48, 110–111, 116–119 and 163, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

AFTER HOURS
Pages 23–30: *Kinky and Blissful*, Trafalgar Square, 800-423-4525. *Bernard of Hollywood*, Taschen, 888-827-2436. *Clown Paintings*, Powerhouse Books, 877-742-6657. Remote-controlled flying saucer, 306-955-1836.

MUSIC
Page 32: *Bright Eyes*, saddle-creek.com. *Broken Music*, birdnest.se/ampersand. *Flunk*, beatservice.no. *Mary Gauthier*, signature-sounds.com. *Rick Holmstrom*, tonecool.com. *Ladytron*, emperornorton.com. *Aimee Mann*, drivingsideways.com or aimeemann.com. *MF Grimm*, daybydayent.com/mfgrimm.htm. *Noise and Electronic Music*, subrosa.net. *Queens of the Stone Age*, interscope.com or qotsa.com. *Röyksopp and Flunk*, astralwerks.com. *Sonic Youth*, geffen.com. *Spoon*, merge records.com or spoontheband.com. *Bruce Springsteen*, columbiarecords.com or brucespringsteen.net. *Trinity*, priorityrecords.com. *Vines*, hollywood andvine.com or thevines.com. *Kelly Willis*, rykodisc.com.

WIRED
Page 33: *EA*, 800-245-4525 or ea.com. *Electromotive*, 703-331-0100 or electromotive-inc.com. *Harman Multimedia*, 877-266-6202 or harman-multimedia.com. *Powerchip*, Power chipgroup.com. *Superchips*, 800-898-2447, ext. 2001 or superchips.com. *THQ*, 818-880-0456 or thq.com. *Ubi Soft Entertainment*, redstorm.com. *U.S. Army*, americasarmy.com or goarmy.com.

MANTRACK
Pages 47–48: *BMW*, bmwusa.com. *Fairline*, fairline.com. *Fodor's*, 212-572-8784 or fodors.com. *Hangar 1*, 707-462-3221, 800-782-8145 or hangarone.com. *Harper Collins*, 212-207-7901. *Mini Cooper*, miniusa.com. *Motorized Golf*, 978-281-6464, 800-917-9470 or motorizedgolf.com. *Nissan*, nissandriven.com. *Yachtsmart*, 703-328-6155 or fractionalyacht.com.

PARTY TRAY
Pages 110–111: *Bacardi*, 800-293-9559 or bacardisilver.com. *Captain Morgan*, 800-978-6626 or rum.com. *Jack Daniel's*, 888-403-0084 or jackdaniels.com. *Sauza*, 866-236-6327. *Skyy*, 866-759-9258 or skyy.com. *Smirnoff*, www.smirnoff.com. *Stolichnaya*, 866-236-6327.

CRIBS ON WHEELS
Pages 116–119: *Alpine Electronics*, alpine.com. *Bentley Motors*, bentleymotors.com. *Cadillac*, cadillac.com. *Ferrari*, ferrari.com. *JL Audio*, 954-443-1100 or jlaudio.com. *JR's Custom Auto*, 972-438-4902 or jrscustomauto.com. *Kenwood Electronics*, 800-536-9663 or kenwoodusa.com. *MB Quart*, 800-962-4412 or mbquart.com. *Mercedes-Benz*, mercedes-benz.com. *Sony*, station.com. *310 Motoring*, 310-670-1515 or 310motoring.com.

ON THE SCENE
Page 163: *Honda*, honda.com. *Toyota*, toyota.com.

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Sex in Cinema

(continued from page 84)

be rounder. Your bush needs a trim." And on and on. It's hard enough for an actress to take off her clothes and let everyone look at her; it must have been terrifying to have dialogue adjusted to describe even the smallest imperfection.

Sexwise, the most aptly titled movie of the year was *Sex and Lucía*, a movie that has so much sex it deserves title billing. *Sex*'s co-star, Paz Vega, has been described prosaically as "the next Penélope Cruz" and more poetically as "a gift to this life"; neither phrasing is an overstatement. There was also a lot of sex in *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*, including a particularly frisky sequence involving Sam Rockwell and Drew Barrymore. Leonardo DiCaprio and Cameron Diaz struck a lot of sparks in *Gangs of New York*. The title of this year's best pickup line was retired early in the season, when Russell Crowe, playing the brilliant but less than suave mathematician John Nash in *A Beautiful Mind*, approaches a beauteous blonde in a bar and after some moments of cogitation says, "I don't exactly know what I am required to say in order for you to have intercourse with me. Essentially, we're talking about fluid exchange, right, so could we go right to the sex?" (In case you haven't seen the movie, I won't tell you whether or not the approach succeeded.)

It's a shame that more movies haven't figured out how to treat male sexuality, because those that have are among the best pictures of the year. In *Monster's Ball*, Billy Bob Thornton and Halle Berry played characters mired in a culture of death and hate. They manage to break out of it by using sex, first for its explosive, disruptive power, and then for its ability to heal, soothe and sustain. The guys in *The Rules of Attraction* use sex because they can't find meaning in their lives, and sex, like drugs, is a pleasurable way of disguising that truth. In *Roger Dodger*, starring Campbell Scott, and *About a Boy*, starring Hugh Grant, the lead characters were smart and charming but were content to lead shallow, selfish existences until they were shocked to discover that there are larger dimensions to life. It's not that they discovered sex was no longer important. In fact, what they discovered is that sex had been filling a place where something equally profound belonged and that they were happier when things were more in balance. The cliché that men are interested only in sex isn't eradicated by movies that pretend men aren't interested in sex. Men are very interested in sex—hey, even that hot amnesiac secret agent remembered he liked girls—and it would be a treat if movies engaged that interest more often.

PLAYMATE NEWS

MY LUNCH DATE IS A CENTERFOLD:

NICOLE NARAIN CHATS UP ROCKER PETE YORN

Playmate, actress and budding TV personality Nicole Narain could easily be your next favorite talk show host. She's so likable and bright that she gave us an idea: Why not send Nicole to talk with another up-and-comer, singer and songwriter Pete Yorn? Nicole met Pete

(who is recording his as yet untitled second CD) at the Four Seasons in Los Angeles, and proceeded to flex her interviewing brawn. Carson Daly, watch your back.

NN: So, Pete, your first CD, *Music for the Morning After*, went gold. Congrats! How are you handling stardom?

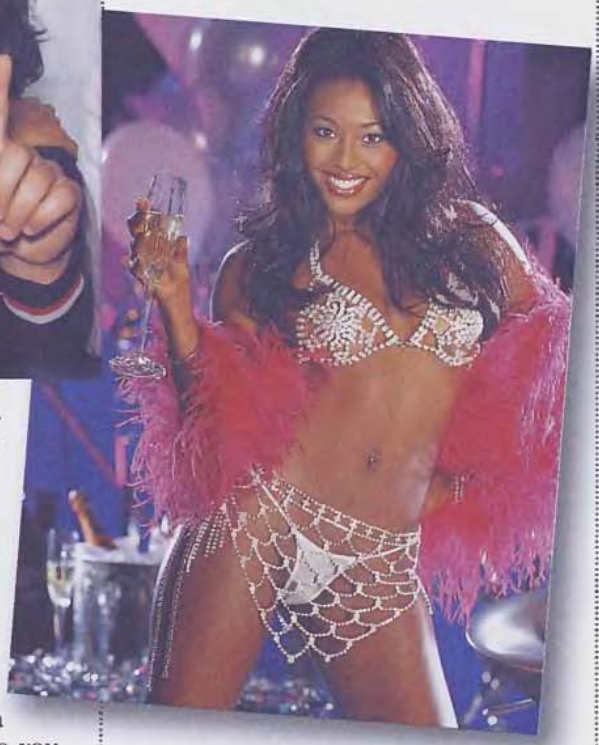
PY: It hasn't been overwhelming. It happened slowly, over a year and a half. People say, "Do you feel like a rock star?" I don't. I feel like me. I don't even have security. I left a show one night and there were 200 people waiting for us and going nuts in the street. We were like, "Ah! We better get some security!" The only security we have now is our lighting guy standing guard.

NN: You just wrapped up a headlining tour. Is touring hard work?

PY: It's busier than I thought. People think you sleep all day and play rock shows at night. Actually, after a show you always end up in a bar, because everyone wants to party with you. You have to do it.

NN: You have to! Poor you.

PY: I know. Then you get on the bus and try to sleep, but you can't. You drive all night to the next city and then the tour manager's like, "Get up! It's eight o'clock and you have to do *Good Morning Salt Lake City*."



NN: Trashed any hotel rooms?

PY: Oh, yeah. Shitty hotel rooms. I wouldn't trash a nice room. It starts with our bass player surfing on the ironing board. That breaks in five minutes, then the TV gets moved and walls get kicked. Trashing dressing rooms is fun—there's always tons of food to throw. In the morning it's like, "I didn't do anything!"

NN: You're from New Jersey—do you love Bruce Springsteen?

PY: I hated him when I was younger. I was like, "Springsteen? Fuck that. *Born in the USA* is lame." He was too close to home. Then in college I got into him.

NN: Do you remember the first song you wrote?

PY: Yeah, it's called *The One*, and it's a Cure-type love song. It goes, "She was the princess of the underworld/Her lips were red like fire/She told me once or so I thought/That love was her desire." Lame! That rhyming of fire with desire is so clichéd. I'm embarrassed.

NN: You've been linked to Winona Ryder and Minnie Driver. Are you seeing anyone now?

PY: It has been reported that I have a girlfriend, but I don't. It doesn't make any sense to have a girlfriend when you're traveling as much as I am. I just couldn't give her what she deserves.

> "Trashing dressing rooms is fun—there's always tons of food to throw."

NN: What's your biggest love fear?

PY: That it doesn't exist. I haven't been in love since high school. I know that love is more than sex and physical attraction. That goes away.

NN: Women must throw themselves at you. How can you tell if they're after you because you're famous?

PY: You can't shit a shitter.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

November 1: Miss October 1993
Jenny McCarthy
November 2: Miss August 1990
Melissa Evridge
November 15: Miss December 1977
Ashley Cox
November 19: Miss January 1964
Sharon Rogers
November 24: Miss April 1984
Lesa Ann Pedriana

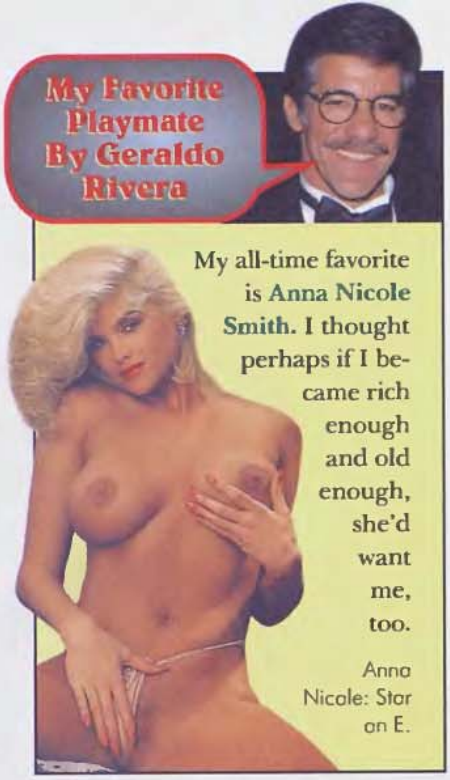
20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Those boots. That belt. That headband. Centerfold Marlene Janssen hailed from the Quad Cities, and she was game to put on—and take off—the quintessential Eighties postdisco, pre-*Flashdance* getup. Last time we spoke with Marlene, she was living in North Carolina and managing Temptations sex-toy parties for Adam and Eve Productions (more on that next month). Marvel at Miss November 1982—and be glad that Eighties fashions are long gone.

Marlene Janssen.

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Geraldo Rivera



My all-time favorite is **Anna Nicole Smith.** I thought perhaps if I became rich enough and old enough, she'd want me, too.

Anna Nicole: Star on E.

ROCK-AND-ROLL NUPTIALS

A string quartet playing at Rebekka Armstrong's wedding? Yeah, right. Whether she is portraying a heroin addict on the MTV reality show *Flipped*, giving safe-sex lectures around the world or appearing in public service announcements for Cable Positive HIV/AIDS awareness, Rebekka has always lived by her own rules. When it came time to plan their wedding, Rebekka and her fiancé, Oliver Luettgenau, had just one requirement: rocking music. They hired Los Angeles–based pop-rock band Gifted, and at one point, the bride jumped onstage to join the band jamming on *Seven Sundays*. Says Gifted guitarist Rob Allen, "The wedding was a blast! Everyone was into it. In fact, the guests had more tattoos and piercings than the band. Quite the cool crowd." Rebekka adds: "We went to Costa Rica for our honeymoon. Very romantic." We wish Rebekka and Oliver all the best.

LOOSE LIPS

HEIDI MARK:
"A while ago a girl came up to me and said, 'Your Centerfold is so beautiful, but you should have trimmed your bush.' Vince Neil made me grow it out because he didn't want anyone to see anything. He had his hand in everything. I'm desperately trying to get divorced. And, yes, now it's trimmed. I had the bad boy. The next time, I am going to marry a nice guy."

SHANNA MOAKLER:
"Men like my breasts because they are natural and firm. I'm a topless thong beachgoer."

KRISTI CLINE:
"I'm a flirt. Since I became single, it's horrible. It's like I'm 17 again!"

PUTTING THE T AND A IN PETA

Playmates have touted People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals' meat-free motto in playful ad campaigns for years. Kimberley Conrad Hefner (near left) graces advertisements as a voluptuous version of Uncle Sam. Lauren Anderson served "not dogs" to hungry Congress members on Capitol Hill, following the lead of Julie McCullough and Kari Kennell-Whitman (far left), who wore lettuce bikinis at the same gig in 2000. "I'd walk down the street naked if it got people to stop eating that junk," Julie says. A vegetarian and animal activist for more than 16 years, Julie donated the $28,000 she won on *Weakest Link* to her favorite charity, Last Chance for Animals.

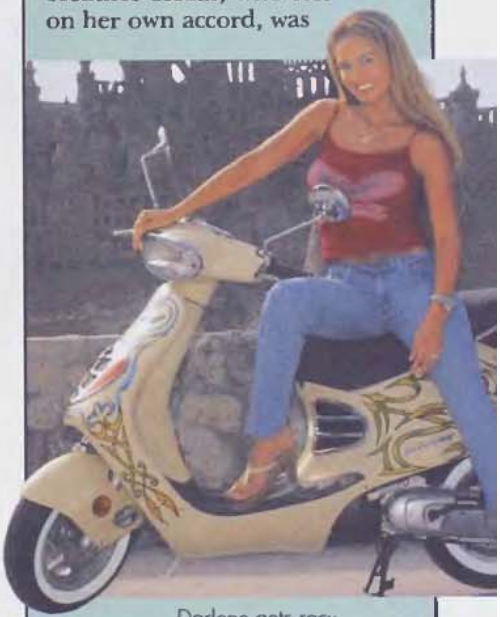
PLAYMATE GOSSIP

The **Anna Nicole Smith** madness continues. Her reality show on E is a hit, Showtime has commissioned a documentary about her called *Illegally Blonde* and she is gearing up to write her memoirs. . . . Congrats to newlywed **Kerissa Fare,** who is expecting her first child any day now. . . .

LEROY HERMAN

The new Angry Chiwawah CD, *Unleashed*, has **Brande Roderick** on its cover. . . . **Pamela Anderson** discussed her battles with **Tommy Lee,** her hepatitis C and her column in *Jane* magazine on *Larry King Live*. . . . Longtime vegetarian **Kari Kennell-Whitman** (see story below left) heads the nonprofit animal rescue group Ace of Hearts (acesangels.org). She has found homes for more than 700 dogs from the pound. . . . **Nikki Schieler** got a pink slip from *The Price Is Right*. "I was given no reason," Nikki says. "I heard I was getting too much attention." **Heather Kozar,** who left on her own accord, was replaced as well. . . . **Darlene Bernaola** shows up in ads for the Malaguti USA motor scooters designed by Franky and Minx, known for a tattoo-inspired underwear line. Buy skivvies for your girl at frankyandminx.com.

Hot dog—it's Brande!



Darlene gets rocy.

WILLIE NELSON *(continued from page 70)*

"Wait. I have a little joke. A duck went into the bar and said, 'You got any grapes?'"

I mean to see the changes in the world—not only the bad ones, but also the good ones. Look at the Internet. Now we're communicating with people around the world without having to go through a record company or publicity machine. We're sending songs out in digital form. Amazing shit.

PLAYBOY: Part of sending songs out on the Net has raised controversies about copyrights. Are you concerned?

NELSON: I think it's all good. I'm for the people and this is giving them a new way to listen to music. It's good for artists, too, especially breaking artists, because it's a way to get heard even if they haven't been signed by a big label. This doesn't mean I don't want to get paid for my work, but I do all right. Things are shaking out and the Internet may work like the radio or something so artists get their royalties. I'm not worried. I put samples of songs on the web all the time. You ain't gonna hear this stuff on the radio. They'll sort it all out—royalties, whether you're gonna have to pay taxes on the Internet.

PLAYBOY: Taxes must be a sore subject for you after your widely publicized IRS audit.

NELSON: The Infernal Revenue Service.

PLAYBOY: Which in 1990 presented you with a bill for tens of millions of dollars.

NELSON: An impressive sum. I got an official letter. I owe *what*? We knew it was coming, actually. It was happening to other people who invested in the same things I invested in—these shelters we were sold on—and we were told to expect it. They seized everything I had. I was angry, of course. Especially angry at the people who advised me and got me into the mess.

PLAYBOY: Were you thumbing your nose at the IRS by releasing *The IRS Tapes* album?

NELSON: I was just trying to test their sense of humor, I suppose. I actually heard that they thought it was pretty funny. The funniest part was that it was the best promotion for an album I ever had. People heard about it everywhere. The more people heard about my troubles, the more they came out to help. I got phone calls and letters from people wanting to do everything you can think of. At shows, people would try to give me money. Friends bought my stuff so I could buy it back from them.

PLAYBOY: What lessons did you learn from your IRS debacle?

NELSON: A couple of things. First, not to trust other people with things that are your responsibility. I just didn't want to know and I let people make decisions and nodded, thinking, I'm just playing music. "You deal with this other shit." That was a mistake and I want to know what people are doing in my name and with my money or anything else. Second, it made me think clearer about what I really want in my life, what I need. You can get caught up thinking you need a lot more than you do. Then it can be like a weight on you, keeping you down. The IRS didn't mean to do me a favor, but in a way they did. They helped me clean house. I didn't need all that stuff anyway.

PLAYBOY: Stuff like?

NELSON: Stuff like a jet. That's what can happen and then you have all this shit and think, Now I have to pay the bills. I prefer the bus anyway. Everybody thinks it was this hell in my life, but it wasn't. It was just something I had to get through. There has been worse.

PLAYBOY: Presumably the worst was when your son Billy committed suicide.

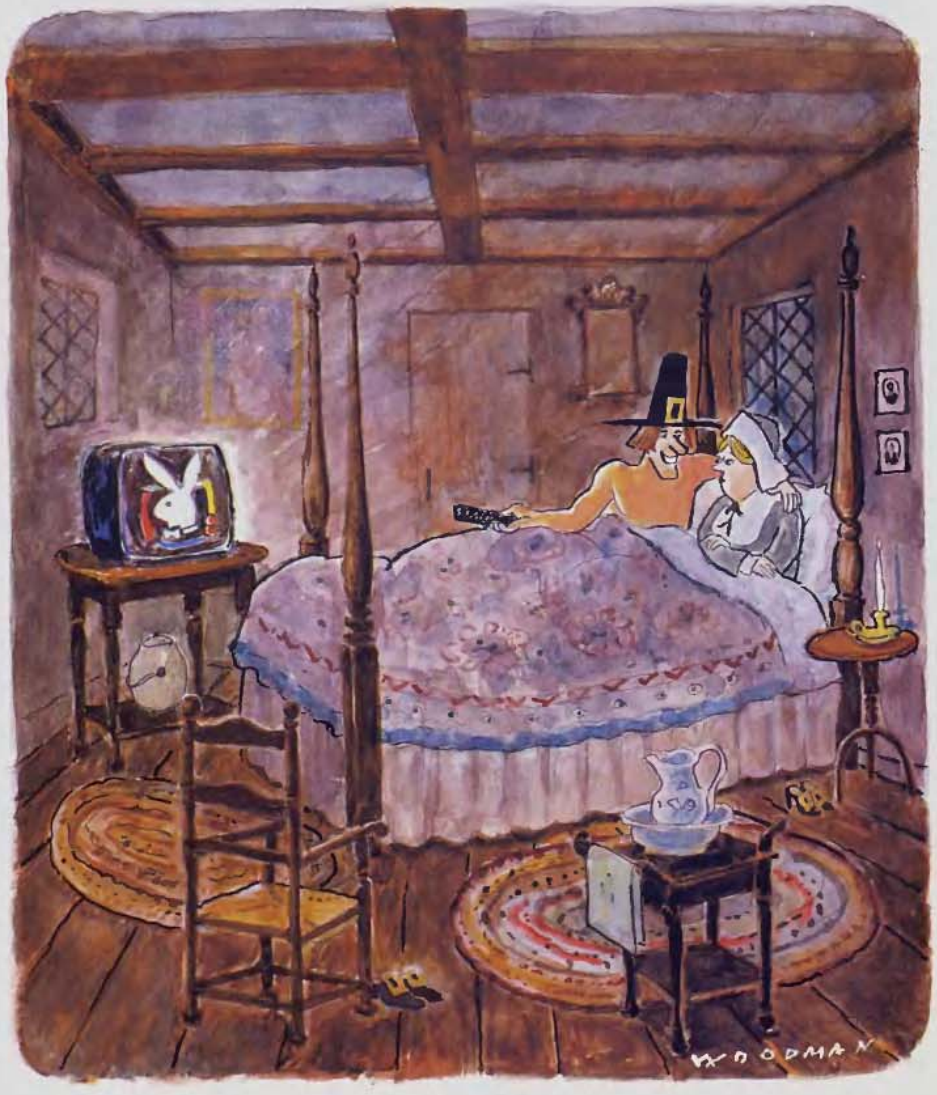
NELSON: That was the worst. Everything is insignificant when you have to face something like that. Billy's with us though. That's the way I feel about it.

PLAYBOY: After four marriages, have you given any thought to a fifth?

NELSON: My lifestyle isn't conducive to marriage. It took four times because I guess I'm a slow learner. Maybe they didn't like my sense of humor. How do you change a dishwasher into a snowplow? Give the bitch a shovel [*laughs*]. Still, every one I was married to was a wonderful woman. My lifestyle's a little hard. I'm on the road so much.

PLAYBOY: Did you miss anything because of all the miles you've logged?

NELSON: Did I miss anything? I'm sure I did. But if I had the chance to do it all over again, I'd do it exactly the same. Wrong or right, it's my life. Sounds like a song, doesn't it.



Real people, real news, real naked

The WEEKEND FLASH

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PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

STEPPING UP IN CLASS

Last year, the two best-selling automobiles in America were the Honda Accord and the Toyota Camry. Together, both of these models sold about 800,000 units. The average retail price per car is slightly more than $21,000, so the Camry and the Accord generated almost $17 billion in revenue. To give you a reality check on these numbers, movie ticket sales in 2001 came to about $8.3 billion. Video games were about $10 billion. The Accord and the Camry aren't simply sales-volume leaders, they are an industry.

No matter how much you covet a new Jaguar or a Mercedes-Benz, it's likely that at some point in your life, you're going to make a list of the cars that realistically fit your needs and resources. Camry and Accord will be on it. Here's our point: Honda and Toyota have made it easier for a driver who cares about driving to want, and even love, one of these cars. In their cloth-upholstered, four-cylinder versions, neither will get your juices flowing. But the top-of-the-line Camry is surprisingly elegant, and the 2003 Accord EX V6 is a sports sedan that's a worthy rival to comparable models made by Mercedes-Benz and BMW.

A four-cylinder Accord DX sedan's price is about $15,000, but we recommend you up the ante and go for Honda's six-cylinder model (below). Its base price is around $22,000, though by the time you add on all the goodies (including about $2000 for the voice-controlled navigation system pictured here), expect to part with about $28,000. A 240 hp engine and terrific handling justify the price.

Left: The Toyota six-cylinder Camry SE has a base price of $23,700, but we predict most buyers will also spring for the company's $3100 Package Number Four, which includes keyless entry, leather trim, a power driver's seat, a six-disc and eight-speaker sound system and a power moonroof. A navigation system is another two grand. The four-cylinder XLE model is similar but does not have a spoiler. The SE's dashboard (above) has a clean, clear and elegant look that we applaud.

The Camry SE is the medium-size, four-door car Cadillac wishes it could build. The fit and finish are world-class; no one does it better. It's handsome and responsive, with good steering feedback and secure footing. It's big inside, too. Hard to say how they accomplish this trick, but four adults have enough room to be comfortable in a Camry. Simple things such as the way the backseat folds down to enlarge the trunk's storage space are marvels of convenience and engineering. Except for a microsecond lag when accelerating hard from 30 miles per hour, the driving experience matches the machinery.

The EX V6 version of the Honda Accord, sleekly redesigned for 2003, must be a headache for anyone trying to sell a Mercedes C class. The car offers precise steering, a sports sedan suspension and plenty of grip. (To feel even more grip, order an Accord coupe with a six-speed stick shift.) The V6's locomotion comes from a formidable three-liter, 24-valve engine coupled to a five-speed automatic transmission. How hot is the Accord six? Try 240 hp. For comparison, the Camry six has 192 hp, the C-class Mercedes-Benz' horsepower is 215. Both the Camry SE and the Accord EX offer an optional in-dash CD and cassette player, plus a navigation system. The Accord EX overachieves with a voice-controlled navi that allows you to give orders to your car while you keep your hands on the steering wheel. Some people love navigation gizmos, some don't. But if you're going to use it, being able to talk to the system is cool.

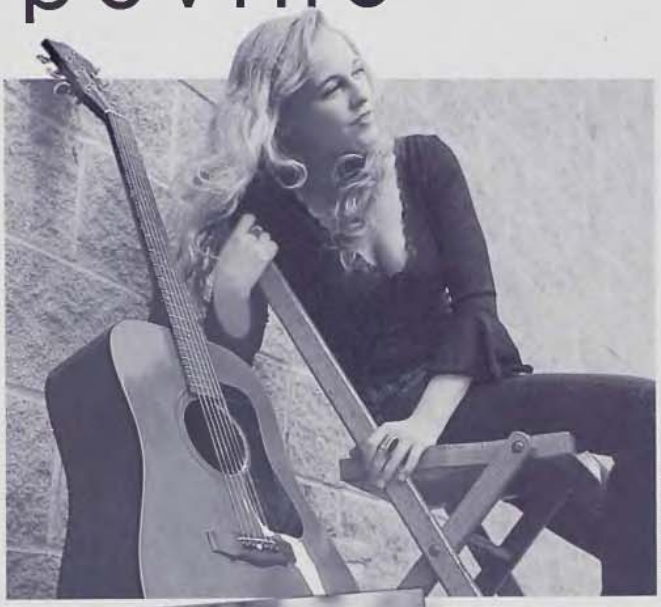
—ARTHUR KRETCHMER

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.

Grapevine

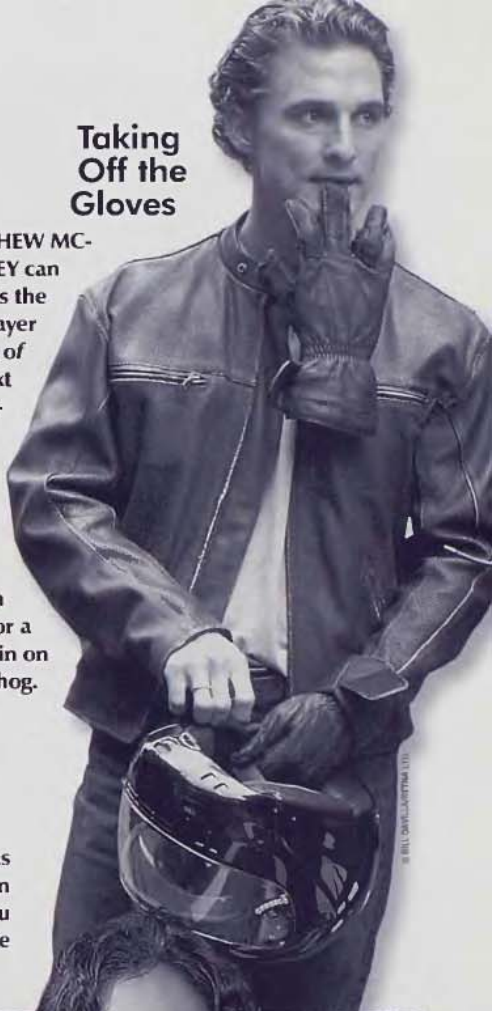
High Merritt

If Ryan Adams goes to bat for you at his record label after you open for him, you are sitting pretty. TIFT MERRITT's debut CD, *Bramble Rose*, has no thorns.



Taking Off the Gloves

MATTHEW MCCONAUGHEY can be seen as the Dragon Slayer in *Reign of Fire* and next year in *Tiptoes* and *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days*. For now, you'll find him ready for a quick spin on his hog.



Window Dressing

Model LOREDANA FERRIOLO was a finalist in the Miss Hawaiian Tropic International pageant. You can see her in the 2003 Extreme Sports calendar.

Busting Out

Foolish may be the name of her hit single, but ASHANTI is anything but. Her self-titled debut CD has already gone double platinum, and she's solid gold in this dress.

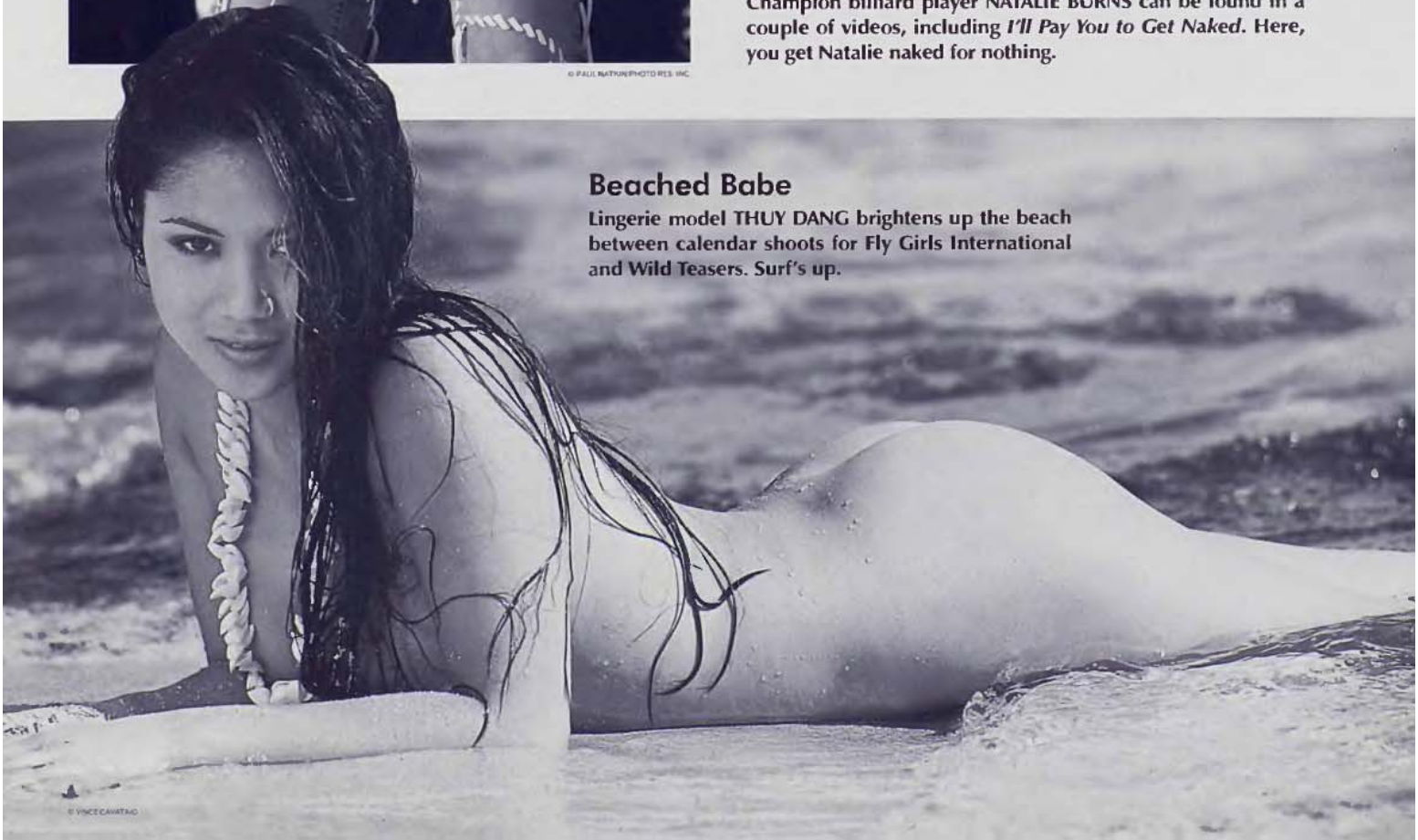
Keeping the Faith

FAITH EVANS calls her gold CD *Faithfully*, in part an homage to her husband B.I.G. but she doesn't actually sing about him. We call it her best one to date.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RES. INC.

Baby Got Back

Champion billiard player NATALIE BURNS can be found in a couple of videos, including *I'll Pay You to Get Naked*. Here, you get Natalie naked for nothing.



Beached Babe

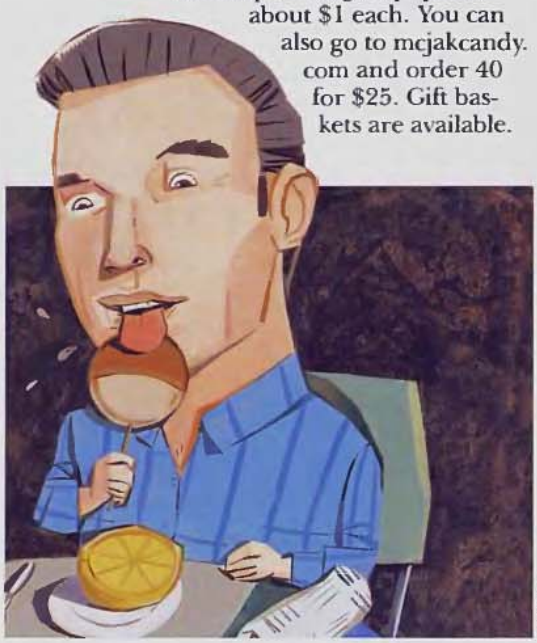
Lingerie model THUY DANG brightens up the beach between calendar shoots for Fly Girls International and Wild Teasers. Surf's up.

© VINCE CAVATAIO

Potpourri

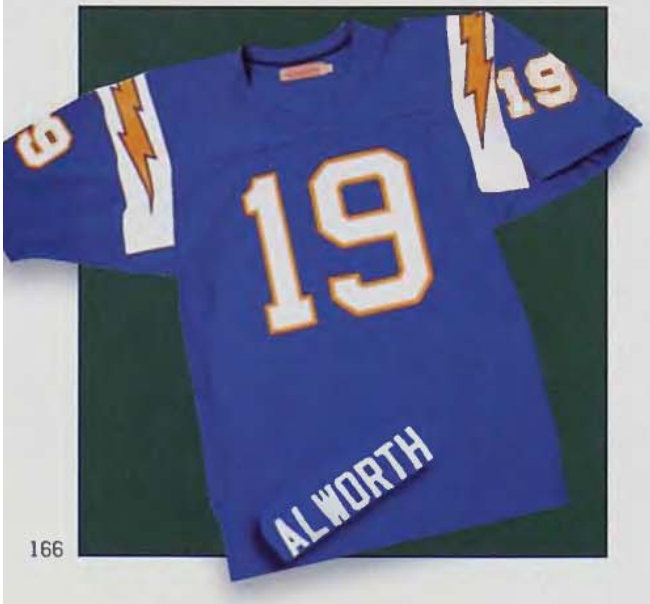
COFFEE ON A STICK

To get your morning buzz, try Javapops. This new line of adult lollipops by McJak Candy comes in five coffee flavors. (How does chocolate raspberry sound?) Each pop packs about the same amount of caffeine as a cup of joe. Candy and campus stores—and even some coffee shops—sell Javapops for about $1 each. You can also go to mcjakcandy.com and order 40 for $25. Gift baskets are available.



GO THE DISTANCE

Don't look for a Derek Jeter, Sammy Sosa or Barry Bonds jersey at Distant Replays in Atlanta (324 East Paces Ferry Road). At least not for a few years. Distant Replays, the "retro sports store," sells authentic reproductions of T-shirts, caps, jerseys and jackets originally worn by major and minor league baseball players, along with equipment worn by stars from other sports. Prices range from $15 to $550. (A Lance Alworth San Diego Chargers jersey costs $450.) Go to distantreplays.com or call 888-241-8807. The company offers team pennants, too.



FEELING SHEEPISH

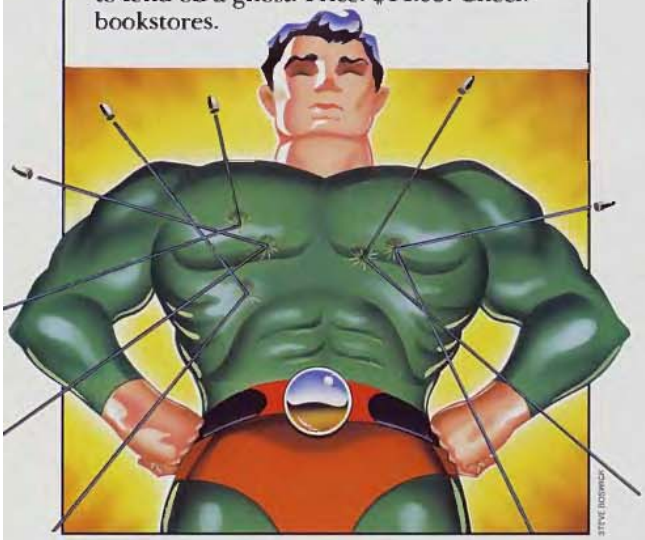
New Zealanders claim their country has more sheep than citizens. That may change, courtesy of the Great New Zealand Sheepskin Co. GNZSC specializes in sheepskin rugs—and we're not referring to skimpy ones that aren't thick enough to keep your feet warm. Its rugs are thick and cushy. Put one in front of your fireplace and you won't be alone for long. Sizes range from 36″x 38″ for a single skin ($80) to eight sewn together (pictured here), measuring 74″x 100″ ($450). Those prices include shipping. Other sizes are available. Go to nze fleece.com to order.

THESE ARE OBJECTS FOR THE LEGION

Deutsche Optik scours the world for unusual military surplus. Its catalogs are must-reads for anyone seeking Swiss army horseshoe nails or Checkpoint Charlie binoculars. Our favorite hardware, however, was once issued to French soldiers. Who else would equip their troops with corkscrews? (Price: $5.) French helicopter pilot sunglasses ($35, including metal case) are darker than a wine cellar at midnight. Also pictured above are a compass in a metal case ($75) and a field sewing kit ($20). Not pictured is the French straight razor ($20). No mention of an aftershave, however. To order, call 800-225-9407 or log on to deutscheoptik.com.

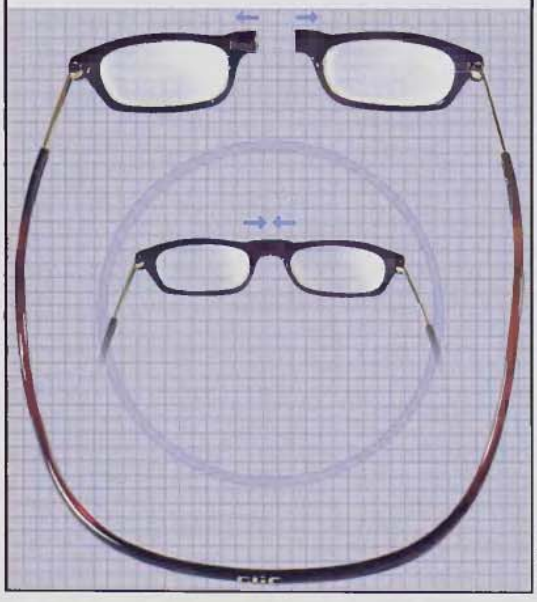
GET BULLETPROOFED

Want to know how to take a bullet or spy-proof your hotel room? Pick up a copy of Quirk Books' *Action Hero's Handbook* and let David Borgenicht (who co-authored the best-selling *Worst-Case Scenario Survival Handbook*) and Joe Borgenicht supply the answers. There are even sections on how to escape from Alcatraz and ways to fend off a ghost. Price: $14.95. Check bookstores.



CLIC IS SO CHIC

Most reading glasses look like something Ben Franklin would have worn. Clic Goggles, a hip eyewear company, has introduced Clic Readers—comfortable and cool-looking reading glasses that feature a combined headband and neck strap and a magnetic center closure. When not in use, the glasses look great hanging around your neck. Price: $24.95. Available in different colors and strengths. Go to clicreaders.com for more information.



CRIME PAYS

Otto Penzler, owner of the Mysterious Bookshop in Manhattan, has teamed with author Thomas Cook to edit a new nonfiction anthology series, *The Best American Crime Writing*. Mark Singer's "The Chicken Warriors" (a look at the illegal world of cockfighting), E. Jean Carroll's "The Cheerleaders" (murders, rapes and suicides in a small town) and David McClintick's "Fatal Bondage" (a tale of a sadomasochistic serial killer) are in the first volume, which is available in paperback (Vintage, $15) and hardcover (Pantheon, $29.50).

RUM FOR THE MONEY

Raise your glass to dark distillations. Eight-year-old Cohiba Premium Rum from the Dominican Republic is as smooth as the cigar it's named after ($18). VooDoo spiced rum from the Virgin Islands marries vanilla with cinnamon and cloves ($15). Ciclón, in its distinctive swirl-embossed bottle, combines Bacardi gold with Reposado tequila ($14). Fifteen-year-old Matusalem Gran Reserva is based on a rum formula that originated in Cuba ($30).

COQ AU BARE BREASTS

"Who says porn stars can't cook? Who cares!" That's the cover line for *Cooking With Porn Stars*, a 70-minute video or DVD featuring Houston, Raylene (right), Teri Weigel and others as they prepare everything from fudge brownies to full meals. There's also behind-the-scenes footage that shows TV host Colin Malone revealing what happens when everyone thinks the cameras aren't running. Price: $14.95 for VHS, $19.95 for DVD, from eclecticdvd.com.

In the August *Potpourri* we neglected to mention that you had to enter 00 when ordering a Beer Can Chicken Roaster from 800-480-4450.

Next Month: GALA HOLIDAY ISSUE

DITA VON TEESE

SNL SCOOP

THE DETECTIVE

WORLDCOM WOMEN

LA VITA DITA—**DITA VON TEESE** IS A 21ST CENTURY BETTIE PAGE, A PIN-UP GIRL WITH STARTLING CURVES AND A BOYFRIEND NAMED MARILYN MANSON. DID WE MENTION SHE'S HOLLYWOOD'S FETISH DIVA? OUR KINKY GIFT TO YOU FOR THE HOLIDAYS

UNSOLVED HOLLYWOOD—TAKE THE COLD-CASE TOUR, A FASCINATING IF GRISLY JAUNT THROUGH TINSELTOWN'S STRANGEST MYSTERIES. YOU KNOW THE NAMES—NATALIE WOOD, BOB CRANE, WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR, MARILYN MONROE—BUT NOBODY KNOWS THE REAL STORIES. WE VISIT THE CRIME SCENES. BY **STEVE POND**

MUSIC POLL BALLOT—WHO ROCKED YOUR STEREO THIS YEAR? THE **STROKES**? **SPRINGSTEEN**? **WEEZER**? **TOM PETTY**? **ANDREW W.K.**? HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE HISTORY. PLUS: OUR Q. AND A. WITH **PINK,** THE COOLEST CHICK WITH THE DIRTIEST MOUTH

DENZEL WASHINGTON—THE OSCAR WINNER SOUNDS OFF ON RACE AND HOLLYWOOD, OVERPAID STARS AND WHY HE IS MOVING BEHIND THE CAMERA. A FRANK INTERVIEW BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

THE BEST DAMN JOB, PERIOD—BEHIND THE SCENES AT CABLE'S HOT AND HILARIOUS SPORTS SHOW: FANS, FAT AND TONS OF TASTELESS JOKES. BY **TOM ARNOLD**

THE DETECTIVE—LARRY STARCZEK WAS IN BED WITH A PROSECUTOR NAMED MURIEL WYNN WHEN HE GOT WORD OF THE RESTAURANT MURDERS. YOU COULD SAY HE WENT FROM THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE. FROM **SCOTT TUROW'S** NEW NOVEL, *REVERSIBLE ERRORS*

LIVE FROM NEW YORK—A WRITER ON AMERICA'S EDGIEST TV COMEDY LAB—STILL!—REVISITS THREE DECADES OF NOT-READY-FOR-PRIME-TIME PLAYERS. WHICH GUY COULDN'T DO CHARACTERS TO SAVE HIS LIFE? WHICH GAL DRANK AND HAD CRAZY SEX? WHERE ARE THEY NOW? BY **ANNE BEATTS**

THE WOMEN OF WORLDCOM—ON THE HEELS OF ENRON COMES ANOTHER LOOK AT CORRUPTION IN THE AMERICAN BUSINESS WORLD. YOU'VE MET THE BAD GUYS—NOW MEET THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS. A MONEY PICTORIAL

HOW TO SAVE YOUR ASS IN A SCANDAL—IT HAPPENS TO EVERYONE: BOSSES, HOMEMAKERS, ARCHBISHOPS. YOU MAKE A TEENY MISTAKE—AND SUDDENLY THE MEDIA ARE HOUNDING YOU. RULE ONE: DENY EVERYTHING. BY **JAMIE MALANOWSKI**

COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW—UNCANNILY ACCURATE THE PAST TWO SEASONS, **GARY COLE** AND **DAVID KAPLAN** PICK THE BEST TEAMS AND PLAYERS. A MUST-READ

GREG KINNEAR—THE *TALK SOUP* WISEGUY TURNED MOVIE STAR ANSWERS 20 QUESTIONS BY **ROBERT CRANE**

PLUS: DMX, CELEB CHRISTMAS CAROLS, HOW TO DO IT IN A MINI, HOLIDAY PARTY CLOTHES AND PLAYMATE **LANI TODD**